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# THE BOYNE WATER,

A TALE,

BY

THE O'HARA FAMILY.

AUTHORS OF TALES,

COMPRISING

CROHOORE OF THE BILL-HOOK, THE FETCHES, AND  
JOHN DOE.

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" Cries the stall reader, bless us, what a word on  
A title page is this? and some in file  
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,  
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?"

*Milton's Sonnets.*

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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# THE BOYNE WATER.

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## CHAPTER I.

WHEN Evelyn regained his senses, the first glance around told him that he was still beneath part of the roof of the ruined house; that it was night; and that some feeble taper just served to break the thick darkness. At another glance, he saw himself surrounded by piles of stones and thatch, rising on every side, so high as to shut him out from a view of the rest of the apartment. He stirred, and then became sensible that a hand held his, that a girl's eyes watched him, while his head was pillowed on her lap. But she was silent as all around her, and, as to this moment, he had been. The full recollections of his situation crowded upon Evelyn; and while the dreary stillness smote his heart, he snatched at the hope that it was



*appended*

Eva who watched him; for, added to the confused state of his thoughts, his nearness to the down-turned face, and the imperfect light, did not allow him at once to become certain.

So, still holding the hand that gently grasped his, he strove to rise; but a sudden swimming of his head baffled the effort, and he sunk down again.

“Sleep, sleep, a-chorra-ma-chree,” said a tender voice, somewhat familiar to him, “the pain and the wakeness is on you yet—sleep, sleep.”

Yielding a moment to the overpowering dizziness, it soon passed away; and Evelyn was now more successful in his effort to sit up, and fix his eyes on the girl’s face, which he slowly recognized to be that of Moya Laherty; his champion and saviour during the attack on his own house.

“An how is id wid you now, a-hager?” questioned his young and not unattractive companion, while surprise kept Evelyn mute.

“My poor girl!” he said, as he gratefully pressed her hand—“is it you who are my nurse; and, I suppose, a second time, my preserver, too?”

Tears started into her eyes, as, blushing, and casting them down, she replied—

“Avoch, don’t, don’t say them kind words to me—they sadden the heart within me, whin they’d fittier make it glad; an’ sure it’s poor Moya, hersef, is here, an’ a good warrant she had, an’ why for no whin the word that came to our min, an’ I wid my mammy among ’em, tould me you war here in throuble.”

“I saw you, did I not, rush between me and some fellow whose hand was raised over me when I fell?”

“It’s the thruth you did, I’m thinkin.”

“And—my God!” continued Evelyn in alarm—“this—this wound on your breast must have been received in your struggle to save me?”

“What wound, a-graw?—it’s nothin’ at all is in id—only the blood that cum from your own darlin’ head, more to talk iv nor any thing that ’ud happen to twenty o’ my likes;” she said this in some confusion, as she tried to draw the coarse drapery closer over her bosom.

“Merciful heaven!” cried Evelyn, as the covering fell, and exposed indeed a gash on the poor girl’s left breast.

“ Why would you deceive me ?—what a cut is here, poor Moya !”

“ Bother on id,” said Moya, hastily pulling up the covering, and re-applying some herb-dressings that had also fallen off—“ where ’ud it be goin’ wid itsef, for to come for to vex me this a-way ? Bud it’s nothin’ I tell you agin, Sassenach, a-chorra ; or”—tears once more gushing—“ sure iv id war, what is id only a dhrop o’ the blood spilt fur you, that ’ud come, out-an-out, to save one dhrop o’ yours ?—an’ I’m glad it’s next the heart, any how.”

It occurred to Evelyn that the sentiments entertained towards him by Moya were such as, for many reasons, he could not in manliness or delicacy encourage. He therefore resolved to shun, as much as possible, all personal topics between them ; and the subject which really engrossed his mind, fully returning after this interruption, he was about to thank her, in a formal strain, for her disinterested exertions in his behalf, and then pass to other inquiries, when Moya resumed.

“ An’ how is the head that’s on you, its own sef, Sassenach ?”

“ Oh, I scarce feel any inconvenience from the wound,” putting up his hand ; when, in some surprise, he found it carefully bandaged : and he could not then avoid adding—“ for this attention, too, I am indebted to you, Moya.”

“ Not the laste in the world ;—only whin I watched my time, an’ struv to lift you over the stones an’ rubbish, out o’ their sight, sure whin all was quiet agin, I jest crept out, an’ pult the little heribs that my mammy often shewed me in the fields an’ by the wather’s brink, an’ tould me war good fur a cut, or a bruise, or a thing that-a-way, an’ then cum back, an’ washed off the blood wid the dhrop o’ liquor I had about me, an’ tied ’em on ; an’ you—God look down on you!—not mindin’ me a bit all the while—oh, many’s the salt tear I cried, frum the heart, out, thinkin’ you’d never mind me, nor any thing else in the world, wide.”

Now conveying his thanks, as he intended, in a manner calculated, without directly shocking or offending the girl, to impress her with the uninterested state of his feelings, in a certain way, Evelyn changed the subject.

“ You know, Moya, I accompanied hither

some very dear friends—can you tell me what has become of them?”—He asked this question in a dreadful misgiving, glancing around, though his view of the whole apartment was interrupted.

“ There was two ould men, one a Sassenach clargy, an’ the other a raal clargy, an’ a young man an’—an’ the—his shisther, I’m thinkin’, all in black, poor crature?” demanded Moya, in some hesitation. Evelyn answered that she had truly described the parties.

“ Then,” added Moya, “ put up the Keenthe-caun for ’em, iv they war any friends o’ yours.”

“ Why—how—what do you mean?”

“ In regard o’ the clargy, myself know nothin’; bud, my eyes decaived me, when they opened, afther a time, by the side o’ you, iv they didn’t see the young man stuck thro’ the heart, an’ his father’s daughther dragged off by the Sassenach gineral.”

He was horror-struck, although he had expected, indeed, some tale of the kind. After a moment he started up.

“ Where ’ud you be for goin’, now, a-cuishla, an’ the legs o’ your body not able to carry you?”

“ Take the brand, Moya, and follow me;” she

did so; they scrambled into the middle of the floor, and Evelyn looked around.

“He is not here—Edmund M'Donnell is not here,” he then added;—indeed, except those of the dragoons, now stript and rifled, no dead bodies appeared, although Evelyn recollected to have seen many Rapparees fall;—even the corpse of old M'Donnell had been removed from the hearth.

“You must mistake, good Moya,” he resumed; “my friend cannot have fallen here; and God grant you may be mistaken in the rest, also.”

“God grant, Sassenach, dear; but sure little good is on the eyes o' me—an' it's little is on 'em, any-way, for the matther o' that”—this she said with the conscious glance of something of a beauty—“bud the bat himsef, the baste, has worser, in his head, within, iv they could make a fool o' me, that-a-way, I'm thinkin,' wake as I war.”

Evelyn again reflected for a moment.

“Before I fell, Moya, a numerous reinforcement came to the dragoons, and the Rapparees were defeated, and flying—was it not so?”

“Jest the very turn id tuk,” said Moya.

“And how then—the soldiers remaining victors to the last, and last on the ground—how can it have happened that the dead bodies of your friends are alone removed, an’ that those of the dragoons appear plundered and neglected?”

“Avoch, an’ how duv I know?” said the girl, pettishly.

“It is very strange,”—Evelyn went on, rapidly hoping, from all these appearances that, in her faintness and confusion, she had really been mistaken as to the distressing events she said she had witnessed.

“Only,” resumed Moya, “whin I went a good way, by the brook an’ the hill side, to gether the green heribs, maybe the boys cum back, an’ I out o’ the house, an’ lifted their dead, to give ’em Christhen berrin, and put a hand to the red-throopers, at that same time; sure it’s a way they have.”

This hint was destruction to Evelyn’s previous hopes; the only contradiction to which he clung seemed accounted for; he could no longer doubt the correctness of Moya’s story. Eva,



then, had indeed fallen into Kirke's hands, and as Evelyn once more brought to mind the anecdote before alluded to, and also remembered Kirke's approaches to a conference with Eva, in the early part of the past fray, he clenched his hands and teeth, stamped, and cried out—

“ Accurst villain !—come, Moya—let us leave this glen.”

“ An' where to go ?” asked Moya, in a commiserating and entreating voice, as she watched the emotions of Evelyn—“ where to go, at this dead o' the night ?”

“ On to the village—first.”

“ Och, Sassenach, honey, don't go to stir a step, iv you love the dear life, or care for poor Moya—every nook of the hills, on our road, hides a Rapparee, an' all o' them your book-sworn foes ; and then the village is full o' your own red-coats.”

“ Is it ?—that's all I wished—come.”

“ But wait a deechy bit, a-chorra-ma-chree ; it's the red-coats is in id, sure enough, bud your inemies, as mooch as the Rapparees. Didn't I hear the gineral—while the colleen was screechin' in his hands, the thief-o'-the world”—

“ Monster ! — distraction ! — which way to turn ? — Come, girl, or stay behind me.”

“ Is that how it is, now ? — musha, God forgi’ you, Sassenach o’ the hard heart ! — an’ will you lave poor Moya alone in this black glin, an’ the night in id, when she has no where to turn her face — when it’s her life’s-worth to face among her own, agin, afther her stayin’ wid you ? — afther them seein’ her whin she put her body betuxt them an’ you, an’ — bud I’ll say little iv id : — only this I’ll say, what I was fur sayin’ afore — go not to the village, where your own sodgers are waitin’ to be the ruin o’ you ; for I hard their gineral, I tell you agin, biddin’ ’em look fur you well, an’ tie you behind a throoper’s saddle, an’ take good care o’ you ’till the march was over : that’s all Moya ’ill say ; an’ now you may jest throw away your own life, that she gave up all to save, an’ lave her in this wild glin to lose her own, too ; fur never ’ill she go a foot wid you over the road that’s to lade you to your death, let her own loock be whatever the mornin’ ’ill bring wid id.”

Evelyn struck, if not touched, with the apparent devotion and disinterestedness of the poor

wandering girl, hastened to assure her that it was impossible for him, by act or word, to shew a forgetfulness of her kind services; and then he was about to give reasons why their reception at the village should not be as bad as she apprehended, when Moya again interrupted him.

“ Ochown!—I want no talk like that to pay me for what I done, wid a good heart;—bud, Sassenach, Sassenach dear, I gi’ you the warnin’, an’ take id; the world wide is agin us two, this black night, an’ let us turn from ’em all; you have no house or home—an’ I have no house or home; kith or kin, friend or gossip, we have none, or else they stand up agin us. Och, sure we’re the only friends of one another; an’ so, ’till betther times cum round—’till you can get a house, agin, an’ sit down in pace an’ quiet, an’ till I—but little’s the matther about Moya; only turn wid her, ’till you can be rightified, an’ made safe an’ sure;—turn your feet wid hers, from the black north, an’ from all its roads an’ towns, into the green counthry; an’ I know a lonesome place, an’ a weeny, waste cabin in id, only the grass about id is as green

as a May mornin', an' the little sthrame as clear as your own blue eyes, an' no livin' thing near, bud all as quiet as the Summer sky ;—an' whin we sit down there, Moya 'ill have a cow for you, to gi' you milk, for she has the goold to buy id ; an' a cock to crow for you, at the break o'day, an' the wolf-dog to watch while you're sleepin' ; an' she'll dig for you, an' lay good food forenent you, an' be your sarvent all day long. Come wid her, a-cuishla-ma-chree, that she may know well you are safe from the rievlin' world—that she may thry to be to you the comforts now lost to you. Ochoun ;—come wid her, to give her heart pace !”

Here the poor Rapparee girl sunk, weeping bitterly on his shoulder.

“ No, Moya,” he replied, “ with the sincerest thanks, and with friendship for your kindness and friendship, this cannot be, in my present situation—I am encompassed with doubts which I must, one way or another, clear up ; I am torn with fears which I must, one way or another, make certain ; and my first necessary step is to follow the soldiers who were here to-day—therefore let us to the village. As to your fears

for me when I get there, depend on it I will meet as many friends as foes ; friends able and willing to protect me ; and friends to protect you, too, whose safety shall be my immediate care. *Were* I satisfied, Moya—in one way satisfied—did I know that I stand as blasted and wretched as I fear I do—then might you lead me where you pleased ; then, my poor girl, I would not care what lonely and savage spot on the face of the earth sufficed to hide me.” He joined his tears with hers.

“ Our only true danger,” he resumed, “ is from the Rapparees, on the road—but that we must dare. Cheer up, Moya ; lean on me ; and let us pursue our way.”

She allowed him to take her hand in a silence that seemed like sullenness, mixed with bitter grief, and, perhaps, womanly mortification. As he moved a step she sobbed loudly, and resisted a little ; but after a struggle, her buoyant and vain nature enabled her to rally ; to dry her tears ; to assume a careless, laughing air, and at last to say—

“ Well, Sassenach, I will jest go wid you, to show you the road—I wont refuse the last good

turn, any-how;" and with these words they walked into the dark glen, Moya humming a merry tune.

Evelyn, alarmed he knew not why, at this sudden change in the girl's manner, observed—

"If you really fear we may be surprised by your angry friends, Moya, such loud singing is rather imprudent on your part.

"Divil a taste, Sassenach," replied Moya, lightly—"an' whin the merry fit comes on a body, who can help it?" and she sung, at the top of her voice—

" Oh ! my Moya's dhressed so fine an' gay,  
She wears an Irish mantle,  
Wid frence about the petticoat,  
That never knew shame or skhandle."

"That's me—an' it's a scrap iv a good song Terry O'Regan, the handsomest young piper on Ireland's ground, made fur me; but it wouldn't do—I turned him off wid a—' savin' your presense, sir,—an' thin he made another dhass or two, when he thought red Murrough was my likin'—this is a lilt iv id :

" May you never see the harvest, nor hear the young cuckoo,  
Fur you robbed me iv my darlin', Murraugh, Murraugh rue."

The last air she began to sing was of the first order of Irish musical pathos ; and ere poor Moya could get through with it, her bosom became again filled, in accordance to the tune, with the vainly checked sorrow that was its real passion for the moment ; and so, her voice trembled, and bursting into tears, she interrupted herself with—

“ Och ! what ’ud I be thinkin iv, at-all-at-all ! ”—

Evelyn let the fit work on, as Moya, disengaging her arm, walked forward some distance ; and after a short pause her voice was again heard accompanying, with another doleful air, these words :

“ He ’s my love an’ he ’s my likin’, bud *he* cares not fur me ;  
I’ll lay down life fur Paudeen, so his love he’d let me be ;  
But while I’d die fur Paudeen, iv me no thought he has—  
Och ! my heart, my heart, it ’s breakin’, wid lovin’ Paudeen  
Dhass ! \*

I’d beg the wide world over, to bring him comfort home ;  
But he’d never think about me, wherever I did roam ;  
An’ war I in my could grave, my could grave he would pass  
Widout a look or token, from my own Paudeen Dhass ! ”

\* Handsome Patrick.



As Moya finished the last verse, two or three voices challenged them at some distance. Ever since they left the ruined house, Evelyn had been apprehending, that through vindictiveness at his slight, or else mere whim and inconsistency, it was the girl's intention to attract, by her loud singing, some couching body of Rap-parees, and betray him into their hands: and, as the voices now echoed down the glen, his former suspicion amounted to certainty, and stopping full before Moya, he asked—

“Girl! will you destroy me, after all?”

“Och, God forgi' you, agin, I say,” she answered,—“an' is id that you're thinkin' iv, in regard o' the little lightness o' the heart—an' maybe it's a sorrowful lightness, afther all—that jest cum over me?—I know it's the poor boys you'd be afeard iv—but listen well to their voices.”

The challenge was repeated, and Evelyn indeed recognized the broad north-country tone that he had been accustomed to among his own volunteer corps. As the party advanced, he promptly answered them; and when challenged and challengers met, he further recognized an

old brother officer in command of it; his previous surmise that the village of Cushindoll must have been garrisoned by a handful of native troops, rather than by any portion of Kirke's regular armies, thus proving true.

After a cordial greeting on both sides, he briefly informed the officer that his present situation was one of extreme anxiety, calling on him to push southward, after Kirke's division, as soon as possible; and he therefore required to be accommodated with a horse and attendant. His old acquaintance replied that he should have both, with the greatest pleasure, early the next morning, when the principal part of their detachment, now in Cushindoll, should march, taking the same route with Kirke, for their head-quarters, at Schomberg's camp, near Loughbrickland.

"And why not to-night—now?"—asked Evelyn, in some misgiving.

"The answer is one that I am distressed to render. General Kirke, who assumes, at his pleasure, the command and disposal of our native troops, left express orders with me, in his hasty march through the village, this evening,

to make you a prisoner, should you happen to come in my way. I need not add, however, that your captivity shall be nominal, for this night; and early to-morrow we shall ride forward, together, and see an end to the matter, whatever it is."

There was no resource. Evelyn, boiling with rage, impatience, and terrible apprehensions, saw himself obliged to submit to one night's restraint. After getting upon a horse, and requesting that Moya might be accommodated with a seat behind one of the men, the whole party were about to move back to the village, when Evelyn took the officer aside.

"Sir," he cried, "I am a most injured and most unhappy man; and that villain—that fiend—the cause of all—good reason has he to put me under this arrest—no matter for the circumstances, at present; but answer me one question—Did you see any prisoners—or strangers—of either sex, accompanying him on his route, this evening, through the village?"

The officer paused a moment, and answered no.

"But could not such be spirited along, with-

out your observation?—Could there not be disguises—a horseman's cloak—or the like—and was there no whisper, no surmise?"

"I am aware of none; nor can I form any opinion on the secret practices you suggest. I only know, that after Hanmer's and Stewart's regiments, and the greater part of his own, moved back to this glen, from the village where they had halted a moment, in some apprehension on Kirke's account, they all again returned to us, in much haste, and immediately pushed southward, without any explanation."

"Well; 'tis no matter;—to-morrow shall satisfy me. When we gain Schomberg's camp, I intreat your support, sir, and that of the men here, and, if possible, that of our whole native force, on the spot, while I publicly appeal for justice against most villainous aggression."

His brother in arms promptly engaged to render Evelyn all the assistance in his power; and they immediately rode on to Cushindoll. When they arrived in their temporary quarters, Evelyn once more intreated that poor Moya might be looked to, for the night,—and in the morning allowed to remain with the women of

the few volunteers who should stay behind; the Enniskilleners being accompanied, wherever they went, by flocks of their wives, daughters, mothers, and sweethearts, much to the surprise and scandal of the more regular English army. When he had received promises to all he solicited for Moya, he sent to call her before him.

She entered, silent and pensive, with a mixture of obstinacy or determination in her manner.

“ I march early to-morrow morning, Moya, and wish to bid you good bye, before I retire to rest, as there will be no time for adieus in the bustle, at break of day.”

“ Avoch, we thank you, Sassenach.”

“ Be assured, my good girl, I can never forget your great services and kindnesses, and if it shall ever be in my power to repay them, depend on my gratitude.”

“ Avoch ! ” — was Moya’s only answer, as with her chin sunk in her neck, and the knuckle of a finger tapped against her teeth, she twitched, with the point of her huge brogue, a rush that lay on the floor. Evelyn, not well skilled in the manifestations of sentiment usual amongst those

of her caste, felt hurt at a manner that he feared seemed to flout his empty words, and point to some more solid remuneration: and under this feeling resumed.

“ You know I am not rich, Moya; you were, yourself, a witness of the temporary ruin that has come upon my property;—but still—as, separated from your old friends, you may feel certain embarrassments, I have this, at your service.”

He approached and placed a small purse in her passive hand. She retained it a moment, as if no such thing had been in her possession; at last held it up, glanced at it, fixed upon the giver a look in which, through eyes floating in tears, an outraged and indignant spirit shot forth, and then dashing it on the floor, and stamping on it—

“ As the dust o’ the road I care fur id, an’ I thrate id,” she exclaimed—“ ochown, Sassenach, little duv you know the heart in poor Moya’s body, within—an’ little, I’m afeard, little kith there’s betuxt your heart an’ her heart, when you’d kill her, entirely, this-a-way—bud I’m wrongin’ you, maybe—I’ll say it war meant

kindly, though not done as our people 'ud do id—I'll say it war—an' so"—stooping and taking up the purse—"we gi' you many thanks, a-roon, bud it's not wantin' the prasent time."

"Then, my good Moya, farewell"—said Evelyn, convinced he had erred in his reading; and he took her hand, rough and red as it was, though small, and of perfect shape, and rather chivalrously, and in something of the air of a courteous knight of yore, condescending to comfort, as far as honor permitted, the tears of a devoted damsel, to whom he was indifferent, kissed it earnestly.

This was too much for poor Moya. She instantly set up a wild and startling lament, or song of joy, or whatever it was, and eagerly returning, with interest, upon the hand she held, the kiss Evelyn had vouchsafed, while all the time her eyes rained tears, broke from him, exclaiming—

"God be your speed—bud we may meet agin."—

Retiring to bed, but not to repose, Evelyn counted the hours till day-light. As soon as morning broke, the party to which he was at-

tached, commenced their march. All day he urged his fellow officer to speed ; but the usual regulations observed on the march of soldiers, did not permit his request to be attended to ; and when they halted for the night, Evelyn found, in increased impatience, that, owing to the difficulties of the road, not more than a dozen miles, out of between thirty and forty which lay before them, had been accomplished. And now he perceived, what he had at first omitted to calculate, that owing to the start Kirke had over them, he must not expect to come up with that individual until the detachment should reach Schomberg's camp.

This set him nearly frantic. He appealed to the officer for permission to ride forward alone ; giving his parole for a re-appearance at the point of rendezvous ; but was informed, that against any such indulgence Kirke had taken the precaution of issuing his commands. Evelyn then inconsiderately threatened to push on, in defiance of every order ; but his grave and prudential companion now gave notice that, after the avowal of such an intent, it became his duty, forgetful of all private feelings, to look



more attentively to his prisoner; and he accordingly called two men to ride at each side of Evelyn, asking his pardon for the measure.

Evelyn saw he was obliged to submit, while hope must be his only solace; and thus did he endeavour to check the impatience of his spirit, until, on the evening of the third day, after the beginning of their march, the party came in sight of Schomberg's temporary camp.

It was pitched, a little to the north of the village of Loughbrickland, partly on a plain, divided by a very bad road, partly on gentle heights to the left; a small lough of water being near at hand. Almost all the troops, including the main body of the Enniskilleners, were under arms, in line, and in the act of being reviewed, as the little detachment came up. It was a beautiful August evening, and it lit up a beautiful, a fine, and, to Evelyn, a novel and stirring scene; for, pressing as were the claims of his private feelings, he could not avoid paying some attention to the first regular military display which, soldier though he was, had come, so closely, under his notice.

During the approach of his party towards the

commanding officer, the left of the line he passed was composed of part of the finest-looking among the English army, completely appointed, bestriding large, strong, and handsome horses, and their accoutrements and uniform bright and perfect; and it was scarcely necessary for him to pass, as, immediately after he did, the whole body of the Enniskilleners, in order to draw a contrast between them, (including himself,) and their English allies. Wondering at his former lack of observation, he now saw, with a feeling like shame, the uncouthness and comparative wildness of their appearance; their different coloured clothing; their various weapons; their pistols dangling by cords to their sword-belts, instead of being secured in holsters; the ugly and diminutive “garrons,” on whose backs they sat; and the hordes of women, almost as ugly as the garrons, and uncouth as themselves, who, squatted on the grass at their backs, kept up a shrill gabble, or watched their every movement. He could detect, too, in the glances of the English troops at his old friends and their itinerant harems, and then at each other, some contempt, some mirth, and doubt of the

usefulness, if not certainty of the uselessness of the Enniskilleners; sentiments in which they were countenanced by Schomberg.

But Evelyn could not long suffer the intrusion of such general thoughts. Having passed the greater part of the line, his eye caught, seated in his saddle, in the middle of the plain, the figure of the man he swelled with impatience to confront; and this, at least, was enough to master every operation of his mind that did not concern himself.

“Yonder,” he whispered hastily to his brother officer, “yonder is the villain—let us spur forward.”

“Hold,” cried his friend, “we must approach with some ceremony. Schomberg is at his side.”

“Were his particular devil there, I care not,” resumed Evelyn; “follow, if you will.”

“I needs must follow my prisoner,” answered the officer, now speaking to himself, “though this is wild work; fall back, men—I ride on, alone.”

As Evelyn approached the place where Kirke stood, he was struck, in the midst of all his speed

and impatience, with the figure of the person to whom his detested enemy addressed discourse. This was a very old man, tall and bulky, with a high-coloured face, wearing a profusion of snow white hair, that flowed, almost as fully as a periwig, from under his old-fashioned, though rich and picturesque helmet. Tenacious, like all old people, of the costume of his early days, he further appeared clad in a corselet of solid plate-armour, with pauldrons, or paudrons, garde-brasse, vambrace, and cuishes, to match ; while in lieu of the graceless jack-boots, now generally adopted by all horsemen, he sported a pair of the elegant falling half-boots, of a russet colour, that marked the era of Charles I., drawn over a tight-fitting pantaloon, which, although the wearer lapsed into Shakspeare's sixth "stage," health and exercise still kept from looking "lean and slippered." Thus, in contrast with the muddy-seeming buff-coats, "potts," or close steel-caps, and huge hats, around him—seldom relieved even by a full back-and-breast, or so much as a gorget—Schomberg's dress did not appear less stamped with antiquity than his features ; and Evelyn could see,

at a closer approach, the marks of extreme age upon them, shewn in the red-fringed eye, running with rheum, and in that changeless, and unconscious, and expressionless smile of the mouth, which is the forerunner, if not the evidence of imbecility and dotage.

Before Evelyn had quite reached his point, and just as the eye of Kirke shot round upon him, and Schomberg had begun to stare, the officer of the Enniskilleners overtook him, and said—

“ For God’s sake, and for decency’s sake, patience ; compose yourself, fall back, and let me open this matter ; Schomberg has already imbibed unfavourable notions of our temper, and want of discipline—do not afford him this new proof.”

“ Well,” said Evelyn, somewhat convinced of a necessity for self-command, “ I will do as you please. Pass on.”

The officer accordingly passed him, and with uncovered head, said, “ This gentleman, General Kirke, is the prisoner you wished at my hands ; and in his person, may it please your grace,” turning to Schomberg, “ behold Captain

Robert Evelyn, an officer of account among our native troops."

As Evelyn bowed, his head also uncovered, Kirke leered, and a glance passed between him and Schomberg.

"We have heard about Mashters Robert Evelyn," observed Schomberg, touching his helmet.

"No ill, I trust, my lord duke?" asked Evelyn.

"Now dat is one of your littel big Irish questions," answered the marshal, again looking at Kirke.

"Perhaps I should have proffered my question elsewhere," resumed Evelyn, fixing his regards on the same person.

"Be prudent, I entreat you," whispered his companion; "only be prudent, and fear nothing. I have possessed my troop with all I suspect of your case; they will spread it amongst the rest of the Enniskilleners, and they amongst the English, who dislike Kirke as much as you do; and——"

"Fear nothing," interrupted Evelyn, "I will only be firm."

Then moving his horse a few paces forward, he continued to address Kirke.

“ My brother officer, sir, informs me I am to consider myself a prisoner, under your arrest.”

“ He has correctly informed you—sir,” sneered Kirke.

“ May I beg to be made acquainted with the nature of my offence, General Kirke ?”

“ Some other time, perhaps, Captain Evelyn—runs not the address so ? For I believe you are all captains ;” once more he looked at Schomberg, but the bluff probity and good feeling for which that old commander was remarkable, did not, in this instance, accord him any answering assurance.

“ I respectfully appeal to the commander-in-chief, to decide whether or no I am entitled to an answer,” continued Evelyn, on whom Schomberg’s expression of countenance was not lost.

“ Oh, certainlies you are, mein goot sir,” said Schomberg, “ and General Kirke does not refuse his answers.”

Kirke slightly bit his lip ; and,

“ *You* know the offence, already, my lord,” he said, “ and it is, as I have informed you

grace, aiding and abetting rebels, found with arms in their hands."

"That is it," resumed Schomberg, addressing Evelyn.

"Then that is false, may it please your grace," Evelyn answered.

"Mein heafen!" exclaimed Schomberg, "here is much more of the Irishers' hot tempers; it will expose us all. Dismiss the men," to some officers who had begun to crowd around, "and let them not see such bad examples;" the officers drew off to obey his orders. "Basta! I have never met such things in any service, with your Frenchmans, your Portuguese, your Brandenburgians, your Englishmans, or your Dutchmans—Sacra! nefer—you, one Enniskillemers—you ride here to join us on your very big lean cats, and all de wild womans of Irelands at your backs, to eat up our food, or to thief it; and you cry, in great spirits, indeed, 'send us always on de forlorn of de army;' and you get one littel command which does not put you on de forlorn at all—and den you cry again, 'Oh, we can never do any good now no more, indeed, for we are put under orders;' and now you



come here over again to give us de challenge for de rencontre, de duello, just only because we put you in arrest for fighting against us—mein goot Gott!”

Evelyn prudently allowed this little burst of heat, unconnected as it really was with his individual case, to work itself out; nor did he hasten to reply even when the old disciplinarian had done, hoping that he himself would come back to the point at issue.

And he was not disappointed. After a short pause, while the broken lines were moving hastily across the plain, Schomberg again spoke.

“And so, Mashters Captain Evelyn, you say you did not aid and abet rebels—no indeed?”

“May it please your grace,” answered Evelyn, “the case is this. I accompanied from Derry (a protestant clergyman also in company) some very old and dear friends, who had obtained, before we set out, passes and protections from the proper authorities. While visiting with them their ruined house, which General Kirke had just burnt, and while they were bewailing their aged father, who lay dead on his own hearthstone—though for him, too, we

brought a protection with us—this same General Kirke returned to the house and endeavoured to gain entrance for the purpose of sacrificing my friends. Some resistance his people did encounter from the son of the old man who lay murdered, and he then called on me to assist him in murdering that son, also, which call I refused, because I durst not lay hand on those who were regularly protected. Against him or his soldiers I never pointed a sword; and such, my lord duke, is the aiding and abetting with which I am charged.”

“ But it was not aiding and abetting, not at all, when—dat is, if the peoples were, as you hafe said, protected, indeed; I did not hear of protections, before,” he added, glancing at Kirke.

“ Nor are you likely to hear of them again, to much purpose, my lord,” said that officer, still sneering; “ supposing such documents to have ever existed, one of my men was killed before a word of explanation could be offered or demanded.”

“ Yes, by the old man’s son, when—his father dead at his feet, and more—more, your

grace—his sister at his side—the soldier crossed the threshold of his house to execute the cruel orders we had heard General Kirke issue against us,” said Evelyn.

“Then we cannot help that mans,” resumed Schomberg, “he was cut down by a protected rebel, in what you call self-defences :—always, dat is, if he had his protections—where is it, now, or where is he?”

“Aye, where is it, indeed?” repeated Kirke.

“You know, sir,” rejoined Evelyn, “that the protestant clergyman put it into your hands.”

“I am not to know any such thing, at your pleasure, sir ; and the clergyman you speak of is now in Derry, or God knows where,” answered Kirke.

“Well, that is unlucky—I shall only ask you, then, to declare the name of the young person in question. It was Edmund M'Donnell, I believe?”

“I have heard so.”

“Then here, my lord duke,” resumed Evelyn, trembling with impatience as he produced the protection, which, having fallen from Kirke's hands during the struggle with the Rapparees,

he had picked up before he left, late at night, the ruined dwelling of the M'Donnells, "here is the document."

Kirke grew pale, as Schomberg, on looking at it, pronounced it to be a true one: "and General Kirke will now take off your arrest, mien goot sir," he added.

Kirke bowed; and there was a murmur either against him, or in approval of the arrangement, among many officers, and some privates, English and Irish, who, after the dismiss, had ventured to draw towards the spot.

"I humbly thank your grace; and would crave the freedom of another word," said the liberated prisoner; "since it now appears that Edmund M'Donnell stood free from the practices of General Kirke, and since it can be shown—if, indeed, the general denies it—that his own eye informed him of the fact, I hope I am not too bold to expect, through the justice and tenderness of your grace, that some account will be given of the fate of the young man, whom, when I became insensible, in consequence of this wound," pointing to his head, "was surrounded by a numerous body of sol-

diers, but whom, upon my recovery, I could not find on the spot, alive or dead; and who has not since been heard of."

"Certainlies; General Kirke will give accounts."

"I know nothing of the matter," said Kirke, sullenly.

"I charge him, under favour of your grace, with a full knowledge of the matter," continued Evelyn, still trying to check himself, though his bosom was bursting with passion.

"Oh, surelies, the general will remember," said Schomberg, addressing himself coldly to Kirke.

"I pray your grace that he may be exhorted to do so; and there is another occasion for his memory. Your grace has heard me speak of a sister of Edmund M'Donnell—a young, beautiful, and now orphan lady"—the emotion Evelyn vainly strove to hide, filled his eyes, and choked his voice.

"Basta!" interrupted Schomberg, frowning suspiciously on Kirke, in full recollection, doubtless, of his well-known character. "Is there one handsome young womans missing, too?"

"And one protected, too, as your grace may

see by this other paper ; and, let me add, my wife, my lord duke !—though our marriage was a private one.” A second loud murmur arose among the by-standers, which, perhaps, had the immediate effect of encouraging, or sympathetically exciting all the long-smothered feelings of Evelyn ; for, quickly turning his horse—“ Villain !” he exclaimed, “ where is that lady ?”

“ I am not bound,” replied Kirke, with a ghastly smile, “ to hold any errant damoselle under my care, for any errant knight that may choose to claim her from me, though, to say truth, it was a pretty piece of flesh and blood, and I remember, won some favour in my eyes. Or supposing me to know aught of the wench, even in that case am I bound—”

“ Damnable wretch !” interrupted Evelyn, the taunt and implication wholly depriving him of reason and self-command, as, spurring his horse, he dashed at Kirke, and seized him by the throat—“ Monster !—what have you done with that lady ? Produce her, and produce her as she fell into your tainted hands—the chaste and orphan daughter of a virtuous—a murdered father—as my wife, produce her !—as my wife,

blasted villain!"—Evelyn's voice rose piteously shrill—"do this, and do it soon—now—this instant—or by the heaven you scoff, and the hell that aids you"—

"Mein Gott!" interrupted Schomberg, advancing, as the repeated murmurs of the spectators seemed to encourage Evelyn, while a portion of Kirke's own regiment galloped hastily across the ground—

"Mein goot Gott, I do say!—here will be one littel engagement among ourselves, and one victory for the rebels, whoever shall win—Mashter Captain Evelyn!—draw off and fall back, or by mine honors I will cut your crown—take your hands away, or expect nothing from me—Sakra!" he continued, as these words brought Evelyn to his senses, and caused him to unloose his grasp—"What you mean, Mr. Innishkillhim, to take all de laws into your own hands, and cut every one man's throat as you like?—Fall back, sir,—fall back, too, General Kirke, de other vay. Some of you, gentlemen, stand between them. Basta!—your Spaniard is not half so hot as your wild Irishmans. I do a littel begin to think dey will be

very goot for a charge, when their one starved garrons are made fatter. So, vary goot; let both the gentlemens grow cooler, dere, and let all the peoples that make one crowd, here, for nothing at all, go away, and den we will talk of this matter."

But to Schomberg's surprise and vexation the Enniskilleners firmly, though respectfully preferred to remain until they should see their officer righted.

"Vary goot, again; and—basta!—if I order you to lay down your arms," addressing the volunteer officer—the friend of Evelyn, who had brought him this message, "which I ought to do—I suppose you will all go, with all your lean horses, and all your fat womans, over to the rebels, early in the morning? or else draw out to fight General Kirke's men, that I do see are also come to afford us their companies?—It is all vary goot, I say—I will obey your orders, every one; and so let us now end the affair, General Kirke."

"I rely upon your grace to afford me prompt satisfaction for this insult—for this abuse and assault from an inferior officer," said Kirke.



“ Yes; if you tell him where to find his wife,” replied Schomberg.

“ That I cannot—or—let your grace excuse me—I am not bound to do.”

“ You will see, mein goot General Kirke,” resumed the old marshal, quietly, but angrily, “ I am a father, myself, and I have been a husband, and I cannot hafe an old man’s child, nor a young man’s wife made away with, in this fashion, by any officer under my commands; and you will also see I am your commander, here, though you were your own commander when James was up, in the west of England, yonder; so, if you know vary much about the poor young womans, you will tell me, or—though I cannot force you to giye answers, nor punish you for silence—you shall have very littel satisfactions at all for Captain Evelyn’s words and blow.”

“ I thank your grace for the choice you leave me, as well as for the whole spirit of the decision; but I beg to decline answering the impertinent and wild assertions of any coxcomb.”

“ Sacra!—hafe you the lady in your hands? answer *me*, man.”

“Again, may it please your grace, I shall be silent.”

“Diavolo!—Diable!—Deyvil!—take cares what you do—I will get proofs against you, and, then, look to yourself, General Kirke. Here, Mashters Evelyn, can you give me proofs that this womans-eater took off your wife?”

“I can, my lord, by your allowing me a few days to send for the witness,” answered Evelyn, advancing.

“Basta, sir, what will you mean, at all?—Why will you come here to make charges without the proofs by your side? I tell you, Mashters Robert Evelyn, only let me hafe proofs, and I will change his general’s commission into one dirty bit of waste papers—hagel!—I will.”

“Meantime, under your grace’s favour, I stand, in the absence of all proof, clear of the charge; and therefore, I humbly presume, entitled to the satisfaction I have demanded,” resumed Kirke.

“No, mein worthy sir, not till we see whether or no Captain Evelyn can make his stories goot.”

“Or,” said Evelyn, “until my witness can

arrive; or without at all troubling your grace to wait for further proof of the matter—I will be content with one plain course. Let me have your grace's permission," he continued, in returning rage—"to prove my words upon the body of the wretch I accuse of this crime, and at the same moment let him have the only chance of satisfaction for my former insults, which, waving the formalities of nominal rank, one courageous gentleman can seek from another."

"That will all happen as General Kirke will like," answered Schomberg, not displeased, perhaps, at the prospect of a summary discomfiture, in one shape or another, to Kirke—"I am satisfied, in order to put ends to this affair, to enable him to meet your challenge, without endangering his rank, and you to give it, without fear of the articles of war—mein heafen!—let it be so, if your Irish fashion of the duello likes his English prudence.

"Thanks, my gracious lord—thanks:—here, then"—

"But you will remember, mien goot Mashters Evelyn, that this rencontre, end as it may,

puts it out of your powers to renew the question, in any other way, at all."

"I am content, my lord—more—I am grateful; and now do I pronounce Gen. Kirke a false villain if he denies my charge, or if he refuses to render up the lady; and a treble coward, if he refuses me satisfaction; or if—for my past insults—and for this—and this"—he continued, his passion again overcoming him, as he struck Kirke with the flat of his sword—"if he refuses it."

"Fool!"—cried Kirke, in sudden frenzy—"I do not refuse—dismount, and follow me."

They flung themselves from their horses, at the same moment.

"Not a step from the ground we tread on!"—continued Evelyn, thrusting at him. There was no alternative but combat on the spot. Kirke skilfully parried the thrust with a beautiful crescent sabre, and seemed content to stand, for a time, upon the defensive, and allow Evelyn's rage to exhaust itself. Their troops closed round, and Schomberg looked on with much tranquillity. Evelyn continued the attack, and by a rash and desperate effort, seized

Kirke's blade, near the handle, and closed upon him. But his antagonist had a dagger ready in his left hand, at the sight of which the Enniskilleners cried out—"Equal weapons!—fair play!"—and one from among their body, apparently a very young, fresh-coloured man, rushed forward, jumped on the ground, and running to the combatants, twitched the treacherous weapon out of Kirke's hand, and disappeared, in a trice, back again among the dragoons. Evelyn, at a slight glance, thought the face familiar to him.

During the diversion this incident caused, Kirke regained full use of his sabre, and the combat continued with fury on both sides. At length, having overreached himself with a violent push, Evelyn's foot slipped on the damp and trodden grass, and he fell. Kirke's point was instantly at his heart, as he forced Evelyn's sword from his grasp.

"Strike, villain!"—cried the despairing youth—"you have left me nothing to live for—strike!"

"It is not worth the while," replied his adversary, apprehension of those around assisting,

perhaps, his wish to appear magnanimous—"live longer, and grow wiser:" and he immediately turned away.

"Kirke!"—shrieked Evelyn, starting up, without his sword, following him, and casting himself wildly on his knees—"Kirke!—wretch,—monster—coward—strike!—or, oh!—since I can no longer compel your justice—your mercy—I implore—beg it!—Restore her—uninjured, if you can; but in any case, restore her, and I will bless you as sincerely as I now weep for the boon!"

"Tush, sir," answered Kirke, twitching the skirt of his buff coat out of Evelyn's desperate grasp, "this is too Quixotic;" and he left the ground.

"Rise, Captain Evelyn," said Schomberg, advancing, apparently somewhat affected—"I am sorry for all this—but rise—the discomfiture does not touch your honor—it was a fair combat, fought with all courage on your parts—and you will not yet despair entirely, indeed, of success in the other matter—and you will come to my tent when you are more composed."

CHAPTER II.

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EVELYN was led by his brother officer and others, almost insensible, to one of the huts belonging to the encampment. Despair had fully seized him. He continued nearly unconscious of the friendly words addressed to his ear, and of the friendly actions performed towards him. And when their duties called his friends away, Evelyn felt as indifferent to their absence as he had been to their presence, and equally regardless of the mute attentions of a young private of the Enniskilleners who remained to wait on him, and who, having placed refreshments on a coarse table, stood behind his officer's seat, deeply interested, it would seem, in the affliction he could not presume to console. More than once, indeed, a general, floating idea entered Evelyn's mind, that the slight, short, and youthful figure which noiselessly moved around him,

might be that of the young person who, during his combat with Kirke, had done him a good temporary service by taking the dagger from the hand of his detested adversary; but so dark and inane were Evelyn's thoughts and feelings, with reference to any thing not absolutely making part of the one great subject of grief, that this notion occurred but to be forgotten, in an instant; and he did not once raise his eyes to pursue it by looking at the face of his mute attendant.

When he began to reflect a little more regularly on the occurrences that had just taken place, Evelyn's keenest anguish and self-reproach arose from the recollection, that by madly giving way to passion, and putting all upon the chance of a personal combat with Kirke, he had, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, abandoned all right to seek, in any other, or, indeed, in any shape, a future explanation of the fate of Eva. And as this thought continued to present itself, he writhed, and groaned aloud; often interrupted by low, plaintive sounds of, it would appear, sympathy and commiseration, which came from the young



mute, and which, at a cooler moment, Evelyn must certainly have noticed, in some way or other, though he now let them pass without remark, and, indeed, scarcely with a mental observation.

When he strove to apply himself to consider the whole matter, in parts, a certain degree of confusion and doubt reigned over it, distinct from the entanglement in which it was involved by his own state of mind. Where could Kirke have disposed of Eva?—Was she in his tent, this moment? If so, would he dare to refuse the explanation sought from him, and the proof of his crime so near at hand, and so accessible?—This seemed extraordinary and improbable. Yet where else could he have conveyed her?—Or—and the bare surmise was hellish torture to poor Evelyn—had the ruffian first gratified his brutal passion, and then called on murder to hush for ever the voice of at once his victim and the witness against him?—And Edmund, too—little doubt could be entertained that Moya's account of him was true; it did not appear possible that, after the strong reinforcement had reached Kirke at the Strip of Burne,

he would have spared, in the moment of returned success, the man on account of whose resistance he had incurred, including the Whisperer's agency, so much danger, vexation, and outrage; and, above all, the brother of her on whom he had fixed an unholy eye, and from whom the most determined opposition must have been expected. Therefore poor M'Donnell had doubtless fallen by his father's side, the moment he escaped from Evelyn's control, and that the soldiers surrounded and overpowered him: for, in Evelyn's calculations, retreat or surrender was out of the question on the part of one so excited and so desperate as Edmund continued to be; still maddened, too, by the sight of Eva dragged from him to shame and ruin. Had the protestant clergyman witnessed that horrible event?—Here came the first ray of hope. Although he could not answer the question, it seemed almost certain that such must have been the case; he therefore determined to write after his reverend friend, to Derry, and thus arrive at evidence, which, if it went hand in hand with Moya's previous story, would amount to proof. Yet,

of what use to him were such proof, when he had beforehand recorded against himself a renunciation of it? Once more, this reflection brought with it intolerable and despairing agony.

But, as the evening wore away, Evelyn's mind gave some slight indication of a re-arrangement, in the comparative facility with which he continued to debate other things, attached, indeed, to the main circumstances, but claiming only secondary consideration.—What had become of Priest M'Donnell and Carolan?—Had they, too, fallen victims to the rage and revenge of Kirke?—Alas! it was very probable; and might not the protestant clergyman, himself, have shared their fate? He had endeavoured to stem the torrent of Kirke's violence; he was a witness to the existence of documents that, after they had been submitted, would make that violence criminal; perhaps he was a witness to the murder of Edmund and the forcible abduction of his sister; and thus, in Evelyn's view, fully provoked the vengeance and forecast of Kirke. The speedy ascertaining of this latter point now became the strongest anxiety of

Evelyn; and he resolved, instead of writing, to go personally to Derry, if, indeed, the stern duties and circumstances of the time permitted such a step; and Schomberg should decide the question.

While sitting motionless, and now in darkness, a messenger arrived from the tent of the commander-in-chief, to say, that if Captain Evelyn was better, the duke would speak with him. Evelyn returned a hasty answer, promising immediate attendance. His first reason for instantly complying with the intimation, arose out of his wish to crave leave of absence from the camp, and he was eagerly rushing out, occupied by this idea alone, when his natural and habitual prudence caused him to recollect that it became his duty and his interest, if he at all presented himself before Schomberg, to place some decent restraint over his manner, and prepare his mind, difficult and loathsome as was the task, for an attention to whatever general matters his commander might happen to speak of. So, after a necessary pause, and much inward struggle, Evelyn manned and mastered himself, as well as he could, and prepared to

leave the hut. As he looked round for his cloak and hat, he perceived they had just been placed, by his mute servant, on the seat hitherto occupied by him; in his somewhat calmed state of mind this attention struck him as remarkable; he began also to connect with it, floating recollections of the whole demeanor of this individual during his long fit of abstraction; then the incident of the dagger, and his half thought at the time, that the young person's face was familiar to him; and at last won into something like interest, he glanced around in an involuntary wish to make more particular observations. At first he saw no person in the hut; but, advancing to a corner, a figure appeared, wrapped in a dragoon's cloak, lying on the damp floor.

“He sleeps,” said Evelyn—“and is too happy to be disturbed”—and he hastened forth, in a renewal of bitterest feelings at the contrast between his own bosom and that of the sleeping lad; but ere he crossed the threshold of the rude doorway, a deep sigh, at his back, seemed in some degree to lessen the strength of the supposed contrast.

Gaining the tent and the presence of the commander-in-chief, he was bluntly, though kindly received, and found the old veteran engaged, with his secretary, in tracing district maps, examining engineers' plans, and accounts of the agricultural state of the country through which he was about to march. He informed Evelyn that he was in want of an intelligent, loyal native, acquainted with the roads and the present condition, in many respects, of the southern route he determined immediately to take; and he paid him the compliment of at once appointing him as a person better qualified for this duty, than any one he had yet met since his arrival in Ireland. Evelyn bowed in silence, fearful of saying a word towards declining the honor, but miserably conscious, at the same time, that, should the appointment last, he would be obliged to sacrifice his intention of getting back to Derry.

Schomberg gave him little time, indeed, to utter a word on the subject, but immediately invited him to sit by his side, and, referring to the maps, plans, and reports, plunged him at once into business. Following up the sensible

reflections he had previously made as to what topics he might be called on to discuss, Evelyn laboriously endeavoured to abstract his mind from its private griefs, and fix it on the matter in hand. He was partially successful; and the shrewd old general making, doubtless, the allowance that his knowledge of Evelyn's situation enabled him to make, expressed much content, notwithstanding many fits of absence, and hasty and unintelligible answers, with the local information Evelyn was able to convey.

Finally, Schomberg intimated his resolve of marching upon Newry, early in the morning. His raw army had already suffered a little, he said, from the very bad condition of the roads, the bogs and swamps they encountered, whenever a campaign line of march had been attempted; and, lastly, and particularly, the want of provisions. But they were refreshed by their present halt, and inspirited by the recollection that, hitherto, their career had been a triumphant one, unchecked by even the appearance of an enemy; and although Evelyn's account of the districts lying between Loughbrickland and Newry, and again between Newry and Dun-

dalk, nearer to the coast, were by no means favourable, still Schomberg determined to lead them to both these places, alternately, in quest of the foe; especially, as he had to meet his artillery and stores, at Carlingford Bay, whither they were, by arrangement, to sail and wait for him.

Evelyn, now wholly engaged with his own private affairs, only waited till Schomberg had done speaking, to get in, as well as he could, the request for leave of absence; but just as he was about to open his lips for the purpose, the commander once more spoke, kindly bidding him good night, and adding, by the way, that Evelyn would do well to prepare himself for attending him as *aid-du-camp*, in lieu of a young English officer, the spoiled child of a wealthy country gentleman, whom the Irish bogs, and other unexpected difficulties, had visited with a severe illness on the second day's march from Carrickfergus.

The complimented person heard this additional honor conferred upon him with more dislike than is generally felt by young and ambitious men, at an unexpected and rapid progress



on the road of military distinction. Uttering not a word in reply, he only bowed, in an embarrassed manner, and once more endeavoured to shape his private purpose into fitting speech, while Schomberg, as if he understood that some demur was about to be made, and as if he thought it kind and useful to his young protégé, not to suffer him to give it expression, hastily resumed his farewells for the night, and would have ended all further conference.

But just as Evelyn was about to retire, confused and overwhelmed, a sudden spirit unloosed his tongue, and he urged, respectfully and modestly, his long-suppressed suit. At the first words, Schomberg looked surprised; and, when he understood the full nature of the request, offended and stern. If, by such an untimely movement, he said, Captain Evelyn meant to decline the trouble or the honor of the appointments conferred upon him, he was at liberty to free himself of them, that moment; but not by absenting himself from ordinary duty, however; it was another question whether or no a young man, already suspected, though not by the loyal friends that knew him

well, of lukewarmness to the cause of King William, should be permitted to—

Here poor Evelyn, at first hurt by the half-uttered insinuation, shed indignant tears.—Schomberg did not finish the sentence, but advancing to him, immediately changed his stern tone into one of kindness and commiseration; gave him generally to understand that he suspected the object of his intended journey; but that, under the circumstances, it were better, even for his private interests, to keep an eye at home; that he had not forgot to consider what might be the more prudent course of conduct; and that he would, himself, assist Evelyn in adopting it. Meantime he exhorted him to attend strictly to his professional duties, as, at once, his more respectable line of behaviour, and that best calculated to supersede the vain excess of thoughts and feelings that always attended on a distressed state of mind; adding, that he had created an interest as well by his spirited, though somewhat extravagant bearing, in the contest with Kirke, as by his sound and well-regulated order of intellect. which would be recollected to his advantage.

With these, to him, empty and useless pagnegyrics, Evelyn was obliged to retire to his hut. Unable to make personal inquiries in Derry, he wrote the moment he could sit down, the letter he had at first planned. As he folded it, the desperate thought occurred of abandoning the camp, by stealth, and still satisfying himself in the speediest way. But the charge and punishment of desertion stared him in the face : and honor, the last sentiment that, amidst a crowd of misfortunes, deserts the bosom which it has once solaced and ennobled, frowned a disapproval. Frenzy then began to reassert the empire ; and, laying his hand on his sword, he asked himself why he did not, that moment, cut his way with it into Kirke's tent, and at least assure himself whether or no Eva was there. The pledge he had given, the line of conduct to which he had bound himself, the obligation imposed upon him by the very defeat he had undergone,—all this, assisted, too, by the renewed promptings of honor, helped, however, to make him master his passion ; and, at last, exhausted and supremely miserable, he cast himself on his rough couch, groaning bitterly.

In this situation his notice was once more challenged by a heavy sigh from his young attendant, who till then had stood, unobserved by Evelyn, some distance at his back. Still he took no immediate notice of this person; until at last the mute changed his place, and advancing with a silent step, laid on the table, before his temporary master, such food as Evelyn did not think the camp afforded. At this he turned round, in a half-risen posture, and looked on his attendant. The individual stood near the far wall of the rude hovel, the collar of a dragoon's cloak clasped over the chin, and hiding half the face, while the broad-leafed hat of the time, pulled over the brows, almost entirely disguised the other half. The head, too, was turned aside, as if not presuming to await a superior's glance; and, altogether, an analysis of the features was impossible.

Evelyn, after the effort of a moment, gave up the task, in renewed indifference; and once more wholly surrendered himself to his miserable situation. The very presence of a second person became forgotten. The little supper remained untouched; the hours of night hastened away

unnoticed ; and it was not till the brands which had been kindled on the hearth, and which gave the only light of the apartment, flickered out, one by one, and at length almost entirely darkened, that, starting into a moment's recollection, as another doleful sigh reached his ear, and turning, a second time, round, Evelyn beheld his sad and silent companion, standing in the very spot where he had last seen him, motionless as a statue, and scarce perceptible in the increasing gloom.

Reproaching himself with cruel inattention to the comforts of a being so apparently devoted, he then made a hasty sign, and said—

“Remove these things—eat—retire to rest—and forgive my unintended absence of mind.”

The mute slowly moved to the table ; took away the untasted food ; but, instead of partaking of it, put it up in a corner of the hut ; and then making a rude obeisance, left Evelyn alone.

And still Evelyn remained sleepless and agitated. His conjectures had lately been directed to the kind of promise made by Schomberg to assist him in a certain course for the recovery of Eva. What could that course be?—Some-

thing else the general had said of keeping a strict watch at home;—did that mean closely observing Kirke, on the spot?—Evelyn believed it did; and then he set himself to plan the measures to be taken.—He would institute inquiries among Kirke's confidants and creatures; he would by that means find out Eva's real place of durance; and when he had done so, he would contrive a communication with her, and arrange her escape.—Already blasted though she stood—if, indeed she still lived—it was his first duty—now the only private one of his life—to rescue her from a continuance of the horror and infamy by which she might be surrounded. And if Eva were restored to her liberty, vengeance could yet be had on the author of her wrongs: the vengeance of the civil law, which her own evidence would procure. For the present, Evelyn, fixed in the dreadful conclusion that she was already lost to him, for ever; that an immediate effort could not prevent a foregone event; that future retribution, and her eventual restoration to liberty, was all he could hope for; and, strange to say, this self-wrought certainty, even of utter woe, calmed, to a degree, the suf-

ferer's mind; the future, unconnected with Eva, began to be sullenly canvassed;—and—oh shame to the human heart, in its best specimen!—wars and enterprises, and the haughty front of ambition, began to suggest a stern tolerance of life; and the new honors to which Evelyn had just been appointed, were, for the first time, recollected.—All in one short night?—Aye, all in one short night; such *is* the human heart.

An hour might have elapsed after the disappearance of the melancholy attendant, when Evelyn heard a stealthy step at the door of his hut; grasping his sword, he lay quiet to note whom the intruder might be; when, by the light of the late moon, which shone brightly through the door-way, he again discovered the figure of that person, cautiously entering, and looking earnestly towards his couch, as if to see whether he slept or waked. Now more than ever interested about this strange individual, Evelyn, remaining on his guard, gave symptoms of deep sleep, and still watched the midnight visitor.

The figure stept very slowly, and half bent with caution, across the rough floor; gained the front of his couch, stooped over Evelyn,

looked long in his face; and then stepping back, drew a rude dagger. Evelyn was about to spring up, but another moment corrected the impulse; for the attendant drew the weapon only to lay it on the floor, where, finally, he stretched himself, with many sighs, and continued caution of manner, and muffling himself in his cloak, lay motionless and silent at his master's feet.

Evelyn, hastily concluding that his brother officer had considerably appointed this anxious person to watch over him in his affliction, took no further notice. Towards morning he was surprised into a fitful slumber. A trumpet-sound awoke him; and looking to the foot of his couch, the attendant was gone.

The shrill trumpet continued to send its summoning voice abroad. Evelyn hastily arose, and found the whole force in motion; some striking the tents; some forming into marching order. Apprehensive that he had staid too long from Schomberg, he hurried towards the marshal's tent, chiding and despising the sluggish spirit that, notwithstanding an enduring cause for watchfulness, could have betrayed him into sleep.



His anxious attendant of the preceding night, was no where to be seen ; but Evelyn, meeting the brother officer, whom he believed had appointed that person to wait on him, offered his thanks for the considerate courtesy, and was informed, that the lad himself deserved most acknowledgement, as he had been allowed to serve Evelyn at his own particular instance.

Scarce afforded time to wonder at such a circumstance, Evelyn, seeing Schomberg in his saddle, at a little distance, spurred to join him ; the white-headed general bade him good morning with continued cordiality ; and, in a short time, the army was on its route to Newry.

The distance was but a short day's march ; yet owing to the increased badness of the roads, the difficulties and distresses of Schomberg's troops thickened on the way. The Enniskilleners indeed, who formed his advance, made comparatively light of a succession of vicissitudes and inconveniences to which they had been accustomed ; the blue and white Dutch foot-guards, too, his own regiment of horse, and the French regiments of La Mellonier, Du Cambron, and La Caillemotte, bore their mishaps like veteran troops, to whom patience and persever-

ance were familiar ; but to the English portion of the numerous army, mostly made up of new levies, unaccustomed to the front of war, in an enemy's country, and just ravished from the easy life and good things of old England, the march was dispiriting and disastrous.

When, after much pause and struggling on the road, the army got a sight of Newry, hoping for rest and refreshment within it, their flagging spirits gained no relief from beholding the town in flames, it having been just fired and abandoned by the enemy and inhabitants. Schomberg entered the deserted and crumbling streets in great indignation and chagrin ; affecting to regard as barbarous a mode of warfare that he knew well was in high repute among the more polished destroyers of the continent, and which has since told with effect in our own improved age ; and he sent after the enemy a high-toned, gasconading message, expressive of his horror at such proceedings, and threatening them with terrible retaliations, unauthorized, as he also well knew, by the laws of war, or by the nature of the offence. But, up to this time, it was the error of all invaders of Ireland, to ima-

gine that the fair, (if they are ever fair) usages of war might occasionally be outraged towards her, and that her native energies and national mind might be cowed by an empty threat.

Notwithstanding the mishaps and privations of the army, for the country through which they had lately passed was a desert; notwithstanding the complaints and lamentations of the men, Newry was no place to rest in, and Schomberg speedily left it to follow the enemy to Dundalk. And now came a climax to the sufferings of which the army had previously encountered but a foretaste. The road, falling down towards the coast, lay through bogs and marshes, or over barren hills, and, at every step, the soldiers stuck in mud, or floundered through bog-water, scarce able to afford each other assistance to the next dry perch of land, and in many cases abandoning their arms, accoutrements, or horses, and only anxious to attend to self-preservation. The heavy September rains, too, began to pour down, to accumulate the difficulties and perils of the way. And still to heighten their distress, provisions grew scarce, and no fresh supply was to be had. Upon every side reigned solitude

and famine. The agricultural protestants had quitted the country, after Hamilton's success at Dromore and Hillsborough, the previous spring; the catholic farmers and peasantry now fled at the approach of Schomberg; so that the cattle had been driven away, by one party or the other, or lay slaughtered and putrified in the fields, or by the road-side; and the harvest of the present year appeared cut down and rotting on the ground. Not a living thing, human or bestial, was to be seen. In the thatch of the cabins of the wretched peasantry, encountered on the disastrous march, crucifixes were placed over the door-ways, doubtless in the spirit of an appeal to christian enemies, to spare from burning and destroying the roofs abandoned to their mercy, yet thus deemed to be protected by the symbol of a common faith; but not always, alas, did the rancour of mere sectarian hatred acknowledge that symbol of sufficient efficacy to restrain, or the spirit of that appeal of sufficient power to save; while, in another view, such vestiges of men called up, in the minds of the new soldiers, a stronger sense of the solitude which they served but to illustrate, and

struck a deeper terror into the hearts of those who had just come from scenes of joyous life and smiling plenty, to encounter the miserable contrast by which they were at present assailed.

Evelyn had discouraged, as directly as was befitting a person in his relative situation, this precipitate march of Schomberg through an enemy's country, bare of supplies, and naturally difficult, and with an army unused to such operations. But Schomberg, while he eagerly sought information, disregarded every thing like advice ; and it appeared to Evelyn, that, for once in his life, at least, the old campaigner had acted with more haste than speed, more energy than wisdom, more confidence in himself than prudential respect for the talents of the enemy.

Now, however, as the fatigued army approached Dundalk, Evelyn began to hope that things might turn up for the best. Here Schomberg might rest and refresh his men ; meet his artillery and stores ; and afterwards advance, at his leisure, through a more easy country, to look for the Irish force. The place, though, like Newry, abandoned, had not, like it, been fired ;

and this helped to improve the future prospects.

But Evelyn miscalculated. Dundalk was not burnt down, merely because those who had the arrangement of the question, did not think such a proceeding necessary. Schomberg and his army had been decoyed into it, and that was enough. After waiting some time for the little fleet he expected, along the coast, from Belfast, and at length witnessing its arrival, Schomberg proposed to march on Drogheda, where, at the distance of only about eighteen miles, the main strength of the Irish army, amounting to twenty thousand, seemed to await him. But, at the first step, he found himself shut in; the only two passes by which he could advance, being effectually secured by Sarsfield, Rosen, and Hamilton. With nothing but a superior force—his present one being only about equal to the enemy—could he venture to push forward; and as a strong reinforcement of Danes had been promised him, he sat down, where he was, entrenching himself, to await their arrival.

His position was strong. Fortifying Dundalk, and throwing some troops into it, his front faced

the west, protected by the river, between him and the enemy; on the east rose the Newry mountains; on the south was a boggy valley falling down to the sea; and on the north were other bogs and mountains, intermixed. Thus placed, he could entertain no fears of being attacked in his entrenchments; while he was hemmed in, he was also kept safe. But here ended the advantages of his situation, and here, too, its disadvantages began. The ground upon which he huddled the greater part of his army, though admirable for self-defence against a human foe, was, in itself, the worst antagonist they could have encountered. Low, damp, and barren, and now saturated with the rains that every day grew heavier, its baneful effects soon began to be visible among the plump, blowzy recruits who formed, as has been seen, the majority of Schomberg's force. The scarcity of provisions accumulated the distress; and while hundreds perished with contagious diseases, the clamours of the survivors rose loud.

Schomberg sent pressing requests to William for the promised re-inforcements, and received, in answer, as pressing injunctions to break from

his entrenchments, and offer battle. His rejoinders were, however, consistent in preferring his own plan. While preparing his despatches for England, he occasionally did Evelyn the honor of selecting him as an amanuensis, and of communicating to him some of his opinions. About the middle of October, after repeated instructions had come from William, and while disease, hunger, death, and clamour, abounded among the English lines, those of the Enniskilleners and foreigners, remaining comparatively at ease, in every way, the old commander was, on a particular night, unusually confidential with Evelyn.

His master, King William, he said, laboured under the misapprehensions with which, partly from unwise statements given by colonial Irishmen, he had, himself, entered upon this campaign. He despised an Irish enemy too much, and reckoned on taking them at more odds than the game seemed to allow. The king had supposed enough done when he appointed him, Schomberg, to command an army of young English peasants, very nearly, indeed, on a par in point of discipline, with the wild Irish they were



sent to oppose, but unable to cope with the difficulties of climate, season, country, and starvation, to which the rebel kerne were accustomed, and took like a second nature. The general applauded the fortitude and constancy of his other troops; but for the young English yeomen, he said, the very superior advantages of their life at home, unfitted them for so venturesome a campaign, at so short a notice. Excellent soldiers they would, after a little time, have doubtless become, provided they could have been well victualled every day; but, continued Schomberg, with some knowledge of Shakespeare, while speaking of his own countrymen—

“ They want their porridge, and their fat bull beeves;  
Either they must be dieted like mules,  
And have their provender tied to their throats,  
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.”

It was also forgotten, the old marshal continued, that Irish officers might arrive at some military tactic; while the French officers by their side were, he protested to his “goot Gott,” not to be undervalued on any account; and, finally, Schomberg engaged Evelyn to copy a despatch for William, which contained this passage—

“ If your majesty was well aware of the state of your army, and that of the enemy, the nature of the country, and the situation of the two camps, I do not believe you would incline to risk an attack. If we did not succeed, your majesty’s army would be lost without reserve ; I make use of that term ; for I do believe, if it was once put into disorder, that it could not be re-established.”

Thus, for some time, Schomberg passively submitted to the destructive consequences of his position, in daily hope of a reinforcement, only satisfied that the enemy would not attack him. Nor was he disappointed. The French and Irish officers were content to let his army waste away with famine, dysentery, and other afflictions too loathsome to indicate. Once, indeed, before the date of the last despatch mentioned, King James, against the concurrent advice of his generals, drew his force from Drogheda, advanced and encamped within cannon shot of Schomberg, challenged him, for some time, to come out, and was guilty of the vain-glorious bravado of crossing the river in Schomberg’s front, with a wing of his army, and some

field-pieces, and in every way renewing the provocations to battle; but the matter ended as he must, or ought to have known it would end—Schomberg let him go back as he came.

Meantime, while the great question remained undecided, some secondary affairs were engaged in, at both sides. The Enniskilleners, commanded by Loyd, “their little Cromwell,” and accompanied by Evelyn, made excursions from the entrenchments, and on one occasion defeated a body of the enemy, and drove in some cattle, to the relief of their famishing and powerless brethren. Afterwards they made a long forced march, accompanied by some of Schomberg’s dragoons, and a French detachment, to relieve Sligo, on which Sarsfield, after reducing James-town, had moved, and which was defended by a Dutch and a French general; but here they were routed, and suffered much, having been first out-mancœuvred; and, after a gallant defence, by St. Sauvier, of the fort, this strong and important place also remained in Sarsfield’s hands.

And thus, it may be said, ended Schomberg’s disastrous campaign. Towards the middle of

November he re-embarked his cannon for Belfast; James then broke up his camp, and retired southward to Dublin, leaving his adversary also free to march northward, in quest of winter quarters; a liberty of which he was not tardy in availing himself.

When the tents and huts were uncovered, the whole ground appeared like an hospital; and Schomberg found that, in every way, his army had decreased one half.

Ere he began his retreat northward, he appointed some officers, English, foreign, and Irish, to carry despatches to William, as well for the purpose of still requesting the Danish reinforcement, as of justifying his conduct to the grumbling English parliament, who, unable to comprehend on any legitimate grounds the failure of their army in Ireland, charged Schomberg with all the blame.

Amongst the native officers, named in this mission, was Evelyn; and the appointment came at the very moment when, after months of undiminished suspense and torture, he had hoped, at last in furtherance of his private concerns, to be left master of his own actions.

During all the vicissitudes of the camp, Evelyn failed not to employ every available means in endeavouring to ascertain whether or no Kirke kept a lady concealed in his tent. His secret inquiries either ended in dissatisfaction, or else led him to believe that his suspicions were, in this instance, unfounded ; and towards the conclusion of the campaign, he became assured, that if Eva remained indeed under Kirke's control, or—if she lived—some other retreat had been chosen for her. After such a conclusion, he grew intensely anxious to commence inquiries in person ; but, while attached to Schomberg, on active service, this was impossible ; and baffling, as well as he could, the agony and uncertainty which filled his bosom, Evelyn waited the end of the campaign, again to request leave of absence. Now, at the very moment hope had promised as auspicious, he again saw himself cut off from all effectual exertion in the matter that lay nearest his heart, and most concerned his existence. Decline the appointment he durst not. Pride, honor, spirit, duty, consistency, would not permit such a course. Social degradation, if not actual pu-

nishment, would attend it. And he could do no more than venture to remind Schomberg of his private situation, and respectfully solicit him to attend to it in his absence.

It occurred to Evelyn also to take advantage of the devotedness manifested towards him by the young person in the camp at Loughbrickland. He concluded that such sincere sympathy as that unknown individual had shewn towards his afflictions, might readily be turned into zeal in his service. But he called to mind, that, for some time, the young mute had not waited on him; that, since the march from Loughbrickland, he had not come, indeed, in Evelyn's view, more than once or twice; first, immediately after the evacuation of Newry, and perhaps a second time on taking up a position at Dundalk; and on both occasions, during the confusion and distress that prevailed, Evelyn paid him little regard. Now he made inquiries after the lad, and, in some self-reproach at his continued neglect of a being apparently so mild, attentive, and affectionate, learned that, at the first breaking out of the infectious diseases of the camp, he had become ill; was afterwards

transported with a number of sick to Belfast, and, at present, was probably dead.

Upon the last night of Schomberg's sojourn at Dundalk Evelyn prepared for his voyage to England. A vessel awaited him and his brother officers in Carlingford bay. Opening the valise which held the few things necessary for travel, and whatever valuable little matters he did not choose to remain any where without, he was surprised and grieved at not being able to find some early pledges received from Eva—a ring, a lock of hair, and such remembrances. He tossed the confused contents of his valise over and over; he ransacked every crevice and corner; they were not forthcoming. He had lost them, then, during his hurried marches from place to place. Now his eye was caught by a sealed note pinned to the inside of the overlay of the valise. Snatching it, he recognized the hand-writing of Eva on the superscription, which was directed to him. He tore it open, and a ring fell out of it, at his feet. Eva's marriage-ring. The billet ran thus :

“ We are separated for ever. Your own course makes this indispensable. But apart even

from your conduct, ruin and degradation have come between us. Think not of me. I am handed over to a fate relentless as you will find it impenetrable. Be happy. I will pray that you may be so. Farewell.—Eva.”

No date of time or place was added. It might have remained in the valise since his arrival at Dundalk. But, no matter when or where written, it at last brought to a horrid certainty Evelyn’s worst apprehensions on Eva’s account. The “ruin and degradation” that had for ever separated them, pointed but to one possible meaning, and that coincided with all his former suspicions. No farther could he calculate. He flung himself, despairing, on the ground.

In a short time came the question—what conduct of his seemed to make this “misery indispensable?”—Tush—he answered himself—here is but a pretence to divert my mind from the real cause. And to what fate, “relentless as it would prove impenetrable,” had the wretched Eva consigned herself?—Death!—replied Evelyn’s heart. She could not survive her fair name; and the question was left in doubt, only to save him an overwhelming pang.



He sprung to his feet. He grasped his sword. He was rushing, bare-headed, to seek Kirke in his tent, and cut him down on the spot. Past circumstances crowded on his recollection, sickened his heart, and arrested his furious career. He felt, at a glance, all the controlling reasons before enumerated; and now came the additional thought, that if Eva had indeed perished, all positive proof of Kirke's guilt must thereby be removed, and all justification of revenge torn from him.

How came the note where he had found it? At the first difficulty, in answering, his mind abandoned the matter as insignificant; and once more he relapsed into despair. Some persons clanged, heavily armed, into his hut. They called to him; they shook him by the shoulder; they told him the boat awaited to coast him to the vessel, which would speedily spread her canvass for England, in a fair though high wind. He half understood them; a prospect of change—of boisterous, dreary, perilous change, sprung up in his breast—the dash and roar of a sea, canopied by blackest night, and scourged by tempest, glanced across his thoughts; he arose;

he smiled upon his friends; he said he was quite ready; and in this state Evelyn embarked for England.

## CHAPTER III.

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WITH a mind scarce relieved, Evelyn passed through all the usually exciting vicissitudes of sea and land, and arrived in London. Allowing his motions to be guided by his friends, he accompanied them, on the afternoon of the morning which completed their journey, in search of Mr. Walker, who, it was believed, would be a useful guide and prompter in furthering their present business, and initiating them into the mysteries of a court, at which, if fame erred not, he had for some time been flatteringly accepted.

Indeed, no name was now more popular in London than that of Mr. Walker. He had just published his *Diary of the siege of Derry*, in which the reader may be assured he was his own hero ; it had yet encountered none of the discredit soon after cast on it by men of his

own party, who deemed it their duty, by publications in London also, to strip the reverend egotist of some plumes which he had dexterously borrowed from, it was asserted, braver and honester colleagues ; King William had, at the instance of Burnet, presented him with five thousand pounds, and—the bishoprick of the city which he had preserved for his master, against the cautions of its former bishop, not found so serviceable ; ministers of state, lights of the church, and ladies of illustrious title, joined in their attentions and compliments to the right reverend captain in God ; Tillotson eulogized him in a letter to Lady Russell ; and, in a word, his royal patron alone (though the fact was not then suspected), was the sole person who, after all his achievements, thought Mr. Walker a troublesome fool.

Evelyn accompanied his friends to seek this hero of nine days at the address in the Strand, which, ere their departure from Ireland, they had obtained as his. Here they met a new proof of the flattering attentions paid to their countryman. He was not at home ; but an acquaintance, calling at the same time, informed the

Irish deputation that he would most likely be found at the house of Sir Godfrey Kneller, sitting for his portrait,\* at the request of some admiring friends, to that brother-humbug of his day. Thither our party repaired; but Mr. Walker had just left, and was perhaps gone to Whitehall, to attend the king's levy. Arriving at Whitehall, they learned that, early that very morning, the court had been removed to Kensington, to the house just purchased by William from his pompous minister, Nottingham; and, doubtless, the Bishop of Londonderry had followed it.

To Kensington, then, the deputation repaired. Crossing St. James's Park and the Green Park, and not leaving to their right any of the

\* A good print of this portrait may be found, between two unauthentic catchpennies of the same era, in the British Museum; and a supposed copy of it was, in 1823, the property of a picture-trading Dublin connoisseur, who, once a year, let (or hired it) to certain persons, by whom it was carried to a Dublin tavern, to witness a dinner and debauch got up in honour of the original. Another engraving is shewn in Derry, by a descendant of Walker, as resembling him; but it is spurious, like two out of the three already mentioned, as preserved under the care of our esteemed friend, Mr. Smith, of the print-room, B. M.

splendid range of street, and the continued mass of town, which, had they this day, the same journey to perform, they must have done, Evelyn and his friends rode through the open country to the new seat of royalty. When they entered the village, all was bustle, rattle, and life; noble persons, of both sexes, promenaded the then scanty streets, in search of inconvenient lodgings, or dashed by in their carriages; the Dutch guards were every where seen in motion; the confounded but delighted inhabitants hurried about, evidently not yet at ease amid the influx of greatness with which they were so suddenly called to hold communication; and already might be heard the clink of trowels, and the clattering of labourers, busy at the nod of the enterprizing builders of 1689, in erecting new houses for the new visitants, and even so soon engaged in commencing those respectable additions to the town, which, continued through other reigns, in proportion to the demand thus began for them, at last made Kensington a considerable place. By virtue of their mission, Schomberg's deputation easily past the outpost guards of the new palace, and arrived in

front of the grand entrance, which was in the court-yard on the west. Many additions have since been made to the old pile ; but the buildings which then surrounded this yard, and those at present forming the south front, seem to have been the only considerable parts of the original structure.

Directing, in the first instance, their inquiries after Mr. Walker, our party learned that he had, that morning, presented himself at the palace, but not having obtained an audience, was now, most probably, walking about the gardens. The deputation separated into different bodies to look out for their accredited agent, and Evelyn was, perhaps designedly, left alone ; his fits of abstraction having all along rendered him a useless, and at last an inconvenient companion. He sauntered slowly through shades and openings, little wildernesses, and noble walks, even then so well and artfully arranged and contrasted, as to give full promise of a plaisance, as much superior to the gardens of the Thuilleries, or the grounds of St. Cloud, as they were and are to the scattered heap of red brick of which it is a shame to make them the accompaniment.

But little delight had this beautiful scene for the heart of Evelyn. He did not admire; he scarcely looked at it; and the only effect it produced on him was an unconscious impression of loneliness that assisted the melancholy of his mood. Passing out of the secret and solitary haunts of the garden into its more open and frequented promenades, his eye became, however, diverted by the groups of courtly persons, clad in richest attire, glancing along the walks, or turning aside from them, or moving by the edge of a considerable sheet of water, now near at Evelyn's hand: nobles, and noble dames, generals, law-officers, and other suitors, who, like himself, and the dignitary he came to seek, were all awaiting (what scarce any expected), a sight and a word of the singularly unapproachable monarch whom they had lately called to the throne of their country; but who, by his rudeness, along with other matters, already began to make them regret their election.

Inconvenienced by the sight of so many persons, Evelyn hastily returned to seek the less public paths of the garden. He now found himself in a thickly planted little shrubbery, where



the dark evergreen trees made a shade, although it was winter. Continuing his way, he suddenly emerged into an open semicircular space, at the extremity of which was a seat, occupied by a single person, whose averted head, rested upon his arm, seemed to indicate a mood of deep reflection. This individual was very young; his figure slight, his stature short, and his dress foreign. The last observation called up quick associations that thrilled through Evelyn; exactly such a dress had Eva worn upon the night, when she met him, along with Esther and Edmund, disguised in man's attire, outside the walls of Derry. Such appeared, too, her figure, in that graceful disguise—such her air. Evelyn's heart palpitated—he stood rooted to the spot—he gazed stedfastly on the stranger, hoping that the head might turn, and the features be submitted to his view. But the figure remained a long time motionless; when at length it moved, the face was still averted; but, in this situation, the young person drew a sheathed dagger from his bosom, half bared it, looked at its edge, kissed it fervently, and put it up again. Evelyn advanced a step. The solitary started

—glanced one angry and startled look at the intruder—darted into the thickets at his back, and left Evelyn almost senseless with consternation, for the features were those of Eva, altered, indeed, under the influence of violent passion, and shewing the same new and strange character he had noticed in them when she first appeared in her masculine dress; but still they were Eva's.

Conjecturing, in one flash of thought, that Eva, no matter how at liberty, giving way to some wild impulse of her romantic and spirited nature, called up by her late griefs, had devoted herself to a desperate achievement, and was here—a concealed dagger in her bosom—to attempt it;—recollecting her former vague, though alarming conversations; and getting a full view of the danger and horror of her predicament, Evelyn, after the confusion of a moment, plunged into the thicket in pursuit. He heard rapid steps near him, and for some time was guided onward; but no one met his eye. Branches of trees that he broke through were in agitation from the quick passage, a moment before, of some other person, by them; still

Evelyn remained at fault. He emerged from the thicket, and looked around him, on one of the broad, smooth gravelled walks ; no figure, such as he was in chase of, met his glance. He rushed forward, at random, by the side of the lake before mentioned, passing, without observation, detached groups of people. A hand caught his arm ; a familiar voice saluted him ; he turned, and knew his old friend, Governor Walker.

“ Your haste is on my account, I doubt not, Captain Evelyn ; I heard of your intended voyage ; here has your name been just handled,” said the new dignitary, inclining his head to a person with whom he had stood in close conversation, and who, as his costume declared, was also high in the church ; “ you have heard me allude to the name of Dr. Burnet ; know him now as my Lord Bishop of Salisbury.”

Evelyn made a hurried obeisance to a man about Walker’s age, but shorter, and much stouter in figure, with heavy limbs, and a common-place face, such as might become a busy, close, opinionated, and moderately clever mechanic, of the new institute. He looked, indeed,

a plodding tradesman, but no more; nor did his new silk apron take from the character with which nature appeared to have stamped Dr. Burnet, and which all historians (except himself) are disposed to allow him.

“Tarry but a moment,” continued the Bishop of Derry, “until my lord and I have shortly discussed our topic; then I shall inquire into your affair.”

Evelyn still looked wildly around, almost cursing the interruption, and heedless of the words which Burnet addressed to his old friend; until a sentence, striking, by curious coincidence, the chord of his distracted thoughts, startled him into attention.

“I aver,” said the Bishop of Salisbury, “that no living woman is so well disposed to the act.”

Eva, the only living woman poor Evelyn could recognize as an object of remark—Eva—and the “act,” he feared she was madly engaged to perform—answered to this observation; and pale and trembling he fixed himself to listen to an account of her purposed detection and ruin; but a few more sentences assured him that he only heard an eulogium (since preached

and printed by the admiring speaker,) upon the eldest daughter of James II. Queen Mary of England.

“ Her age and rank,” resumed the closet counsellor of a second Goneril, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, as one of his arms saw-sawed, awkwardly, “ her age and rank have denied her much opportunity for study; yet she has gone far that way. She is particularly careful of her time, which she chiefly directs between her books—”

“ Aye, my lord; but touching her majesty’s disposition to befriend us, in this matter,” interrupted Walker.

“ Her needle, and her devotions,” continued the imperturbable panegyrist. “ It were easy to give amazing instances of her understanding, in matters of divinity. She has so well understood our disputes with the church of Rome, that she is capable of managing debates in them, with an equal degree of address and judgment.”

“ And therefore more able and willing doubtless to direct to that idolatrous church, the somewhat torpid zeal of his dissenting majesty,” observed Walker.

“Doubtless ; and seeing how coldly our suggestions of wholesome constraint of the popish superstition have been met by her royal consort ; forasmuch,” continued Burnet, still quoting himself by anticipation, “forasmuch as I found, while in Holland, that the main thing the ministers of that country, and those who had charge of his education, infused into him was an abhorrence of the Arminian, rather than of the Romish doctrine ; nevertheless I despair nothing of seeing a good impression wrought ; because,” he went on, getting into a kind of Athanasian sublimity of style, “the sovereignty is in her ; it is also in another ; her administration supplies the other’s absence ; monarchy here seems to have lost its very essence ; it being a government by one ; but as the administration is only in one at a time, so—”

A person like a gentleman usher interrupted the new dignitary by a message to him to attend the queen. He gave a sign of humble compliance, but staid to finish his sentence—

“As the administration is only in one at a time, so they are more one than espousals or a joint tenure of the throne—”

The messenger gave a hint for despatch.

“Than espousals, or a joint tenure of the throne can make them,” still continued the eulogist, as at last he waddled off, however, seasawing the air, and repeating his climax till he was out of hearing.

“And there goes,” said Walker, looking after him, “the strange instrument whom it has pleased God to use in working out the greatest deliverance that ever was allowed to a nation; assisted by a woman, whom, notwithstanding his praises, every father must tremble to see guilty of the joy which she evinces at the downfall of a parent.”

Having received from Evelyn an intimation of the wishes of the deputation to call on him for an introduction to the king, Mr. Walker, as we still prefer to designate him, declared, with some vehemence, that such a service was not to be expected at his hands, inasmuch as he, himself, had not yet enjoyed an audience of his majesty. A sum of money and a church appointment he had, indeed, received, in the king's name, as some recompense for what he had done in Ireland; but all cordial approach to William was denied.

Had Evelyn been in a mood to attend to what he heard, this must have astonished him ; and what followed, still more so. Mr. Walker rapidly, and in evident warmth, proceeded to say that the whole conduct of the new monarch impressed his zealous protestant subjects with a fear that he was arbitrary in his views, as well as disagreeable in his private manners ; and, above all, averse to the interests of the established religion, and indifferent to the encroachments of popery. While he disgusted with his reserve, or his rudeness, all the great men who surrounded him, giving up to field sports alone the time he refused to them, William maintained in England a Dutch standing army, and had been heard to say he would and could trust no other ; and in this army were as many papists, men and officers, as James had ever proposed to have in his ; he had suspended, as summarily as James ever did it, the bishops who refused to lay down their consciences at his feet ; he had repeatedly sought to exempt all those of his own religion (the Presbyterian) from the test oaths ; the very attempt, which, made in behalf of another sect, cost James a crown,



and gained it for William; he had, at one sweep, abolished the established church in Scotland; he had caused to be instituted an ecclesiastical court of commission, doubtless in the hopes of effecting the same thing, under name of a comprehension, in England; he had allowed Holland to interfere with the trade of London, which was now sensibly diminished; he had, in a season of public debt and distress, expended large sums on the new palace at Hampton Court, and now an additionally large one on the purchase of Kensington; and, worst of all, when certain zealous dignitaries, and others of the established church, had earnestly recommended him to bind up in a salutary fetter of new penal laws, the hands and energies of papists, he had sullenly refused, saying that he came to England to assist protestantism, but not to persecute Roman Catholics; and at another time adding that he could not pretend to screen the protestants of Germany and Hungary, at the same time that he should persecute Catholics in England and Ireland. Such a course, Mr. Walker continued, had not been expected from the man who was called from his own country solely for

the protection of protestantism against popery, and of English freedom against despotic monarchy; and men's eyes had therefore become opened of late to some other imperfections in the conduct of the prince who so much disappointed all. It was now recollected, that, contrary to his solemn declarations, he had aspired to the crown, without waiting till it was vacant, or decreed to be so; that he had himself caused such vacancy by treating his father-in-law with insolence, rigour, and great cruelty; turning him out of his palace, and in reality terrifying him out of the kingdom; that the reports countenanced by him of the false birth of the Prince of Wales, and the treaty with France to enslave England, appeared to be false, and must be esteemed nothing more than wicked rumours framed for certain ends; that, merely out of complaisance to him, James had been refused a hearing in his own defence; and lastly, Mr. Walker hinted that it became a question whether or no legitimate succession and divine right should have been so speedily shoved aside to make room for a strange prince, now so little likely to give satisfaction; and whispers of in-

tended resistance, in which, indeed, he did not implicate himself, actually escaped the lips of the angry or conscientious churchman.

Despite his abstraction, and tantalizing interest in a very different subject, Evelyn was at length overtaken with astonishment, to hear such details and sentiments from the man who, only a few months before, had viewed and stated the character and merits of William in a very different light. He ventured to hint his surprise, but his friend stopped him by the remark that time and experience alone could enable any one to settle in the truth; and then, still indulging his zeal, candour, or disappointment, he found new subjects of animadversion in William's flagrant neglect of Ireland; insinuating that some sensible men were not slow in attributing, as the cause for all the mismanagement in that quarter, a plan to let the country get embroiled, deeper and deeper; that so, at last, William and his Dutch followers, for whom he could not otherwise provide, might have the merit of subduing it, and at the same time of monopolizing, to the prejudice of loyal and more deserving Irish protestants, the additional for-

feitures and confiscations that must take place among the properties of Irish papists. The king had, indeed, lately mentioned his intention of going over to finish the war in person; but little was expected from that pledge; and Mr. Walker made an end, by adding, that the late defeats of the English at sea, and particularly the failure of Torrington in a descent upon Cork, where, at the head of the combined fleets of Holland and England, he had been discomfited by the French admiral, who now infested the channel; that these losses and disgraces, never encountered in any other reign, and preceded, in the very former reign, by brilliant success, powerfully assisted in making a great portion of the national mind disgusted with its new master.

At this moment, Mr. Walker was interrupted by a stir among a considerable body of Dutch horse-guards, who were posted round a back entrance into the west court; and nearly at the same time, a loud clatter of horses' feet was heard in the court, accompanied by a flourish of trumpets.

"Aye," continued Mr. Walker, "there he goes, as usual, to review his camp at Hounslow,

or start a deer in Windsor Forest ; leaving unnoticed the faithful and anxious subject, and the important business that vainly craves his attention."

Evelyn became attracted by another incident. Some of the guards stationed, as has just been said, at the door which communicated with the garden, surrounded, as if to press back, an individual who seemed anxious to pass into the court ; and at a second glance Evelyn recognized the small figure and foreign dress of the person who so terribly interested him. Instantly he darted from his friend's side towards the spot. On his way, a turn in the path, round a clump of trees, intercepted his view ; and when he arrived near the guards the stranger was gone. But Evelyn could hear them allude, in the Dutch language, which he had partially acquired in Schomberg's Irish camp, to the incident that so much alarmed him. The soldiers seemed to make light of it ; expressing some satirical mirth at the ignorance and impudence of the unknown stripling, who out of curiosity, or a foolish notion of the importance of his private affairs, could hope to

press himself on the king, at such a moment ; and they added, that from the despatch of his retreat, it was to be hoped the repulse he got would teach him some experience.

As Evelyn stood confused and agitated, his friends, accompanied by Mr. Walker, came up to say that, since the king had left the palace for the day, it would be useless to remain any longer in attendance ; but that the Bishop of Salisbury had just pledged himself to arrange, through the interest of the queen, a speedy audience for the Irish deputation, who should make it their business to procure lodgings in the village, and contentedly and respectfully await the proper summons.

Evelyn continued almost unconscious of these intimations ; his friends noticed his unbusiness-like abstraction, and once more he was left by them alone in the gardens. His eye turned round, and his thoughts turned internally, still in search of one sole object, one sole explanation. He watched and lingered about the paths and secret haunts of the garden, until all else had retired, and he found himself disagreeably regarded by the Dutch troops, stationed as sen-

tinels at different points. At last, as evening fell, it became necessary for him to seek his friends in the adjacent village. Some of them met him by chance in the streets; conveyed him to his lodgings; and, at his request, left him to his reflections.

“This,” thought Evelyn, “this, then, is the fate to which she has devoted herself—revenge—blind, unjust, and ruinous revenge;” he shuddered with a degree of disgust to contemplate a young and unprotected female abandoning herself to such a course; and he feared to tell himself what shape he suspected Eva’s intentions to have taken. But most of all did he fear to calculate the consequences of her madness.

Could there be a doubt it was her? A rapid thought struck him; the young person in the camp at Dundalk—could it be he? He tried to call back his notions of the face of that person. He had seen it but once, during the struggle with Kirke; his mind was utterly confused at the moment; his powers of observation destroyed; the glance he took only suggested, in a vague manner, that he had known it before; could he now venture decidedly to say that it

was not one and the same with the face he beheld this morning? No, he would not positively say so; if not, it remained probable, that his mute attendant, in Schomberg's camp, and the individual encountered in the gardens, were one and the same. Thus, then, Eva differently disguised, had twice appeared to him. Who else could leave the note where he had found it? Here was additional probability. And yet, no; Evelyn, although he durst not fully assure himself, irresistibly rejected these arguments, as soon as he had built them up. He could not keep to the belief that it was Eva who had snatched the dagger from Kirke, and afterwards attended him in the hut; in other words, that the person whose appearance and actions now alarmed him, was that individual, in a changed dress; for, as he began to doubt all his powers of clear and certain deduction, he at last put to himself a final question—ought he to be so sure that he had really seen Eva in the gardens? As, in a former instance, the confusion of his mind seemed to deny him a right to come to positive assurance, so, when he now recollected the agitation in which he had wait-



ed to get a glance of the stripling's face; the anticipation he had felt that it must be hers; the momentary glance he had at length obtained while he stood distracted and off his guard; while his eyes swam, his frame shook, and his heart throbbed; when Evelyn remembered all this, his bosom experienced a glow of pleasure at the liberty left him to doubt the observations and conclusions of a moment so overwhelming. Delightful doubt! the woman he loved might not, then, have so far forgotten the delicacy and charm of her character, as to appear in the situation and in the purpose of which he at first suspected her.

Somewhat at ease, Evelyn sunk into repose. But the next day brought renewed fears, and a recurrence to the conviction that it was, indeed, Eva whom he had met. Expectation or excitement could not leave him so open to be deceived; could not beguile him into the momentary certainty that features so well known were before him, if he had not really looked upon them. A strangeness of character he admitted to have been attached to them; a new expression and meaning; but again he brought

to mind that the same effect had been seemingly wrought in Eva's face upon the night, when, in a very similar dress, she had met him outside the walls of Derry; when he knew he gazed upon her, and yet almost thought her another person—another identity. Wholly occupied by these reflections, and anxiously hoping that he might once more be afforded a more satisfactory interview, days and weeks passed over Evelyn's head. At last came a summons to attend his friends to the palace, in the expectation, for it was only an expectation, of being admitted to an audience of the king; and Evelyn passively joined them, almost unconscious of the business in hand, and completely ignorant of the state topics, the opinions and anecdotes that, since his arrival in England, had been flying around him.

“I should wish,” said Charles V. (as every body knows) “to address my God in Spanish, my mistress in Italian, my friend in French, my birds in English, and my horses in Dutch, or German;” and as Evelyn, along with his companions, followed the Bishops of Salisbury and Derry through the guards that, without and within, beset every avenue of Kensington palace,

he was well disposed, so far as he attended to the matter, to admit the reasonableness of the wish, in the last instance particularly ; for much as he had formerly disliked the gurgling and splashing sound of the language of the new comers, it had never irritated his nerves so effectually as at present it did, while breaking the lordly silence of the spacious hall and staircases he ascended. Upon each landing place, a group of Dutch officers was stationed, questioning all who approached the king's apartments, and afterwards discoursing with one another, while ever and anon they sucked their massive pipes, and puffed out a contribution to the grand cloud of smoke beneath which they were canopied. An ante-room, gained from the second landing-place, was also filled with them and their esteemed vapour ; but here reigned comparative silence, as the royal warders, not obliged to be as watchful as their brethren outside and below stairs, could stretch themselves out on forms or ottomans, and, closely attaching themselves to their puffing pastime, devote their souls to taciturnity.

At an explanation given by the Bishop of

Salisbury, our party were permitted to pass through the ante-room into the chamber of audience. The first figures which, even here, struck the eye, were some of the highest in rank of the Dutch officers, still smoking, and not unfrequently withdrawing their pipes from their lips, to inflict upon the Turkey-carpet that indignity, for the committing of which Chesterfield has since averred he always found in his heart to knock a man down. Through volumes of smoke appeared, at the end of the chamber next the ante-room, considerable groups of sage and serious persons, cabinet ministers, parliamentary deputies, law officers, church dignitaries, and some noble dames; all waiting to render accounts of certain commissions, or to present addresses, or to proffer humble suits to the ear of royalty; and all evincing some disgust, the ladies especially, of the Dutch atmosphere they were constrained to breathe on English ground: and some impatience of the length of time they were kept waiting. In illustration of the latter feeling, every eye was fixed upon a tapestried arras, which, with a division in the middle, fell over a small closet-door at one side

of the remote end wall of the apartment. Disagreeable silence prevailed ; the Dutch general officers spoke not a word, even to each other ; greetings were exchanged in dumb show between the English portion of the levee, or a cautious whisper alone could be heard. And thus nearly an hour passed, since the admission of Evelyn and his friends, when the tedium was at length relieved by the quick opening of the door which communicated with the ante-room, and the as quick entrance of a remarkable little man, on whom every glance immediately fixed ; for whom every one made way ; and who, in Evelyn's mind, if not the king, must be a personage of nearly equal importance and interest.

Joined to a low, slight, but agile and graceful figure, he had that kind of sallow, broad-boned, hollow-cheeked visage, with a cocked nose, sharp chin, and lively grey eyes, which English children, grown ones too, who have not yet seen a French town, and above all, a French regiment, assume to themselves as the authentic abstract of Gallic faces in general.

“ The prime favorite,” whispered Mr. Walker to Evelyn, as this individual smirkingly return-

ed the many salutations he met on his way through the courtly crowd. "Monsieur Bentinck, now my Lord Portland, first commissioner on the privy list, and groom of the stole and privy purse."

At another step, the envied and then only confidant of William III. stood by the Bishop of Salisbury, earnestly grasping his hands, while they spoke very seriously and secretly on some matter of, apparently, importance, and perhaps alarm. Ere Bentinck parted from his right reverend friend, a few sentences became audible.

"You will then break the news, to-day, my lord?" asked Burnet.

"Oui, Monseigneur, il est nécessaire."

"But does not your lordship think, that, as the first detector of this affair, I—"

"Certainement, mais oui, Monseigneur, dat is, when his majesté shall know—voyez-vous?" and away he glided towards the far end of the apartment, leaving the dignitary in a seeming quandary, and bowing at either side to the Dutch officers, who, without moving their pipes or their limbs, just eyed him in his passage along, as a mastiff eyes the kind of major-domo

trotting-about-the-house of a little pig-tailed pug, whom his master's will has taught him to tolerate, without loving or respecting. The favorite disappeared behind the arras of the closet-door; and thither every eye was again directed, while profound silence re-assumed its reign in the audience chamber. Nearly another hour elapsed; at length the arras once more rustled; Bentinck issued through it; gave a sign to those in attendance; and took his place at the side of the little door, standing erect and motionless, except that with one arm he held the tapestry apart. Courtiers, dignitaries, suitors, all assumed attitudes of attention; and even the Dutch officers slowly withdrew their meerschaum from their lips, and, their arms clanging, got upright upon their legs, and seemed a little interested.

Presently appeared William and Mary. The queen first emerged from the closet, the arm of her royal partner drawn through hers, as if, reversing the usage between the sexes, she had led him, against his will, from the recesses of his sullen privacy. She was fully as tall, and looked taller, than the king; her person almost

twice as big, and seeming more so on account of the unshaped, flowing abundance of her costume, every shred of which seemed ready to fall off; her features were fine, but large, masculine, and haughty; and the up-turned, high-piled fashion of her dark hair confirmed them in this bold character. William's slight, almost emaciated figure, clad in the heavy horseman's boots, loose, broad-skirted coat, and long-flapped vest, which he generally wore in readiness for the hunting field or the review ground, appeared to little advantage by the side of a lady so handsome, so proud, and so commanding; while his thin, dragged, copper features, exhibiting a discontent that might be construed into sneer and misanthropy, but that was, perhaps, as much the result of the peevishness inseparable from continued bad health, were nearly lost in the huge periwig that fashion then inflicted on the heads of its votaries.

Having stepped one step into the audience, and cast one keen glance around, the king, as if instinctively, drew back again, evidently disinclined to encounter the multifarious business that an assemblage so numerous seemed to portend;



his manner indicating a mixed shyness and self-importance, such as an idle and overgrown school-boy might evince at being called on to take his turn in exhibiting before a christmas company. Queen Mary whispered, however, a few earnest words that had the effect of controlling this movement: and then, after some further short discourse with her royal partner, spoke aloud, in a full, imposing voice.

“His majesty is unusually indisposed, and disinclined to much business, to-day, my lords and gentlemen; yet will endeavour a word, in turn, with my lord Bishop of Salisbury, my lord chief justice, the Marquis Caermarthen, my Lord Shrewsbury, and one of the Irish deputation.”

Burnet, the law lord, and the privy counselors accordingly detached themselves from the far groups; and Walker, answering to the last invitation, also advanced a step, when William, as if his quick eye had caught the movement, half turned on his heel, and addressed a word to the ear of his queen, who immediately added—

“His majesty will hear, in preference to the others of the deputation from Ireland, brief speech from the officer who comes especially

accredited by letters from Duke Schomberg : Captain Evelyn, belike."

Walker bit his lip, and stepped back ; Evelyn bowed low, and walked forward.

" So, Sir John Holt," he heard William say, abruptly, to the chief-justice, as he came near the private group—(William spoke English distinctly, it having been almost his domestic language, and that by which his mother, Mary of England, had conveyed to him the scanty education he could boast;)—" So, Sir John Holt ; you have outlived, I believe, all the great lawyers of your day."

" I had nearly outlived the law—but for your majesty," replied Sir John, elegantly foiling the gratuitous rudeness.

" Humph," turning aside with an air that all knew betokened an end to further conference with the chief-justice ;—" So, Bishop of Salisbury."

" Touching your majesty's mature consideration of—" Burnet began ; the queen interrupted him.

" The bishop hopes your majesty has come to a conclusion on the good measure we last discoursed on, this morning."

“ The conclusion and the answer have before been rendered, Madam,” said William, coldly—  
“ I am no persecutor, in the name of God ; let the matter end. So,” turning, just as coldly to Evelyn—“ you be the Irish Captain, Schomberg mentions ?” Evelyn bowed.

“ Get you before the parliament, sir, you and your fellows ; it is time we were freed from their addresses, by your evidence ; what know we of the Irish failures ? and yet they press us, day after day, for an explanation.—Why did he not fight, sir ?—no matter, reserve an answer for the parliament, I say. Now, my Lord Shrewsbury—” again turning aside —  
“ you can tell, in a word, how they at length agree to settle our revenue ; for life, my lord ?”

“ I grieve to say but for a year, may it please your majesty.”

“ And this their final resolve ?—Insolents !—they will leave us but the shadow of power—a pageant title, and no more—what of the indemnity bill, my lord ?”

“ Still warmly disputed, your highness.”

“ And the comprehension lost, too ?”

“ *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*, is the decision of your majesty’s commissioners, quoted

from a well known source ;” answered Shrewsbury.

“ Fools—they were not asked to change the laws of England—bigots !” he added, inaudibly, as if about to re-enter his closet, leaving his queen behind him.

“ Will it please your majesty,” said the Marquis of Caermarthen, following him, “ to consider the proposals of the tory noblemen and gentlemen, in all things to study your highness’s pleasure, provided——”

“ Provided I come to open rupture with my insolent whig parliament, and give them a petty triumph over their petty enemies,” interrupted William ; “ goes it not so, my lord marquis ? I appeal to God to witness, that never was prince so beset by an ungrateful and fickle people—whig and tory—tory and whig—non-jurors, and—look ye, my lords—I can trust your tory no more than your whig—I love not either—I fear both—both have insulted my crown, and embittered my existence ; and look ye again—my resolution, long discussed, is at last taken—our convoy is ready. Bentinck, see that saddles are also ready by the morning

—I leave them all to the turbulence they live by—I will seek my native court and my faithful and tranquil Hollanders”—glancing at the row of motionless officers, whose lethargic air seemed the very pride of his eye, at the same time that it was the jet of the argument. “I will have rest, and friends about me—peace and allegiance; and let your own English Mary stay behind to rule ye—she understands it: as God heareth me, I do not; and on the same appeal do I declare——”

“My gracious sire,” interrupted Shrewsbury, dropping on his knee, while his eyes glistened—“desert not the people you have saved; the good-work you have so well begun.”

“Save us from ourselves,” said Caermarthen, also kneeling and much affected, or seeming so; “from a renewal of the peril in which you found us.”

“From a return of popery,” cried Burnet.

“This is the time for one hint,” whispered Bentinck to the prostrate bishop; “it will rouse him.”

“From present and absolute treason!” continued Burnet, in a low voice, understanding

the favorite ; “ from the effects of a plot this moment carried on against your majesty’s crown !” William started, reddened, his slight figure became erect and stern, his eye kindled up, and he turned fully round.

“ What say you, my lords ? a plot so soon ?”

“ *Arrêtez-vous !*” here cried Bentinck, from the side of the door, as he frowningly fixed his glance on some person who endeavoured to approach, unbidden, the remote and private group, often interrupted by the crowd through which he struggled ; at the same moment the watchful favorite darted along the spacious apartment, and seized the arm, just as the figure was about to become again lost in the throng, of a young man, in a foreign dress. Evelyn’s heart jumped to his throat ; it was, though the face remained hidden—it was the individual he had seen in the gardens.

This incident directed the keenest attention of all. The noblemen and bishop arose ; the king again stepped back, and followed with his eye the motions of Bentinck ; the queen, sailing to him like a ruffled swan, once more took his arm. But no cause for alarm at first appeared.

Bentinck was only seen to take a paper from the stripling's hand, and then heard to say—  
“ present it myself?—*ma foi !* I shall know my duties better—*quelle folie !*”

“ Present it, at the instant, whatever it may import,” cried the queen, in some misgiving ;  
“ shall he not, my liege ?”

William nodded, coldly. Bentinck gave a folded letter.

“ It purports,” said the king, after he had glanced over it, “ to be a credential, in the youth's favour, from a well-known hand ; but,” after another pause, “ seize the bearer ! it is a forgery.”

The Dutch officers at last got into motion. The groups at the remote end of the room appeared first disturbed, and then astonished : and it was finally reported that the young stranger had escaped from the room, and down stairs, through all the guards, out of the palace.

“ Pursue him !” cried the queen, in a voice of thunder.

“ Belike you say true, my lords,” resumed William, now relapsed into his usual coldness,

and in remark upon some closely whispered information conveyed by Burnet and Bentinck, "belike there is a plot, and that this very youth makes part of it. To our closet, madam. Follow us, Bishop of Salisbury."

Bentinck, unbidden, was included in the invitation.

"Sir James Montgomery, you say, one of the very compassers of the revolution?" Mary asked as soon as they had entered the closet.

"The same, your highness; and by his brother did I, with some prudence, discover it."

"But Monsieur Nevil Payne is de head of all," observed Portland, "as I found out by bribing one to be my spy on him."

"Montgomery's brother hath assured *me*, and, craving pardon of my Lord Portland, I believe I know most of this matter—hath assured *me* that a treaty with James has absolutely been signed by the whole cabal, English and Scotch, as they are."

"By my Lords Ross, Annandale, and Nottingham, as I can proof," continued the zealous favorite.

"By my Lords Clarendon, Yarmouth, New-



berry, Griffin, Castlemain, and many other lords and gentlemen in England," continued the as zealous bishop.

"And Hume, Argyle, Breadalbane, and others, too, in Scotland," interrupted Bentinck.

"Are the proofs yet plain?" asked William.

"We hope soon to have them so," answered the bishop and favorite in a breath.

"When they are," resumed William, "let us talk more about it. For the present, this matter alters our plan of going immediately to Holland. We might fly from fools—not from foes; from disquietude—not danger. Now shall the Irish war soon receive, indeed, our personal care; and I shall go to Ireland, my lord bishop, with a lighter heart; for," repeating an expression he had often used, "I believe I better know how to engage in a campaign than to govern England."

## CHAPTER IV.



EVELYN remained in a state of the most torturing suspense. He had heard the orders given to pursue the bearer of the forged letter; he had heard the guards get into motion for pursuit; as he gained the streets of the village, all were in confusion, speaking of the wretched fugitive; some making inquiries, some giving hints of the way he had, or might have taken. Evelyn walked about till a late hour in the evening, to assure himself of the result; and at last retired to his lodgings, partially relieved; the retreat, or even the course of the suspected person, had not been discovered.

The next day, and the next brought Evelyn the same assurances. Active measures were taken in London as well as Kensington, still to no purpose; pursuit gradually died away; the circumstance as gradually ceased to be

talked of; and Evelyn could no longer doubt that the fugitive, anticipating his enemies, had hastily embarked for Ireland at some near port.

But while the belief eased his mind in one respect, it was only to propose a new cause of uneasiness. Eva—for Evelyn now scarce doubted her identity with this individual—Eva, though free from immediate danger in England, was exposed, in Ireland, to all the perils and disgrace of the unworthy character, and the course of action her enraged spirit had prompted her to adopt. It became his great duty, and now the only solicitude of his life, to seek her out, to speak with her, to convince her of the impropriety of her career, to win her from it, and if past circumstances should not permit their ultimate reunion, at least to restore her to a life more worthy of her and him; more worthy of a woman, a lady, and a wife. Already had he determined on a plan by which he hoped to hear of Eva, to approach her, and endeavour to effect his view. But it was necessary that he should first be in Ireland; and here arose his new cause for disquietude; to Ireland he could not go, until he had answered the claims of the

public duty which compelled him to come to England : unless, indeed, he broke through all the restraints of that duty, now confirmed and made coercive by the commands of the king to attend a summons from the parliament.

Patience and hope once more became, then, his only support ; but little power had they to relieve the suspense which Evelyn felt during each additional day of his sojourn in a strange country. The continued quarrelling of the king with his subjects ; the progress and details of the wide spread conspiracy just detected ; the endless whispers of a court ; nothing interested him sufficiently to fill up the aching blank of a separation from his own wretched concerns. At last he was called, with his friends, before a committee of the commons ; and after a wearisome investigation, and attendance from day to day, Schomberg became relieved from the imaginary odium of a defeat he could not have provided against, and some poor “ victualler” was selected to bear, in his stead, the weight of parliamentary indignation and self-conceit ; still came no relief to

Evelyn; the Irish deputation, and he, in particular, received peremptory notice to attend at their pleasure the beck of the legislators, lest, in the course of the session, their local information might once more be required; and it was not until William, provoked, beyond endurance, with continued retaliations upon his imperiousness and rudeness, at last dissolved the very parliament that had called him to the throne; he and they separating, in mutual disgust, and with mutual charges of ingratitude; it was not till this remarkable event took place that Evelyn found himself at liberty to leave England.

Then he lost as little time as possible in posting to Liverpool. Mr. Walker and some of his brother-deputies accompanied him. It was arranged to take a vessel to Belfast. For more than a week none offered; and when at length they engaged with one, the weather became furiously tempestuous; the wind set in their teeth, and, for nearly double the time of their former delay, remained so; the captain refusing to venture out of harbour. Evelyn, as

many others in his situation have done, before and since, lost all temper with the winds and waves; motioned to leave Liverpool for some other port; but the daily hope of a favourable change in the weather, added to the remonstrances of his friends, and the usual good prophecies of the captain, kept him stationary; and, as even the elements can be tired out, though they will not be bullied, he finally embarked for Belfast, about six weeks, altogether, since the dissolution of parliament.

But though it is a point to embark, when a man is in a hurry, the chances against his speedy arrival, at any given port, are by no means removed by his getting out to sea; such, at least, was not generally the case at the time of our story, so long before the invention of a steam-engine; people were then happy to be assisted by the winds of heaven, instead of entering into a contest with them; but we digress. Evelyn soon felt the truth of the observation which begins the last sentence. After some day's patient tacking, in rather calmed weather, during which the captain was content to make what way he could, the breeze again blew

into their teeth, and, keeping firm in this point, increased to a gale, and at last rose to a hurricane. Yielding to its fury, the sole anxiety of the captain now was to preserve as much sea-room as possible, and avoid all contact with the inhospitable south-east coast of Ireland, as well as with the sublime, but equally dangerous coast of North and South Wales. So down the channel the ship flew, running eleven knots an hour, and bearing Evelyn further and further from his point, with thrice the celerity at which it had at first borne him towards it. Milford was past; Land's-end was past, and, what was worse, doubled; for, from St. George's channel they were now blown into the British channel, with every prospect of being compelled to run for a French port, and there, of course, become prisoners of war; if, indeed, some French ship of the line did not save them that trouble, by meeting them about the Downs, or off Beachy-head, and taking them under her protection.

This chance was not, however, in store for them. Soon after entering the British channel, the wind, without abating its violence, changed so as to bear them fairly through the straits

of Dover; and, at last growing moderate, suffered Evelyn to land at Ramsgate; about four hundred miles, even by land-travelling, further from Belfast, than when he had embarked at Liverpool; and nearly another fortnight thus spent to no purpose.

From Ramsgate he resolved to recommence his journey for Belfast, by passing, diagonally, almost the whole kingdom of England; then proceeding, still by land, to Scotland; and at last, taking a vessel from some opposite port to the Irish northern town. Disgusted with the sea, and only anxious to get home, this plan he thought the most prudent, particularly as the weather continued stormy and unsettled. But the reader must not suppose that Evelyn was able to accomplish his long journey in less than treble the time that, at the present day, it would cost him; in fact, he did not reach the point of embarkation in Scotland, until the month of April had nearly been spent; more delay and demur still happened, short as was the sea to be crossed, until he finally touched Irish ground; then Schomberg had transferred his head-quarters from Belfast to Lisburne,



some further distance south ; thither Evelyn was compelled to follow him, to render up an account of his commission ; it took many days, after his meeting with the old general, to perform this duty, in a satisfactory manner ; Schomberg afterwards insisted on his services in disciplining some considerable bodies of native reinforcements, just come up to the Enniskilleners ; and to his utter impatience, anguish, and, we might say, despair, the summer sun of June was bright and unclouded in the sky, ere our unhappy friend could get a hearing for his continued requests to absent himself on private business.

But at length obtaining a pass from his commanding officer, Evelyn prepared to travel southward. Early upon the morning of his departure from Lisburne, Mr. Walker, once more caparisoned as a true son of the church militant, entered his quarters. Evelyn stared, but neither wished nor had time to embarrass himself further with the matter. His old friend saved him the trouble of inquiries ; informing him, that, seeing Ireland still abandoned by the sovereign who ought to protect her, and now

totally despairing, along with all zealous and watchful observers, of the personal interference of William, he could not avoid again taking the sword into his hand, in the hopes that his future efforts for his country and religion, might be crowned with a portion of the humble success that it had before pleased God to accord them : and Mr. Walker added, that he had just succeeded in rallying some of the old and faithful parishioners who, at the hour of need, honored him with a command at Donoughmore ; that he had yesterday marched them to join Schomberg, and was now prepared to head them, at the call of patriotism, and of the Lord, on any good service.

Evelyn, scarce heeding this information, hastily took leave of the spurred, and belted, and helmeted dignitary, and mounting a good steed, set forth, alone, on his southern journey.

The morning was young, Evelyn's anxiety great, and, as has been noticed, his horse good, and, notwithstanding the badness of the road, on which he had, the last autumn, witnessed such distress, his progress gave hope that a considerable day's journey should be

performed ere the sun's decline. He met few individuals coming against him on the lonely way; and those few were expresses from near outposts to Schomberg's head-quarters. Fewer still passed him from behind; but about two hours after he had been on horseback, his attention was fixed by observing that a solitary horseman, like himself, and wearing the large blue cloak that was a badge of the Enniskillen dragoons, followed in his track, seeming exactly to time his motions to those of Evelyn; spurring hard when he spurred, pulling up when he slackened his speed; and once or twice, as Evelyn came to a dead halt, for experiment sake, halting also.

In his present mood, this irritated Evelyn. He did not wish to be watched and dogged, in such a fashion; he wanted to think, and could not; he wanted to be alone; and this strange kind of companionship, although the horseman never ventured nearer than two or three hundred yards, did not permit him to feel as if he were so. He tried every civil means of making the person pass on; all were useless; at last he even turned his horse's head, intending to ride

back, and confront the object of his impatience; but here, too, his movements were imitated; his shadow retreated also, and having as good a horse, Evelyn found it as difficult to get before him as he would to have walked past his real shadow, with the sun in his back; and, finally, amused, as much as annoyed, he struck his steed more intently than ever, resolved to hold on in his own course, and put the ridiculous matter out of his head.

During an afternoon halt which he made to refresh his horse and himself, Evelyn saw nothing of his self-elected warder, and he hoped he should now continue free of his attentions; but he had not resumed his journey above a few minutes, when the person again appeared at the usual distance behind him. As evening fell, and after he had past the last of the English outposts, and come in view of the ruins of Newry, this pertinacious following in his steps of an unknown individual begot some suspicion, if not alarm; and at length, while closely approaching an outpost of the Irish army, he resolutely drew up, and resolved to get his persecutor in his front, before he would venture far-

ther. But now the stranger horseman did not seem any longer to shun an encounter. Putting his steed to full gallop, he quickly gained the place where Evelyn stood, it need not be added, on the defensive, and keeping the far side of the road, rapidly passed him: saying, in his quick transit—

“Duv you know what you’re for doing, sir?—Duv you know them that’s afore you?—Yon’s the wild Irish folk.”

“I know it,” replied Evelyn; “and it is my intention to approach them, in peace.”

“Then a friend may do no harm, afore-hand,” continued the stranger—“just pull up a bit, Captain Evelyn—I mane you good.”

And forward the horseman rode. Evelyn could perceive that in uttering the words we have noticed, the speaker made a clumsy effort to alter the tones of the voice from the southern Irish brogue to the half Scottish northern slang; while he also endeavoured, by slouching his hat, and raising his cloak, to conceal his face and figure. In the latter effort, he was, assisted by the twilight, successful; yet Evelyn did not doubt that he looked upon the slight,

short figure of his former strange attendant in the camp of Loughbrickland.

He remained stationary, in consequence of the hint received. The stranger speedily came up with a body of men who occupied a few cabins and temporary huts, on a little eminence. In a few moments, Evelyn saw some horse, even worse mounted and equipped than the Enniskilleners, and about a hundred pike-men, mostly barefooted, and with no arms but the pike, advance towards him. When they came close, a strong voice challenged him; he thought the tones familiar to his ear; and presently he was by the side of Friar O'Haggerty, who, with a drawn sword in his hand, a steel pott on his head, and a sash tied round his cassock, appeared in command of the party.

"Do you come as friend or foe?" continued the reverend captain.

"I approach your lines, of a free will, to request safe and speedy conduct to General Sarsfield, with whom I am anxious to hold discourse of some import," answered Evelyn.

"That is to say, you abandon the cause and service of the usurper, to give King James

such information and service as are in your power to give?"

"Pardon me; I have but a request to make; to General Sarsfield I shall answer any questions."

"That is to say, you will answer none of mine?"

"On all common and courteous topics, any of yours, freely."

"That is to say, you choose to remain silent touching the business of your present journey?"

"Even so, with your leave."

"I command you to make a full disclosure," continued O'Haggerty, closing on him, and speaking low: "I give no leave for such contemptuous silence."

"Then, without your leave, sir," replied Evelyn.

"Beware," resumed the friar; "I can compel your confidence—or, at the least, cross your journey."

"I doubt if you can—or that you dare, sir."

"Guard him to the huts," cried the friar, addressing his men, as he turned off.

"You will interrupt me at your peril," said

Evelyn, "I take all to witness my protest against this measure. I take all to witness that I am obstructed in my progress to hold important communication with General Sarsfield."

O'Haggerty remained silent. Evelyn was led to a hut; and then, a sentinel having been placed at the door, left to his reflections. The interruption irritated him beyond bounds. If it continued, it must prove fatal to all his hopes and projects. He sat for some time chafing with impatience. The night fell fast; he reckoned on another interview with O'Haggerty, but was disappointed; neither that holy commander, nor any other person approached his hut.

Hours flew on, and the only footstep that he could hear was that of the solitary sentinel who paced before the door of his temporary prison. He approached the door, and requested the man to bear a message from him to his reverend commander; but "*Nien Sassenach—gho mock a-sinn*," (no English, get out of that), as the rude soldier brought his pike to a charge, was the only answer he could obtain.

At last he thought another footstep stealthily came up with the sentinel. He listened; the



man stopped ; Evelyn heard low whisperings ; and in a few moments his follower of the day entered, with caution, the small and frail apartment. Evelyn was now assured that this was the same person, who, almost in a similar situation, had before visited his nightly solitude. Fearing nothing from former recollections, he observed the motions of the stranger, in strong interest, only. The self-elected attendant stepped lightly across the rugged floor, and, as had previously happened in the hut of Loughbrickland, laid before him some food, and a flask of wine ; saying in a tone low enough not to waken Evelyn if he had slept soundly,

“ Ate, ate, barrin’ the sleep isn’t on you.”

“ I am awake,” replied Evelyn, “ and thank you for your attentions ; have I not experienced them before, in Schomberg’s camp ?”

The person was silent.

“ Answer, I entreat you, if it is not very disagreeable ; are you not the youth who took the dagger from Kirke’s hand ; who waited on me during the evening and night of that day ; who slept at my feet, and who followed me, all this day’s journey ?”

"I am, then," replied the stranger in a low voice, as he stood, almost invisible, some paces off.

"And who are you, to whom I am so much indebted? Who strove to confront me when I was alone in despair; friendless, companionless, abandoned by all—and who now again art by my side in affliction? who are you?"

A deep sigh was the only answer.

"Tell me, at least, on what account it has been my good fortune to meet so kind a friend? You are not a northern; you cannot be attached to the cause you seem to follow; why have you entered into the ranks of the Enniskilleners?"

"To be near you."

"But you soon left me, after you got to Dundalk; yet no; now I remember the cause, poor lad; you became sick, did you not?"

"An' is id only now you remember id?" in a tone of deep reproach.

"Forgive me; you know, or may have known, that my own griefs were overwhelming; nor had I forgotten you so much, either—tell me," continued Evelyn, a quick and agitating, though

wild association springing up, "have I ever seen you since your illness, until this day?"

The stranger was again silent.

"Tell me, I entreat! have I not seen you in England; in the gardens of the king's palace at Kensington!" he cried, starting up, and approaching the figure, which receded to the door, "who are you, I say, or rather are you not her whom my soul leaps to meet—are you not Eva—and did I not see you there?"

The stranger uttered an impassioned and impatient cry, and then said, loudly and rapidly—

"No, Sassenach, no! I am not her; but you saw her there."

"Her!—whom?—whom did I see? consider your answer."

"Her you think so much about, Eva M'Daniel, that's now the ridin' Rapparee."

"Heavens!" cried Evelyn, his worst fears more than confirmed, "but have a care; how you are assured of this? Tell me truly—and who are you, I again demand, on whose word the lady I love and only live for, is thus forever blasted?—speak!"

"Thonomondououl!" cried the person address-

ed, in an altered tone, and now fully giving way to passion, " I'll spake no word for such a bid-din'—I'll spake no word for the stampin' an' the threatenin' iv him that when the body is afore him that saved his life, more than oncet, and ventured life mille times for him, 'ud forget all, an' thrate me like a dog just for sakes iv a thrapsin' throllap that turns her back on him to go wid the Rapparee captains; *Bannocth-lath*,\* an' may God reward you."

" Hold," cried Evelyn, as the person was about to pass through the door-way, " I was too hasty, and indeed too harsh and ungrateful; your kind attentions should not be so soon forgotten; and they are not. Forgive me; and let us speak further."

" Let us, then; and somethin' in raison," and the figure stopt, inside the door.

" I am now more than ever anxious to know who you are, and earnestly request you to inform me; could I see your features, I think I should at once meet proof of what I suspect."

" Why, then, it 'ud be the first time you'd see 'em."

\* Good night.

“I believe not; though I understand your wish to be unknown to me; but 'tis no matter; I will not press my question, since you dislike it; only let me stand acquitted in your opinion; let me assure you how truly and deeply you have at last aroused my gratitude; and let me take the hand to which I owe so much,” he extended his arm, and a small hand was placed in his; “and come,” Evelyn continued, gently forcing his companion to the seat he had left, “let us sit down, together, and partake of the good cheer you have brought me; there—thanks, thanks, dear, kind friend;” Evelyn passed his arm round the waist of his visitor, whose head fell on his shoulder, and whose tears came fast;—“and now,” he went on, as, solely in furtherance of a purpose, he softly touched the round and panting bosom that was pressed to his, “now, at least, do I know who you are! you are a woman—and there is but one woman alive could have placed herself in such a situation; now, Moya Laherty, I am sure it is you; and,” starting up and standing between her and the door, “let me tell you more—let me tell you I suspect you;” the girl

screamed loudly, and strove to escape ; “ let me tell you I suspect all the stories you have been imposing on me ; and, by heaven, you stir not till you truly answer my questions.”

Again there was a scream ; and the indistinct figure glided, round the wall, towards the door, Evelyn baffling its movements. At the same time, the sentinel abroad gave an alarm, and the sound of tramping footsteps was heard, approaching ; Evelyn became confused, and lost, in the darkness, all sight of the figure ; still keeping his back turned to the door, he endeavoured, however, to prevent the egress of any person. As the alarmed guard quickly came up, his eye caught, an instant before their entrance, a renewed stir in the gloom ; he sprang forward, grasped in his arms some person who struggled violently ; the rude guards broke in, bearing lights ; the glare flashed on the face of the person in Evelyn’s custody ; he looked close into the features—they were Eva’s—excited, as he had seen them, in Kensington Gardens, and still strangely influenced by the accompaniment of male attire. Uttering a loud cry, he sprang

back ; instantly the guards seized and surrounded him ; and when he again glanced round, Evelyn could see no one but them in the hovel.

CHAPTER V.

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RECOVERING, in a degree, from his consternation, Evelyn wildly questioned the soldiers as to the identity of the person with whom they had found him struggling; but they could not, or would not understand him; and at last an officer (so called, though in costume or manner he scarce eclipsed his humbler brethren,) coldly warning him to keep his quarters in a quieter manner, withdrew his men, and once more Evelyn was left alone.

The morning broke, and no one appeared either to elucidate the mystery of the night, or to relieve him from his durance. He could observe, however, that two soldiers now guarded him. Of them he made new inquiries and requests, but got no answer. Evening approached, and the officer waited on him with a message from O'Haggerty, to know whether or not he



would now give the information he had before refused; when he stedfastly declined to solve any further questions, the officer retired, observing, in turn, a negligent silence upon the continued demands of Evelyn for an account of the person found with him, the previous night, in the hut.

Darkness again wrapt the interior of his miserable prison, and Evelyn panted with the hope that the object of all his thoughts and solicitude might a second time visit him. But he was disappointed. The short summer night passed over in quietude and monotony. Another day, and another night elapsed—a third and fourth—and still he was left torn with suspense and incertitude. At length, after a week's confinement, the officer returned to present him with a passport to Sarsfield, conveying, at the same time, an angry censure on his obstinacy, and an intimation that he was released only in the hope that the nature of his business with the popular Irish general might be of service to King James. Evelyn concluded that O'Haggerty's curiosity and officiousness having been tired out, he feared, on reflection, absolutely to

obstruct the zeal of a converted enemy, seemingly indicated under such peculiar circumstances. Restored to liberty, and presented with his good horse, he lost no time in pushing on for Dublin, where, as he had been informed, Sarsfield now rested.

But, notwithstanding his intended speed, Evelyn was doomed to encounter additional interruption and delay, as he passed through the Irish lines and quarters ; and it was not till the afternoon of the twentieth of the month, that he found himself entering the metropolis of Ireland.

At the first military station where he made inquiries after the abode of Sarsfield, he was, despite his documents, put under arrest, and marched as a prisoner to Sarsfield's house.

Escorted into an empty apartment, his guard remained by his side, while the subaltern went to announce him to the general. He sent in his name and description at full, Captain Evelyn, an officer of the Enniskillen dragoons. In a few moments the subaltern returned ; led him to the door of another apartment, flung it open, and Evelyn was in the presence of Sarsfield, Hamil-

ton, Sheldon, and many other Irish officers of distinction, whom he found at a table, with wine before them, as if sitting after dinner.

All rose, politely, though formally, as he entered, and their eyes fixed on him with evident curiosity and interest. He bowed particularly to Sarsfield and Hamilton, whom he at once recognized, and proceeded to address the former.

“ I come, General Sarsfield, most anxious to have the honour of some discourse with you.”

“ You know me then, sir ?”

“ I have seen you before, sir, under circumstances I can never forget, although they may have escaped your recollection.”

“ Well, Mr. Evelyn, sit.” All resumed their seats as Evelyn complied with the invitation; Sarsfield’s eye resting intently on the stranger. There was a pause; Evelyn not wishing to go on, at present.

“ Friend or foe, Mr. Evelyn? Excuse a question the times and your uniform render convenient;” resumed Sarsfield.

“ On no hostile intent do I come, surely,” answered Evelyn.

“ Welcome, then; or, welcome, in any charac-

ter; soldiers are not churls, even when foes. I pledge you a welcome, sir;" he filled a glass of wine for Evelyn, and he and his friends drank the stranger's health.

Another pause ensued. Sarsfield again spoke.

"May we compliment ourselves on the gaining for King James a hitherto respectable opponent, sir?"

"No, sir, I am King William's officer."

"And as a partizan of the Prince of Orange, sir, you now come before us?"

"I have said, as King William's officer."

"Still attached to his cause?"

"And not to be separated from it."

Sarsfield's glance continued earnestly and studiously fixed on his visitor. The other persons present looked at each other. Sarsfield went on.

"Then, sir, we have of course the honour to recognize, in you, an accredited agent from the rebel party, sent to us on some especial matter?"

"No, sir; I come on no official appointment."

"Indeed? it follows, then, that, from some

unexplained motive, you choose to surrender yourself as a prisoner of war ; for you cannot be ignorant, Mr. Evelyn, that such must be the nature of your present unauthorized situation."

" I hope it will not so turn out, sir."

" Aye? But, whatever may be your private motive, you were aware of the chance?"

" Assuredly I was."

" And not loth to encounter it?"

" No. I was assured General Sarsfield would, when he knew the matter that urged me to this very unusual step, be, himself, my security for it."

" Aye, forsooth?" again queried Sarsfield, his regards still deeply fixed on Evelyn; " and what gave you this convenient assurance?"

" Your character," answered Evelyn, " such as it is known by general report, and such as I have myself observed it to be on the occasion I before glanced at, namely, when I saw you interest yourself, joined, too, by another gentleman present, for the life of a young person, then of your party, at King James's camp, near Derry."

" Oh," said Sarsfield, as if suddenly recollect-

ing the matter, "and this explains some misgiving I felt, at your first appearance, of having seen you before; for your own life, I believe, was also at stake along with that young person's?"

Evelyn assented. "And it is upon business in which he and I are closely concerned, that I now crave your ear, at your good leisure," he continued.

Sarsfield's friends rose to take their leave.

"I believe I, too, remember the affair," said Hamilton, as he stood up; "and now perfectly call to mind the face of Mr. Evelyn; though, indeed, it was whiter and more disturbed when I last saw it; Galmoy having caused it some agitation. Have you since been on active service, sir?"

"I saw you at Dromore and Hillsborough, General Hamilton," answered Evelyn.

"Well, you might as well have seen me elsewhere. But, as to the rest, was it more pleasing service?"

"I must not find fault with the performance of duty, at any time, sir."

"Certainly, no; yet Mr. Evelyn will allow us

to express our surprise, or if not, our regret, that so pretty a man should not have preferred the right side, and, assuredly, the gallanter one."

"It were idle for me, General Hamilton, to mention the causes that first led me to think your's the wrong one; though I might easily state why, for more recent arguments, I continue to believe it is."

"Why, aye; you might tell us that James has given assent to the mad bill for repealing the act of settlement."

"Whereby many honorable families are disinherited and sought to be beggared," interrupted Evelyn.

"And that he has also assented to the motion for getting tithes and benefices conferred on his Roman Catholic clergy—"

"Against the promise, renewed even at his landing in Ireland, that he would preserve the established church in all its rights and privileges, sir—"

"And that some of the old cathedrals have been taken back from you; and that the college has a popish head; and that a brass penny

goes for a silver shilling. Have I not almost summoned up your reasons?"

"Many of them, you indeed have."

"Yet, will you not remember, that if by the repeal of the act of settlement, many honorable persons are deprived of property, as many, at least, were victims, in a similar way, to its enactment? That its making was an unjustified act, while its marring is but—"

"Tush, tush, General Hamilton; now you speak too lightly," interrupted Sarsfield; "you know you strive to vindicate a measure that you dislike."

"I have called it a mad act," answered Hamilton, "and I think it so; I think it one directly calculated to divide, against the king, my master, the country which it ought to be his policy to keep knit together in his interests; yet might I argue a little, on only a natural principle and feeling, to shew a fair foe that the breach of the old statute was not so monstrous as its observance. As to James's share in the matter, he should further be informed, that his majesty wished it not; that he advised against it; but that when Tyrconnel's packed parlia-



ment called on him to approve their vote, he had no alternative but to refuse; and by that refusal estrange from him the only men who are disposed to stand by his side in a case of extremity."

"With even less zeal, Mr. Evelyn, do we defend the taking church revenues out of the hands of your clergyman," continued Sarsfield; "the question is not if it be equitable, but if it be politic, and, above all, consistent with the royal proclamations issued; but there are too many churchmen in our councils, sir; wherever a Frenchman is not to be found influencing and perverting them, there will you find a reverend father; and James can free himself from the one just as soon as the other; then, as to the churches, he has publicly commanded them to be restored to you; only that, again, our reverend guides, having once got their old roofs over their heads, stoutly refuse to yield possession, even at their king's command, God bless them."

"And now a brass sixpence for your remaining objection, sir," resumed Hamilton. "What can King James do? If you all stand up to keep gold and silver out of his hands, the tinker and

brazier must supply his mint ; and will you blame him for being the poor man you have made him ? But farewell, Mr. Evelyn ; you still look obstinate, I fear ; well, sir, I bind myself to pray for your conversion ; gentlemen, with you—we meet at the castle, General Sarsfield ?”

“ At the castle, at nine,” his host answered ; and Sarsfield and Evelyn were left together.

“ And now, sir, what leads you hither ?”

“ In the first place, General Sarsfield, I am here to throw myself, as an open enemy of your cause, upon your private and honorable protection.”

“ You have it, young man ; not the less readily that it is boldly sought and asked ; nor in forgetfulness, either, that you are, as I have seen, the beloved friend of the young M'Donnell, whose father and I have known each other ; and have you not said your business concerned him, as well as yourself ?”

Evelyn promptly disclosed his whole case. He acquainted Sarsfield with the double alliance that had once been proposed between him and Edmund M'Donnell ; the death of Esther, and the consequent despair of Edmund ; the

the scene at the Strip of Burne ; the disappearance of M'Donnell and his sister ; the supposed death of the one, and wretched situation of the other ; his suspicions that, in a degrading disguise and character, she had attached herself to some part of King James's army, but, he especially feared, to the lowest part of it, the Raparees ; and Evelyn concluded by passionately requesting that Sarsfield would, if he had the power or means to do so, exert himself to discover where and how poor Eva might be approached. For the sake of his interest in Edmund M'Donnell, Evelyn ventured, he said, to urge, and run the risk of urging this prayer ; and for the sake of his memory, and that of his father—for the sake of the young creature devoted to ruin—in the name of manliness, bravery, and charity, he besought him to grant it.

Sarsfield heard him like a man who, although plunged into the stern business of the world, had not forgotten the sympathy of man's heart for man. When, towards the end of his appeal, poor Evelyn, overpowered by a return of his wretched feelings, grew warm and earnest ; when his voice faltered and his hands trembled ;

when he wept; the general, still fixing upon him a studious look, seemed strongly touched with the young man's energy of sorrow; and when he had done, took his hand, and said—

“Truly did you argue that the confidence you came to give would insure my interest in your sad case; we are friends, Mr. Evelyn, in somewhat of common feelings on this matter, however we may stand to-morrow in the field. I will do my best to save and protect the daughter of my old friend; the sister of my young protégé, and the wife of Mr. Evelyn. Be you indeed so sure that her present fate is such as you intimate?—M'Donnell,” he went on, musing, and as if struck with a sudden thought—“Miss M'Donnell; let me see—”

“Eva M'Donnell, sir,” said Edmund, anxious to supply the full name, in hopes it might assist Sarsfield to something, he knew not what.

“I have not to do with the christian name,” continued Sarsfield, “but of a lady called M'Donnell I believe I have lately heard—if, indeed, I have not seen her. Is she not young? and pretty, withal?”

“Young, and most beautiful,” answered Evelyn.

“ Oh, I cry your mercy, sir,” half smiling at the energy of a description he had required but as matter of fact ; “ but let us arrange the question thus. I say nothing positive ; nothing to give you a hope, that may be disappointed ; I can know nothing of the maiden, and therefore should venture no guess ; yet, rest with me, here, a few hours, until it is time to attend the king’s evening party, at the castle ; then, in all confidence and honor, come with me ; foe and stranger as you are, and strange as may be the proceeding, we can, perhaps, find means to introduce you where, if you use your eyes, the lady I mean, will, in all probability, appear ; meantime, be my guest, and let us speak of what in honor we may.”

Evelyn readily complied. The soldier-foes pledged each other’s health, and spent the evening in free discourse, until the hour of nine ; when Sarsfield took Evelyn’s arm, and walked him to the castle.

As they passed into the upper court, or yard, Evelyn could perceive that the guards at the outside and inner gates, and all the soldiers in the guard-rooms were, to a man, Frenchmen

Sarsfield observed his eye watching them, and said—

“ Aye, thus it is, Mr. Evelyn, these haughty foreigners push us aside on our own thresholds ; what think you ? In mounting guard, here, on his majesty’s person, they have been heard to declare, that they will obey no commands but those of their *petit-maitre* general, Lauzan ; that, in fact, they are not the soldiers of the king in whose service they have embarked. Credit me, sir, whenever you are able to obtain an advantage over us, it will be on account of the bickerings and divisions caused by these fellows. King James began his Irish wars by refusing an army of twenty thousand Frenchmen from Louis, saying, he would succeed by his own subjects, or not at all. Would to heaven he had been consistent enough to reject the paltry reinforcements from France he has lately accepted ; the five thousand, last year, under Rosen, and now about the same number, under Lauzan. Whatever we have done well, was done before they came ; whatever we may do well, will be done without them.”

Traversing other apartments of the castle,

Sarsfield led Evelyn into the spacious and princely hall, since altered and fitted up in 1783 at the institution of the only national order in Ireland, and thence called St. Patrick's hall. Here was a joyous blaze of light, and a numerous, brave, and brilliant company. All the beauty of Ireland, the noble dames, and gentle damsels belonging to the Irish aristocracy, collected round James from town and country, were numerously grouped by the walls of the extensive apartment, sitting or promenading, and in either situation listening with a complimented and gracious air to the novel and fascinating style of adulation imported by their French gallants from the court of Louis XIV. In the irresistible presence of the new comers, the poor native youth were forgotten and neglected by their fair countrywomen, and might be seen standing or striding about in that stiff awkwardness, meant to be dignity, but which was really the disguised fidgets of a mixed sense of inferiority and a feeling of chagrin. Here and there indeed, an Irish gallant, whose strength of mind, or whose self-conceit, enabled him to keep up his confidence, was successful in

engaging the ear and commanding the smiles of some simple and sensible maiden, above the influence of the general infatuation ; or of engrossing the whole soul, and exciting the loudest laugh of some rustic beauty, to whom attention of any kind proved new and welcome, and whose experience had not yet called up a squeamish taste, and a power of nice distinction. Of the former class of successful squires of dames, on his own ground, was Hamilton, whom Evelyn at once detected sauntering where he liked, amid the crowded competition of the brilliant hall, with an air of which the very ease and assurance were, perhaps, his best passport to the success that almost in every quarter awaited him from smiling eyes and coral lips, and cheeks that blushed so prettily, forsooth, it were pity not to give them gentle cause for the sweet suffusion.

Towards the far end of the hall, at either side of an open-arched entrance into another gaily-lighted apartment, Sarsfield pointed out to Evelyn the Duke of Berwick, his brother, the grand-prior, the Duke of Powis, the Earls of Melfort, Dover, Seaforth, and Abercorn ; the



two Lords Howard ; the Marquis of Abbeville ; the Bishops of Chester and Galway ; some dozens of other nobles, English and Irish ; a crowd of baronets, chiefly from England, mixed up with French and Irish general-officers, and a sufficient portion of ecclesiastics, in cassocks, shaven crowns, or scraps of black skull-caps. Among the baronets was one remarkable gentleman, who at first attracted, and then amused Evelyn. He was a middle-sized old person, between sixty and seventy, but of good, full, round muscle, and straight as a gate-post ; wearing a dishevelled tie-wig, pushed back, or else made not to come more forward than the crown of his head ; a primitive country-gentleman coat, of the oldest known cut, meeting, without a collar, the edge of his jaws, and accommodating itself to their pendant indentures, with profusely broad skirts, much gathered behind, pointing out stiffly in front, and reaching nearly to the middle of his sturdy legs, and ample sleeves, and still more ample cuffs, and gaping pocket-holes, placed far below the hips ; while the half-seen legs boasted carnation stockings, clocked half-way up, furnished with open-mouthed shoes,

eclipsing the ankle, propped by wooden heels, and having square toes of, at the least, four inches across. Then his face well suited this dress. When seen in profile, it was a succession of concave lines, from the forehead to the tip of the chin, looking not unlike the segment of a huge griddle-cake, out of the edge of which a hungry boy has taken a succession of mouthfuls: first, a bite for the line of the nose; then one for the indent between nose and upper lip; next a good and curious one for the ever-open mouth, displaying toothless gums; and lastly, one for the curve beneath the under lip; not omitting to say that the chin, with its lower lip, jutted out, in a straight line, a full inch beyond the upper maxillary; while from its point fell a sweep of fat jaw that at last was hid under the waving mazes of his tie-wig.

Thus appointed, by nature and art, the ancient knight-baronet strode about, his two hands thrust, at arm's length, into his profound pocket-holes; a roundish, pot-crowned hat, with a most picturesque ruggedness of outline round the brim, squeezed under his right arm; his pig-tail-tie curling, playfully, over his left shoulder;

a long sword, worn horizontally, and sticking out, full two feet behind; thus he strode here and there, smiling an eternal smile, in strange sort, with his gaping, gum-tinged mouth; his entire face simpering; a certain racy air of content, pride, and confidence displayed in his whole appearance and action; and going up to every one who would listen to him—or, when repelled at every side, pacing backward and forward before the open alcove; and repeating, under every change of circumstance, one or two phrases, that at once gave insight into the cause of his happiness, and into his extreme simplicity of character—such as—

“Aye, sir; aye, my lord; aye, Sir Peter; this be, indeed, a king; your true King of Old England; your true son of a hundred kings; his father’s child, my lord duke; that loves us; that is sweet and benign to us; that will fight for us; that will lead us home again, to old England, and the good county of Norfolk; aye, my lords; aye, sirs; aye, gentle ladies; this be our own sweet liege; our own prince of kings.”

The eulogist was poor old Sir Thomas Dereham, or Doreham, of the county, which he has

himself mentioned, who followed, over the world, the fortunes of James II., and who, disappointed of the happy return home on which he so confidently reckoned, afterwards died at Florence of a broken heart. His liege reverence for his "legitimate" monarch warmed into strong personal affection, which James repaid with, at all times, a shew of kindness, that merited Sir Thomas's individual praises; but was rather in contrast to the severe hauteur that more generally characterized the fallen king towards the rest of his subjects. More time, it is freely admitted, has been spent on this single sketch than is allowable, away from the progress of our story, to novel writers; but the old gentleman happened to interest us as much as he did Evelyn; and perhaps the reader will not feel tired, or displeased, thus to get, incidentally, a character that may help to afford some additional illustration of the time, persons, and events, now under his notice.

Evelyn was called back from his excursive study of Sir Thomas, by having his attention directed by Sarsfield into the inner apartment, and fixed on the persons of two old men, the one

wearing full ducal robes, the other clad in the undress of a Roman catholic priest, who, from time to time, crossed the open arch, seemingly in grave and earnest conversation.

“My lord duke of Tyrconnel, our Irish lord-lieutenant, with his reverend chaplain,” said Sarsfield; “a man—perhaps I might say, two men—who have done, by hot and bad counsels, more injury to King James’s cause in Ireland than prayers, or even blows, are certain to amend. They await, in that inner chamber, the entrance, from his closet, of the king, who is also attended there by a ghostly adviser, of whom, mayhap, you have heard—father Petre.

“And do you not get a glance, at the left side of the chamber, of some gaily-attired ladies, half hidden by the cross-wall of the arch?—There sits my lady Tyrconnel, surrounded by her damsels of honor, also awaiting the king’s appearance, by whom, alone, her ladyship consents to be led into the hall, to meet her fair guests of the evening—but, hark!—she will not now have to tarry long.”

As Sarsfield spoke, the ladies, who formed the subject of his remark, got into a graceful

bustle, and came a little nearer to the open arch; Tyrconnel and the ecclesiastic suddenly drew back, as they crossed the inner apartment from the other side; guards closed round the very remote wall; and in a few seconds James approached, from some unseen side-door, followed by a little withered, parchment-looking man, the place where Lady Tyrconnel stood; offered his hand with the old kingly air; and presently led out, through the archway, his dimpling and smiling hostess, attended by a number of young and beautiful maids of honor. At the same time, father Petre stepped close in James's steps; Tyrconnel and his reverend companion followed; as the king passed into the hall, Sir Thomas Doreham, his hands still in his pockets, bowed repeatedly, and mumbled many raptures; the nobles and generals at each side made their salutations; and as a burst of music came from a gallery near to where Evelyn stood, all in the hall—gallants, dames, and damsels—all stood up, or else became, as they promenaded about, fixed in attitudes of attention.

James continued to walk by the side of the hall

opposite to Evelyn, still attending Lady Tyrconnel, and noticing, with his old fashioned and stage-like condescension, the different groups that stood awaiting that honor, while she also gave the welcome of a great hostess to humbler guests. Evelyn, whose whole observation, notwithstanding the state of his feelings, became fixed on James, remarked that his dress differed, on this occasion, as widely from that in which he had first seen him at Johnstown, as it did from the courtly and peaceful costume that would best have become the scene and situation. The deposed monarch wore, indeed, a suit that he was fond and perhaps vain of assuming, inasmuch as it served to call up the recollections of all beholders to the bravery, spirit, and wisdom he had evinced when it was the official uniform of his station as Lord High Admiral of England; namely, a bright, plain breast-piece, coming down to his hips, interrupted and edged by a broad, scarlet sash, folded, wrought, and fringed with gold; and crossed obliquely by a piece of mazarine blue silk (not riband) also folded—typical, according to the fashion of his day, of the order of

the garter; sleeves of stiff, orange-coloured silk, flowered in gold, reaching a little below the elbows; white satin then puffing out to the wrists, taken up by point ruffles; while from under his breast-piece, broad skirts of blue cloth folded over, as far down as his knees; and white silk stockings and shoes, along with his periwig flowing, at either side, to his breasts, and the tail of a point neckcloth, falling quite as low—completed the honorable and memorable suit, of which, so far as it becomes a man, the wearer could not, after all, be too proud.

Turning to the second side of the hall, James approached Sarsfield; nodded, in return to his bow, and that of Evelyn, and was passing on, when his eye became fixed on Evelyn, and, checking himself, he said—

“An officer of your horse, General Sarsfield?”

“No, my liege;—Captain Evelyn—Mr. Evelyn, I would say, an officer of the Enniskillen dragoons, who—”

“Aye?—say you so?—why have we not received intimation that there was business for this evening?—Your ladyship’s pardon—*allons.*”



With a signal to Sarsfield, he walked on; completed his round; returned, alone, to the general; and resumed—

“To our closet, both of you;” and then leading the way, without further ceremony, Sarsfield and Evelyn, equally taken by surprise, found themselves, in a few minutes, in James’s private closet, accompanied by father Petre, the French ambassador, Count D’Avoux, and a few other persons whom the king had met on his way and motioned to attend him.

CHAPTER VI.

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“AND now, sir,” said James to Evelyn, the moment the closet-door had closed — “your business — your mission from our rebel subjects.”

“May it please your majesty,” answered Evelyn, in confusion, “I am charged with no mission: I but—”

“Your business, then, of whatever nature it may be, or howsoever called—and briefly, sir.”

“My business, here, does not at all concern your majesty — is not of a public kind — is not—”

“How, General Sarsfield? — what means this?” — still interrupted James.

“Sir,” replied Sarsfield, “the stripling speaks truth.”

“How is it then, I ask? — what brings to our

court a rebel and a traitor who hath no business here?—what practices be these?”

“ Under your majesty’s favour, none that shrink from inquiry, or merit your majesty’s displeasure ; I had hoped I was above suspicion of such.”

“ Sarsfield, you are ; but inform us—quickly and briefly.”

“ Your majesty beholds in Mr. Evelyn a person on whose account, and that of a dear friend of his, I once received, at the Johnstown camp, your majesty’s gracious instructions touching—”

“ I remember some slight matter of the kind—a question of Galmoy’s right to take the life of a mad stripling and his crony—well, well?”

“ Since, then, that loyal subject of your majesty hath, by a violent chance of war, been separated from this, his bosom friend, and is, perchance, dead ; while his sister, a beautiful lady, also disappears ; is supposed, in a fit of distraction, to play the part of heroine, in your majesty’s service ; and is now anxiously sought after by her betrothed husband, Mr. Evelyn, who, foe as he is, singly approaches your majesty’s court, and in entire reliance on your ma-

jesty's respect and tenderness of the private concerns of private affection, has little fear to claim my service in furtherance of his sad inquiry."

"And you, Sarsfield, are warrant for him and his story, his proceedings and intentions?" The general assented.

"Then let him have no cause to repent his confidence in our human feelings; which, tho' in the clash of unnatural politics we have seen them overlooked, still find place in our bosom."

Sarsfield knew he had dexterously touched the string that would vibrate in unison with his purpose, and was prepared for the allusion that the deserted father took every opportunity to make.

"It only appearing to us marvellous, and unnatural too," resumed James, turning his glance on Evelyn, "that a gallant, who can readily give us some credit for humanity, and who chooses his lady love from amongst the daughters of our loyal subjects, should himself stand up a rebel against our crown and privilege."

Evelyn did not venture a reply. Sarsfield spoke for him.

“Touching that very point, my liege, Mr. Evelyn and I have held all honorable discourse; and credit me, while his prejudices seem but of a mild cast, whatever reasons he may bring to recommend them, he upholds to be grounded on strong conviction.”

“Seldo m has it chanced,” continued James, “that we have been afforded the opportunity of demanding from an enemy, face to face, his reasons for hostility; now would it please us to hear your friend speak his; alas! we are reduced to the extremity of wishing to vindicate our blackened character to the meanest subject whom slander may have misled to rebel against us. Speak, sir; tell the reasons you suppose you have to draw your sword against your sovereign; tell them, and he will, himself, condescend to answer you.”

Evelyn, through mixed confusion, and the fear of a fate more serious than befel Gil Blas with the archbishop, continued silent.

“Speak out, man,” resumed James; “saints and martyrs! have you fear that after the plighting our royal word for your safety, and after the commanding you with our own lips, to tell the

blunt truth, peril may attend your boldest speech?"

Denying any such apprehension, and thus compelled to say something, Evelyn at once resolved to answer, manfully and honorably, the strange claim made upon him, and accordingly said, that, while in the early stages of the late civil commotions, he but wavered in his opinion of a ground for just resistance, his majesty's abdication had of itself seemed to release him from allegiance.

At this James was taking fire, when he caught the fixed, cold, and monitory eye of father Petre; checking himself, he turned round, a moment, as if fully to master his temper; and at length said—

"Abdication is giving up a right in possession, by one's own free act and will; I was driven from my throne by threat, positive violence, and the necessity of self-preservation; and when those who so drove me away, found me absent, they called the consequences of their own well-planned measures, my willing act and deed; their cruelty, my weakness; my extremity, my choice; and thus the first assertion of their right to my crown was a deliberate false-

hood, for the circumstantial framing of which, they had contrived, beforehand, a pains-taking plot.

“ Had I abdicated, I must have expressed upon some occasion, or to some person, my pleasure so to do ; whereas, I left behind me, at the very moment I was first compelled to leave London, my avowals of the necessitous circumstances that forced me into an absence ; my protests against them ; and my firm resolves to labour, under every change of fortune, for the restoration of my crown, and the happiness and satisfaction of my people. Witness my letter to the lords, and others of the privy council ; my letter to the Earl of Feversham, my general ; and afterwards, various other letters, messages, and declarations, to different public bodies.

“ Upon the sudden news of the landing of the Prince of Orange, I was deserted by all upon whom I could have placed reliance. The men who grew into greatness under my love and confidence—the children—but, pass we that ; my very army I could not trust ; or else, could I have done so, I should have had one good blow for it.

“ In such a situation, what was to have been

my course? Durst I, with any respect for the first instinct of nature, have awaited the approach of my bad son-in-law, with his bad advisers? The sense of the indignities put forth in his proclamation; and the just apprehension of further attempts on our person, by those who already endeavoured to murder our reputation by infamous calumnies (as if—” his graceful delivery, for which he was remarkable, here failed him; his words faltered, and his lip quivered—“ as if we had been capable of supposing a Prince of Wales)—calumnies incomparably more injurious than the destroying our person itself; together with a serious reflection on a saying of our royal father, “ *that there is little distance between the prisons and the graves of princes,*” those were some of our reasons for deeming it a duty to attend to the law of nature, and save life, at least, from the hands of a near relation, and for the benefit of our subjects.

“ After my obstruction on the river, where our royal person was rudely handled by some of the meanest of mankind—and after my return to Whitehall, I might have expected better usage from the Prince of Orange, in consequence of



what I had writ to him by my lord Feversham ; but instead of an answer such as I might have hoped, what was I to expect, after the usage I received, by his making the said earl a prisoner against the practice and the law of nations ? The sending his own foreign guards, at eleven o'clock at night, to take possession of the posts at Whitehall, without advertizing me in the least manner of it ? The sending me, at one of the clock, after midnight, when I was in bed, an order to be gone out of my own palace, before twelve, that same morning ? After all this, what could I hope from him, at whose hands a sovereign prince, and uncle, and a father, could meet with no better entertainment ? How could I hope to be safe from him who had tried to blacken me as black as hell to my own people, and the world, adopting in his declaration all the infamous charges against me ? My English guards taken away, and a Dutch guard accompanying me to Rochester, whither I had desired to remove ? Thus was the royal martyr, our royal father, encompassed about, until a proper time arrived for the taking his life as well as crown ; and thus I would not brook to remain,

when liberty offered. I was born free, and desired to remain so. Therefore the world need not be surprised at my withdrawing myself, a second time, from Rochester.

“ And now, stripling, if you have truly stated your only or chief cause for rebellion, to arise from the abdicating, by us, the throne of our ancestors, return to those who helped you to such a reason, and tell them, that from the sovereign prince they have caused you to wrong, and disposed you to destroy, you have heard his own apology. Tell them that to yourself, an undistinguished subject, he has—in all the humility that becomes his humbled situation, and in all the earnestness that becomes an injured man and a christian king, vouchsafed to vindicate himself, and the infant son who suffers with him, from their cruel slander. And so farewell; and the happiest conscience that heaven is willing to allow, attend you on the day when you draw your young sword against us.”

Motioning to Sarsfield, he turned away; the general led Evelyn from the closet; our friend, much surprised at the sudden command of temper with which James had made his state-

ment, after the imperious bursts of spirit that had marked the opening of the interview.

They had scarcely passed the archway into the great hall, when the deposed king, attended by all who had followed him to his closet, trod in their footsteps, and advanced to where Lady Tyrconnel sat, surrounded by her beautiful maidens of honor; speaking, at each side, as he walked along—

“ Look not so grave, lords and dames, gallants and gentle damsels; here has been nothing to disturb the joy of our meeting; nothing to turn the red rose white on fair maidens’ cheeks, or cloud the brows of our zealous and loving nobles. The song, my lady of Tyrconnel! That quaint song which, upon an evening before, one of your beauties sung us to the wild music of your native harp: flutters the gentle bird now at your side?”

After a befitting answer, there was some motion among the crowd of beautiful attendants; and in a few moments the prelude of a harp was heard. Evelyn, his heart agitated even whilst James spoke the last words, now started at the thrilling sound, and grasping

Sarsfield's arm, looked towards the blooming group; but the performer was completely hidden from his view by the clustering around her of her sister maidens, and also by the closing in of all who were in that quarter of the room, in order to evince their interest in the pastime recommended by the praises of royalty.

But as the song proceeded, as the clear and powerful, though wild voice rose to the roof of the spacious hall, fully conveying the words, and giving a soul to the enthusiasm of the native music, Evelyn could no longer doubt who was the songstress. It was one of Carolan's best airs, composed, expressly at Eva's request, by the shores of Red Bay, set to words of Edmund's writing, and often, as well as now, had he heard it from Eva's lips. At this certainty, his heart swelled, and shrunk again, his breath failed him, his eyes swam, his limbs shook, and uttering a hasty exclamation, he stepped forward towards the group, when Sarsfield checked him, saying—

“For God's sake no—not now—compose yourself; why, you are pale, and you tremble—be a man.”

As amid a deep hush of its admiring hearers, the song continued to ring through the hall, one of its most thrilling notes was caught up by a trumpet in the court-yard of the castle, and, nearly at the same moment, a roll of kettle-drums was heard, and guns were fired, far and near, as if from different points round the city. The voice of the songstress broke off; low screams escaped many of the ladies, thus taken by surprise, during so profound a pause, and while their sensibilities were excited to the utmost; some nobles and officers started round, and laid their hands on their swords; and James walked rapidly up the hall, followed by his courtiers and generals, to meet, the next minute, the gentleman whose business it was to approach him with intelligence.

“ Well, sir, the news ?” he asked, ere they had met.

“ Captain Farlow, who has just galloped in, waits to communicate it to your majesty.”

“ Admit Captain Farlow, without ceremony.” The messenger rapidly retired.

After the king, accompanied by the lordly and martial crowd who clustered around him,

had left Lady Tyrconnel and her female group, Evelyn's eyes again flew in quest of Eva; and now she was at last fully visible to his view. Her affrighted companions, dividing and shrinking back at either side, during the sounds of alarm, left unnoticed and alone, still seated at the harp, the syren who had just formed the focus of their blooming circle: and there, one arm flung over the instrument, another raised to catch the flowing hair on her neck, as, with a countenance full of energetic, but not terrified inquiry, she turned round to fix her glances on the far door of the hall, there, indeed, was Evelyn's long-lost, long sought Eva. During the momentary observation he was afforded, poor Evelyn felt, that never before had he seen this extraordinary maiden in a change of character so seemingly novel, startling, and imposing. Her courtly dress, so much in contrast with her former simple and romantic attire, might, indeed, have assisted the impression; her long hair twisted up from her forehead, disposed into a succession of bows, and falling, in similar bunches, on her neck and shoulders; her loose robe of stiff white silk, hanging off that brilliant neck, and those sweep-

ing shoulders, open at the front, and in the ample sleeves, that did not reach past the elbows, fastened, at certain distances, in such openings, by clasps of pearl; with broad out-turnings of point lace, or finest linen, appearing round the bosom, the shoulders, and the sleeve-edges; while only an indication of waist was given, amid the luxury of Grecian folds and splendid negligence that marked the fashionable costume of her day; Eva, thus seen for the first time, by her bewildered and admiring husband, might, we say, gain much from a dress like this; still was her air, and the expression of her face and figure, as new and commanding as her guise; her features beamed with more elevated thought and sentiment—her very proportions seemed to have acquired a line of fulness, of grace, and of importance, other than he had been accustomed to attribute to them; and altogether she seemed a lofty lady, born to move in courts, and tend on queens, her presence adding to the charm of the one, and ennobling the rank of the other, rather than the simple, though enthusiastic Eva he had first seen in the valley of Glenarriff, and wooed and won by the moonlight windings of Red Bay.

All this, which, unfortunately for narrators, has taken so long to describe, being seen and felt by Evelyn, at a glance, his thoughts reverted in consternation to the other late transformations of character he had attributed to Eva; and he was following up the reverie, during the short pause since the departure of the king's messenger from the hall, when her eye, suddenly flashing round, lighted on his—he started, and moved a step forward—she changed her regards, without recognition; again he stepped on, in motion to address her—again Sarsfield held him back, with “on your life, no! attend to this announcement;” and just then an officer walked rapidly, though with a jaded step, down the hall, his boots and skirts soiled with travel, his periwig and uniform covered with dust, and intense anxiety exhibited in his pale, lank features.

“You have ridden hard of late, Captain Farlow?” resumed James, as they met.

“From the Newry mountains, my liege, since late last night; where—” the rest was inaudible to the company.

“God’s saints!” cried James, starting back,



“say you so, man? and our advices so positive against it? Speak out the news, sir; we wish no secret of it now. Hear, nobles, and noble officers, fair dames and damsels, hear, and get you to your orisons for us—hear all, and let the evening’s pastime change into sterner bustle. Six days and nights have passed since the Prince of Orange touched Irish ground; and Captain Farlow, who brings the tidings, has been worsted, at the head of a detachment of two thousand men, by a part of the usurper’s army. So, gentle ladies, a fair good night; lords, and others of the privy council, attend us; Hamilton, Sarsfield, join us; our other zealous generals, to your posts, and prepare for the march by midnight; some one warn Luttrell to repair to the castle for his militia orders.—Holy saints! how have we been deceived by poor politicians, in this matter—but, come—counsel first, courage after—and at last one good blow for it!”

And followed by all whose duty it was to follow, James again sought his closet.

“Now, Mr. Evelyn, to horse, to horse!” cried Sarsfield, as, clasping his hand, he also turned

to follow; "take this pass—ride, ride—and get you beyond our lines as speedily as may be. Call at my quarters, I shall give you a few of my Lucan troopers, for the road; farewell, sir; do we meet again?" touching the hilt of his sword, as, looking askance over his shoulder, he smiled in high excitement, and strode away.

Evelyn stood, a moment, more than ever overwhelmed. The next, his eye once more sought Eva. He caught a glimpse of her face and figure, retiring, through the open archway, with Lady Tyrconnel, and her ruffled flock of beauties. He darted after them. Some obstruction arose from the bustling and broken groups of nobles, gentlemen, and officers, he met in his way; and when at last Evelyn ventured into the inner chamber, it was empty, a door, just in the action of being closed, shewing him a skirt of female drapery, and thus indicating, that through it the fair crowd had withdrawn.

As he stood, baffled and confounded, some persons inquisitively and rather hostilely addressed him; this brought him to a sense of his strange and perhaps perilous situation; in an

instant after, he was hurrying out of the castle, his ears filled with the renewed trumpet-blasts that breathed hate and death to his cause and him; and his steps every moment crossed by sworn and armed foes, challenging and questioning him; Sarsfield's passport brought him, however, to Sarsfield's house; there he found the men he had been promised, mounted to accompany him; and he sprang to his saddle, and spurred northward, to carry to his friends intelligence of the roar of preparation that already was loud in his rear.

As he and his escort rode through Essex gate, a horseman passed them, at a furious rate. Evelyn was struck with the general air of this person, and his soul sickened within him at the thought of whom it might be. A glare from the torches, carried by two of the troopers, just then caught the stranger's side face, and his worst forebodings became confirmed. He pulled up, and drew back with an involuntary shudder; the next instant slackened his rein, dashed spurs into his horse, and galloped after the leader. But no one could be seen on the suburb road before him; and the receding clatter of a horse's

hoofs down a cross road to the right, seemed to intimate, that in that direction the rider had disappeared. Affrighted, almost terrified, and mad with impatience, Evelyn, after a short pause, fiercely continued his journey.

James went to council.

“ My lords and gentlemen,” he began, “ you all know how unexpectedly this news has come upon us. Every advice from England, every opinion here, agreed in making us think that the Prince of Orange was held so busy by contests with his parliament, at home, he could not venture upon an Irish war, in person. Yet, during six days has he been amongst us, while we knew nothing of it. Your speedy counsel, now, as to what is to be done. Whatever we resolve, must be resolved promptly, and as promptly executed. Let us not acknowledge that we have been taken off our guard ; and above all, let our actions shew that we have not.

“ None are ignorant that the diseases of Schomberg’s camp at Dundalk reached to our own camp, and that we suffered almost as much as he ; that—”

He was here interrupted by the entrance of

a person with a packet ; he eagerly opened and read it.

“ From France, my lords and gentlemen ; from the queen ; her majesty writes on the very matter that now engages us ; informed, as it appears, long before ourselves, of the expedition of the Prince of Orange. Let all our zealous friends peruse the paper ; meantime we proceed in our council.

“ It is well known, I say, that together with disease and sickness, the native army, which so honorably closed the last campaign, has been much reduced by bad food, and sometimes the want of food of any kind, while no recruitings have since taken place for our service. Further, it is known, how earnestly and often I have meantime pressed the French cabinet to afford us the troops, and other helps, which his most christian majesty ordered to be prepared for us ; how our loving queen endeavoured on the spot, in the same view ; yet, through the jealousy of the minister—offended because I refused his naming of a general, in favour of the gallant Lauzan, now by your side—how much we have been disappointed in our expectations of aid ;

only six thousand Frenchmen at last sent to us ; and while our faithful Irish lack arms and food, clothes, and shoes, little of the other assistance that was, perchance, more necessary. So that, my lords and gentlemen, between natives and allies, I doubt if our present army, badly appointed as it is, destitute of field-pieces and musquets, amounts to more than thirty thousand."

"To no more, my liege, including garrisons," said Sarsfield, "while the utmost force disposable for the field, is about twenty-five thousand."

"And you have come possessed of the strength of the enemy, Captain Farlow?" resumed James.

"I have, sir ; thirty-six thousand, since William's meeting with Schomberg ; all veteran troops, completely supplied and appointed ; and mostly foreigners, inured to war, fatigue, and victory."

"The odds are against us," said James, in a picqued and undecided tone.

"Not while heaven be with us," observed father Petre.

“And our cause that of our king and holy church,” echoed Tyrconnel’s reverend chaplain.

“Surely thus are we the host, and they a remnant,” said old Tyrconnel, encouraged by the officiousness of the clergyman.

“Speak, Count de Lauzan,” resumed James, getting dignified and offended at the intrusion of opinions, even though they agreed with his own, which he had not particularly called for.

The count answered, speaking in French, that, under the circumstances, and particularly, after having perused the queen’s letter, he would strongly recommend precaution in every shape; adding, that he was not long enough in Ireland to offer very particular opinions.

The French ambassador, D’Avoux, when called on, made similar observations.

“Now, Sarsfield,” continued James.

“May it please your majesty,” said the general, “the visible odds, at the least,” bowing to the ecclesiastics, “are, as your majesty hath observed, against us; and I incline, on the whole, to be governed by Count de Lauzan’s opinion.”

“ For the first time in your life, then,” whispered Hamilton, “ A’ God’s name, don’t pay him this flattery.”

“ Hamilton,” said James, smiling, “ we observe your zeal with Sarsfield’s ear, and can read by your eye that you would willingly spoil a scarlet cloak for one good horse-charge at our son-in-law, on fair ground, and your troops about equal ; but let Sarsfield say his say ; nor do I fear you are offended, nor other noble Irish generals present, that we have called on him, though less in rank than you and them, to render us a first answer. Sarsfield, speak on.”

“ The chances being so much against us, I turn to her majesty’s gracious letter, my liege. Here is king Louis’s promise, that when the convoy which has brought William to Ireland shall join the English fleet, he will send a sufficient number of frigates and privateers to destroy his transports, still at sea, and coasting after him ; and then pin him up, here, while the hitherto successful fleets of France shall once more engage the English admiral, and, if again triumphant, make a landing in England. Therefore I think your majesty might do well to await



the issue of things at sea ; and adding to the strength of your already formidable garrisons, retire from Ulster, across the Shannon, where the army may not only be kept up, but recruited, refreshed, and better disciplined. Should the views of his most christian majesty but in a degree succeed, William's army might, as the autumn approaches, share the fate of Schomberg's last year ; or else England may be lost to him before he can return thither ; and your majesty might, meantime, continue in the south, prepared to take speedy advantage of any such turns of fortune."

The Duke of Berwick and Powis, the members of James's privy council, with the exception of Tyrconnel and father Petre, the Lords Clare and Galway, and the majority of his other Irish officers present, seconded this prudent advice. James stooped down to whisper with the ancient ecclesiastic ; there was a deep pause ; at last he manned himself and spoke.

" Much reason there is in the opinions offered. But should I now abandon Dublin, is it not likely that my friends in it will despair of my cause ; capitulate without a blow, and make

terms for themselves, away from my interests? And may not many other friends follow their example? For the sake of God and of gallantry, let us not run such a risk; a much more serious one than engaging in a good cause, with good consciences, and brave hearts, a somewhat superior enemy. Courage, nobles, and sirs! and now, action and bustle, too! in the name of heaven and our countries, we march northward, to join our main army at Ardee, by the dawn; should the enemy advance on us, the pass of the Boyne shall, at the least, be contested; and hither, Sir Patrick Trant," he continued, in a changed and melancholy tone, "hie thee to Waterford; and, in case of the worst, secure and prepare a vessel for our safe re-embarkation to France; my daughter's husband must not, even yet, make us a prisoner, at his mercy. Though I fear it not, gallant lords and gentlemen," (he again looked spiritedly around, thro' the tears that stood in his eyes)—"my cause the best, and you to prop it, I think but of success and victory. 'Tis the first time, during the wrong and suffering of years, that I have had promise of a fair battle for my crown;

and now, at last," repeating words he often used, "one good blow for it!"

"The Lord prompts our king to speak," observed father Petre.

"Long live King James!" cried Tyrconnel.

"He will play the hero too much," remarked Sarsfield, to many assenting Irish officers, about him.

"We will charge them, at all events," said Hamilton.

CHAPTER VII.

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DISTRACTED in his thoughts, and agitated and irritated in his feelings, Evelyn held his northern course. Separating from his escort at the last outpost of the Irish lines, he gained, on the noon of the second day, William's camp at Loughbrickland. His leave of absence being, that very day, spent, he hastened to present himself to Schomberg, whom he found busy in assisting the other general officers to get the whole army into marching order.

Near to Schomberg's hut, Evelyn met Walker, accompanied by Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath, and a group of clergymen, waiting, under Schomberg's auspices, to present an address of congratulation to William, and somewhat chagrined that he had waited a long time.

"He shuns us," said the Bishop of Derry, "as if he had no common cause with us, and

only came to Ireland in the view I before mentioned to you, namely, to conquer it for his Dutch followers.

“ Observe how his army is constituted. Distrusting English soldiers, he takes care that much more than half of it shall be foreigners ; for it contains ten thousand Danes, nine thousand Dutch, and four thousand French refugees ; and the superiority in officers is still more remarkable. And then, he brings with him the Prince of Denmark, more from a fear of leaving him behind, and to lessen the odium of fighting against his father-in-law, by dividing that odium, than to do honor to the husband of James’s second daughter, whom he did not permit to travel in the coach with him. From a similar precaution, he fetches over a number of English nobility and men of fashion, nominally as volunteers, but really as hostages, to insure the good conduct of their friends, at home, touching the wide-spread plot that has been discovered, and the great French descent expected on the English coast.”

As the bishop ceased speaking, the whole army were drawn out in marching array, ex-

tending, to the right and to the left, farther than Evelyn's eye could reach, and forming, in their perfect appointments, and excellent condition, a magnificent and imposing spectacle.

At a great distance, a stir soon became visible, and Schomberg intimated that the king approached, galloping along the line, to bestow on it a parting inspection.

"Now," resumed Walker, "will you see him in the only character in which he is admirable; and since he has landed in Ireland, his whole conduct shews, indeed, gallant and heroic, and like a great captain; he accepts no better quarters than his soldiers have; he rides among them by day, stirring up their mettle; he sleeps with them on the field, by night; and once, when it was proposed to get wine for his use, "no," he said, (in their hearing) "I will drink water with my soldiers."

While the dignitary spoke, William approached, at full sweep, distancing his aids-de-camp and other attendants, and appearing, indeed, so different a man from the William our friend had seen at Kensington palace, that it was difficult to believe him the same person. He sat erect and motionless in the saddle, as if

he were a compound identity with the foaming and noble animal he bestrode ; his usually languid eyes glared and flashed ; excitement sent a high colour to his wasted cheeks, and every limb of his body expressed energy, as, with a drawn sword occasionally moved round his head, he addressed, in his rapid transit along the line, brief, but spirit-stirring words of approbation and encouragement, to the officers and soldiers that waved their hats and plumes, and shouted as he past.

His eye catching Schomberg, he suddenly pulled up and approached him.

“ For Dundalk, so soon, my liege ?” asked the old duke.

“ Yes,” answered William, “ before the rains come on.”

Schomberg, understanding the allusion, coloured, bowed, and drew back.

“ Does your majesty hold to be useless any further tarrying for information of the enemy ?” inquired General Douglas.

“ I have not come to Ireland to let the grass grow under my feet,” was William’s reply, as he motioned to turn off.

“ May it please your excellent majesty,” said

Walker, stepping forward, “to hear the address of which your grace has been advised, and which the Bishop of Meath, these reverend gentlemen, and myself, have been deputed to present.”

“Aye,” resumed William, “if it be brief.”

Upon which the Bishop of Derry read aloud a long-winded and elaborate composition, that had cost much care and study, thanking William for coming to Ireland, and God for allowing him to come, and ending with a statement of the former woes suffered by loyal protestants from Irish papists—their merits past and present—and an humble hope that his majesty would—

Here William, who had more than once winced under the infliction of so long a piece of rhetoric, interrupted the right reverend captain, and—now that he was in his element and his glory, in the saddle and the field—speaking much more flowingly and energetically than was his wont, said—

“I know the rest, Bishops of Derry and Meath; it contains matter on which I have often been urged in England; but as I have



answered before, so I now answer ; my creed does not teach me persecution ; and I do not come to Ireland, no more than I came to England, to persecute papists, but to assist protestants. Our parliaments, here and there, may do as they like ; I am not skilled in the way of parliaments ; but by me, or by my command, papists shall be treated as fair foes, and nought beyond. So, farewell my lords and gentlemen. Sound the march !—march !” he screamed along the line. “ For Dundalk, Duke Schomberg !” and dashing spurs into his willing charger, he was out of sight in a few minutes.

Between three and four days brought the army to Dundalk, now no longer formidable, in a fine season, and in the absence of an enemy. The king halted but a short time in the town, when hearing that James had retired from Ardee, he hastened thither. Here, gaining further information that his father-in-law had re-crossed the Boyne, at and near Drogheda, he still moved after him ; and the morning of the 30th of June, saw William and his whole army within view of the Boyne Water, and of the Irish camp.

Turning to the left, off the road, attended by

Schomberg, Prince George of Denmark, Major-general Scavenmore, the Bishop of Derry, Lords Sidney and Portland, Generals Kirke and Douglas, and their respective aids-de-camp, amongst whom was Evelyn, riding by Schomberg's side, the king ascended a hill, called Tully-Escar, which commanded, at cannon-shot distance, the town of Drogheda, and altogether afforded a good observation of the country and the hostile lines.

Evelyn was pleased and animated with the whole view from the top of this eminence. To the left appeared the steeple and castle of Drogheda, peering over the gentle ascent of the middle distance, which still running to the left, at last fell in broken lines to the sea, whose waters gleamed above it, and widely expanded from its termination: and a continuance of the same line ran to the right also of the town, overtopped, in its whole course, by hills more blue and remote. Owing to the high nature of the sweeps of ground between him and the Boyne, few or no glimpses of the river could be obtained; but on a memorable little hillock, forming part of the mass of the middle distance,

save that it was under its topmost line, clustered the Irish camp, obviously at the opposite side of the hidden water, and running in scattered patches towards Drogheda. Bodies of troops, horse and foot, looking insignificant, either from their real paucity of number, or the distance they were at, and the extent of ground over which they were strewed, appeared in motion, about the camp, as soon as William ascended his point of observation; and some traces of a continued line could be noted as far to the left as the town.

William and his officers soon had their glasses out, and some pause ensued. At length, Evelyn heard him say—

“ If they have no other advantage, their position seems a strong one; their right resting on the town; their left on those broken heights; and their centre—who can tell us the nature of the ground between their centre and the river?”

The captain of the guides answered that it was mostly swampy ground along the whole line, from the bases of the heights to the edge of the Boyne.

“ Better still for them; a river and a marsh

between them and us. Is there not a bridge, at hand, on our right?"

"Only one," he was answered; "at the village of Slane, about seven miles up the river."

"Many fords?" he still demanded.

But one known ford, also, about opposite the centre of the Irish army.

"Yes," resumed William, after another pause, "it is a strong and well-chosen position."

"But a poor appearance of an enemy, my liege," said Major-general Scavenmore.

"I do not know," replied William; "however, we shall soon become better acquainted with their numbers."

"Your majesty can have no opinion, whatever may be their numbers, of a foe so despicable," observed Walker.

"I do not know that, either, Bishop of Derry; did you find them, as you describe them, at Hillsborough, and Long-causeway?"

"Your majesty does not incline to force the river?" inquired Schomberg.

"I have assuredly no wish to make this a Dundalk campaign, if there be much choice left, Duke Schomberg. But come," he conti-

nued, as some confusion arose in part of the army who had ascended and sat down upon an adjacent height, in view of the Irish camp, and thus provoked a few shots, while a ball struck the very hill occupied by William and his officers—"we have looked at them long enough at a distance, as they seem to think; let us see them nearer; and at the same time, get our over-curious simpletons out of their range; follow, gentlemen. Prince George, we have troubled you little in this council, out of tenderness to your inexperience in such matters; and doubtless you will thank us for any trouble we can save you. So, choose your steps, and descend. Tell the guide to lead over the cross road towards the water. Portland, hither."

Having gained the point from which he had deviated and ascended, and thus again sunk below all view of the Irish camp, William accordingly followed the guide over a wretched bridle-road, which, still at his late distance from the enemy, first ran, behind considerable heights, parallel to the river, and then took a diagonal sweep towards it. At one of its angles, he halted; and ascertaining that his whole army remained out

of sight of the Irish, ordered them to halt, also, and make a morning meal. Upon a large stone, flattened at the top, Portland, assisted by some persons in waiting, arranged William's own breakfast, which consisted only of the coarse bread, shared by his soldiers, and ample draughts from a huge, black, Dutch-looking bottle, that emitted a potent scent at a good distance. The king then took his meerschaum, and in profound silence applied himself to it. In a little time he called for water; none was to be had, and he rose and asked it, himself, at a miserable hovel, by the road side, near to his primitive breakfast-table, which still stands, unmoved and immoveable, upon the spot where he found it; its fame equal to his own, and promising to be as durable in the simple neighbourhood.

Renewing his march, he continued, still out of view of James's camp, to approach the Boyne; and at last turned into a solitary little valley that led straight to it. The sides of the gentle slopings, at either hand, were intersected by natural trench-works, within which, as well as over the bottom of the valley, he immediately en-

camped, and halted his whole army; and the place since retains the name of William's glen.

About an hour after noon, attended by Schomberg, with Evelyn, Portland, Schomberg's son, General Douglas, and other officers, the king emerged from one of the little hollows described, and found himself on the brow of an eminence, that, with another sweep between it and the Boyne Water, suddenly gave him a full and near view of James's camp. Here, referring to his map, and using his glass, he sat in his saddle for some time; then, ordering out a body of horse, obliquely descended the heights, and rode first to within musquet shot of the pass of Old-bridge, and next a good distance, to his right, up the river. During all these movements, William observed a profound silence, which none of his generals interrupted.

Retracing his steps, he again won the top of the second little eminence, whence he had made his first observations, and, dismounting, sat upon the grass. In this situation, he was about two miles from Drogheda, on which rested James's right; about a mile, in a diagonal direction, from Dunore-hill, which was near to his

centre ; and only some hundred yards from the ford of Old-bridge, which was marked by the neighbourhood of a gigantic and isolated rock, since chosen as the base of the Boyne monument. Between him and Dunore-hill, lay, beyond the river, one or two introductory swells of land, with, at their bases, and stretching to the river's side, an extensive marsh, now no longer visible.

When William had descended to ride up the river, accompanied by his officers, and the body of horse, some stir appeared through the camp on Dunore-hill; and by the time he came back, another body of Irish horse had been drawn out in a ploughed field, immediately opposite to the place on which he coolly chose to sit down. Schomberg ventured to point out the enemy, and hint a change of position ; but William, with much coldness, if not contempt of manner, said there was no more danger there than in any other place ; for such were the dictates of his dark fatalism.

“ Besides,” he added, “ they have no cannon ; and surely a horseman's pop-gun cannot reach us.”



But he miscalculated. At that very moment, James, standing beside two field-pieces, was observing him, unseen, from behind a wall of loose stones, and otherwise screened by the horse. A celebrated gunner in his service, named Burke, had levelled the cannon, and held a lighted match in his hand.

“ I have him covered as dead as Julius Cæsar, your majesty—and now a shot for the three crowns !”

“ Hold !” cried James, irresolute in the very act he had planned, as he struck down the field-piece, “ Knave ! harm not my daughter’s husband.”

Burke, as if the command had come too late, fired at random, the gun farthest from him, and almost instantly, that which James had borne down. The shot from the first killed one of William’s aids-de-camp, and the horses of Count Schomberg and Evelyn ; but the shot from the second, misdirected from Burke’s level, only sent one ball across the water, which, striking against the edge of the lower bank, under William, glanced up and touched him on the shoulder.

William fell, however, from the effect of the

ball ; his officers crowded round him ; the hostile party, at the other side of the river, thinking him dead, shouted loudly, galloped off to Dunore-hill, joined their main body, communicated the supposed event, and shouts of ten-fold power rung through hill and valley, spreading towards Drogheda, until they were lost in the distance ; while James, still inconsistent, glorying in the imaginary result that he had first proposed, and afterwards prevented, instantly sent despatches to Dublin and Paris, announcing William's death ; and illuminations, and other rejoicings, subsequently took place in both cities, in consequence of the news.

At the report of the shots, various bodies of William's army, and many pieces of artillery, appeared on the heights about him. Evelyn, though scarce recovered from the confusion of his own fall, while his horse went down, was the first to step towards the king, raise him, tear off his neckcloth, and bind it round his shoulder. In answer to this, William only said, repulsively, as he started to his feet—

“ Pshaw, sir—naught ; it should have come nearer ; every bullet has its billet.”

But, observing the alarm and confusion of the troops who now appeared, he turned to them, with a surprising change of spirit and energy, and refusing the sling in which he was requested to rest his arm, took off with that very arm his hat and plume, waved it thrice round his head, and, exactly as he had done at Maestricht, in 1696, when, also slightly wounded, his troops became dispirited, thrice cheered aloud, until their cheers answered him, and sent the lie to the hostile shouts that rung along the opposite bank of the river.

Until towards evening, William continued, after this, to ride among his troops, showing himself to them, and in every way keeping up their spirits. Meantime, none of his generals knew any thing of his intentions; whether or no he would attack James; or if so, in what manner. Schomberg, retiring with Evelyn to his tent, expressed much dissatisfaction at a reserve that, towards a man of his experience and rank—the descendant of a noble family, in his own country—the husband of a Dudley—Marshal, in France, grandee in Portugal, generalissimo in Prussia, and duke in England—was, at

the least, uncourteous and humiliating. Evelyn could give him no comfort; and the venerable old soldier of fortune had recourse to his national consolation, and spent the evening in his tent, puffing much, and saying little, tho' often there

————— “broke  
A sigh thro' suffocating smoke.”

Not until the late hour of nine o'clock was he roused by a message to attend the king at a council, and to bring with him the Enniskillen officer who had been one of the deputies to England, and who had offered his majesty some service that day; accordingly, Evelyn attended him to a cabin which, in lieu of fitter accommodation, served for the royal quarters.

They found William surrounded by all his general officers, stedfastly regarding a map. Profound silence reigned in the council.

“Has the Irish officer yet arrived?” was the king's first question.

Evelyn advanced and bowed.

“Hearken, sir,” continued William; “behind Dunore-hill, at the distance of some miles, we have here marked a village called Duleck, a

pass between us and Dublin; know you the nature of the ground lying towards it from Slane-bridge, some miles up the river?"

Evelyn answered affirmatively, and described the ground to be, at first, marshy and uneven, but afterwards not difficult. William again paused; but suddenly broke the renewed silence.

"To morrow morning, my lords and gentlemen, we shall cross this river."

Schomberg ventured to dissent, saying, that the enemy's position was so formidable, more time and observation were required to consider an attack.

"Perhaps," William observed, "that was the way at Dundalk, and might do as well, here; nevertheless, we shall try them to morrow-morning."

The old general, curbing his chagrin, took the map, and again recommended, since his majesty was determined on battle, to send a strong detachment, that night, up to Slane-bridge, with the view of getting between James and Duleck, and so taking some certain step towards a victory.

“ Leaving the detachment to fare, as it may, before we can cross in the morning? Silly, my lord duke,” said William, “ heaven send we do not sometimes outlive our talents and ourselves.”

Without trusting his tongue to an answer, Schomberg took his hat, bowed, and left the hovel.

“ Dotage,” muttered William. “ Attend, my lords and gentlemen. The river shall be crossed early to-morrow morning, in three places. Our right shall first move on Slane, push over the bridge, take the enemy’s left, in flank, and get between them and Duleck; soon after, our centre, and main force, shall cross the ford opposite this village of Old-bridge, and engage the enemy’s main force, also; and our left, composed of all the horse remaining, after this disposition, shall await the result of the two first attempts, and then crossing at a pass, I have myself discovered, within a mile of Drogheda, rout their right. And so, good night, and good repose till day-break. The officers destined to command the different divisions shall receive notice of their appointments by

bed-time ; also, a notice of the particular troops who are to form our right, left, and centre. To your tents, my lords and gentlemen. A word, sir," to Evelyn, as he withdrew with the rest, " we lost an aid-de-camp to-day ; see that you take his place to-morrow morning ; we may require your knowledge of the ground ; and bear this paper to Duke Schomberg, this to his son and General Douglas, this to La Caillemotte ; but deliver none, for an hour to come—then return to us ; and hark—as we have been told that the enemy choose to distinguish themselves to-morrow by white favours in their hats, convey our pleasure to our generals that they, and every soldier of the army, do assume green for their colour ; a green bough, or the like—so, speed you. What a trick, dear Bentinck," he continued, turning to his prime favourite, after Evelyn had departed to execute this command, well known, by all readers of history, to have really been issued by William—" What a school-girl trick is this fashion of choosing a colour to cut each other's throats under ; yet, as it has been used on the other side of the river, we must needs adopt it ; and, gramercy

for their wisdom, I suppose whatever way the battle may go, James will be recollected by his white badge, and I by my green badge, to the third and fourth generations of our gracious partizans, better than by any particular knowledge of our real differences, our motives, or our principles. Oh yes; in this land of Ireland, especially, which, since my good Englishers first possessed it, has been kept down only by allowing its quarrelsome people to gore each other; here I warrant you, long after the result of to-morrow's struggle, the children's children of the Irish among our troops, will be more ready to crack a papist's crown, in honor of the colour their ancestors now happen to wear in their caps, than anxious to understand the cause of our policy in fighting at their head, and 'William and the green, for ever! huzza for the loyal and protestant green!' will cause, from time to time, more petty warfare, than, perhaps the amount of this coming battle of the Boyne Water."

His majesty, though a prince of considerable foresight, has, however, been strangely unpro-



phetic in part of these remarks, giving the two parties credit for much more recollection of facts, than, cynical as he might be, they afterwards proved themselves entitled to ; for—explain it who can—James's defeated adherents bequeathed, as an honorable colour for their children to fight for, the very green under which they were prostrated, while his own sensible and grateful friends afterwards attacked it as a vile colour, although it had led them to victory ; attacked it wherever it appeared, except when met in trees and fields ; and mounted a sweeter colour of their own to entitle them to say to the heroes of the much slandered green, "Take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile."

"I am sick of their conceits," continued William, "of their catching me up, here and every where, in England and in Ireland, as their little demigod of a faction or of a sect ; as their Jack-the-giant-queller of whig against tory, tory against whig, or episcopalian against papist ; fools ! let them look at the effort of my life—of my very boyhood, and at last understand me ; let them see why, step after step, I won

back the poor birthright of which my father had been plundered ; why I courted all the kings of Europe into a league against one ; why I wedded English Mary, in my own good time, after refusing her proffered hand by that English lord, Arlington, who took me for a child, to be pleased with whipt-cream and fine speeches ; why I came to England—why I am in Ireland ; why I look to fight a battle to-morrow ; fools ! I cry again, they will not think that about this very day, Louis may have defeated my best ally, Prince Waldeck—light me a meerschaum, dear Bentinck, and open the cabinet.”

The Duke of Portland, complying with these orders, duly presented the meerschaum, and then unlocked a little portable case, that would now be called a *garde-de-vin*, out of which he took the selfsame black, Dutch-built bottle we have before seen in requisition, this morning, and filling from it some bumper glasses, presented them, in rather quick succession, to William. And here, we suspect, appears a solution of the grand enigma propounded by the mystic Burnet, of “ one sort of vice in which William was

so cautious;" and it turns out to be a simple one at last—Hollands, prime Hollands; altho' some people, Swift for instance, has been ill-natured on the subject.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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EVELYN punctually obeyed the king's orders to wait an hour before he delivered the sealed papers to the different officers named by him. Remaining in General Douglas's tent, as he deemed it his duty to know if any reply was to be conveyed to William, he heard that officer signify to young Count Schomberg, who was present, that by virtue of the instructions received, they were appointed to move, with the ten thousand Danes, on Slane-bridge, at six o'clock in the morning. When Evelyn handed old Schomberg his despatch—

“Aye,” grumbled he, “’tis as I had expectations—one written orders to tell me my own business. Very well; it is the first I am ever sent.”

Admiring the self-dependence and energy of

William, who, at the very time he summoned a council of war, had already determined on every step to be taken, Evelyn repaired to the royal hut to give an account of his mission. He was as coldly received and listened to, as if he and his business were objects of the utmost indifference; nay, disgust: and he was about to retire in equal disgust, when William commanded his attendance. The king smoked many pipes in profound silence, while Evelyn continued to stand; at last rose up, about midnight, ordered out a troop of horse, and, accompanied by them and Portland, rode through his whole encampment, seeing that every thing was as it should be, in readiness for the dawn. Then he dismissed Evelyn, coldly warning him to be stirring early.

Had his young aid-de-camp felt peace at heart, he would doubtless have sought, during this release, the refreshing sleep necessary to fit him for a vigorous observance of the king's last intimation. But, in the midst of even the great scene around him, private sorrows seized upon his heart; and, scarcely conscious of his own

movements, he walked out from the valley of the camp, gained the river's side, and sauntered with its current.

One or two circumstances served a little to rouse and divert him. Approaching, unseen, a picquet formed of his own native troop, he heard them in loud and furious conversation, across the narrow river, with a patrol of the enemy, composed of Irish and French soldiers. The Frenchmen had begun the colloquy by wishing their foes a blithe good night; the Irish had chimed in by inquiring if they found themselves as comfortable as on the banks of the Finn, and amid the bogs of Dundalk; adding, that if such was not the case, they, the Irish, would do their best, early in the morning, to make them so: both spoke in their different kinds of broken English, which, though only half intelligible to the northerns, was sufficiently comprehended to irritate their recollections; and they answered the premature gasconade by vituperation and threat, that shewed a nature and a mood incapable of trifling, and sullenly averse to any communion with their hated foes, otherwise than what the sword might per-

mit. The French and Irish laughed loudly at their wrath, and separately wishing them "bon soir," and "bannoch lath," moved up the heights.

Passing the Enniskilleners, Evelyn walked farther down the river, and arrived at a point where, from the opposite banks, two vedettes of the different armies almost confronted each other. These men, an English and an Irish soldier, both good specimens of their country, were also in conversation.

"Good night, goodman Teague," began the Englishman, heartily.

"Musha, good night to hur, kindly, a-vich," answered the other, jeeringly.

"What dost un, there?" continued Johnny.

"The likes hur does, there, I'm thinkin'," replied Paddy.

"Why, I be watching thee, belike."

"Well, aroon; one good turn desarves another."

"Be'st un not of the woild Irish folk?"

"Avoch aye, God look down on us."

"Hast un supped, to-night?"

"A thrifle, accordin' to manners."

"Hast un drunk enough?"

"Lashings an' lavins."

"Well, I only thought to offer thee some'at, if thee hadst been athirst, mon."

"Oh, fur the matther o' that I could be dhry any time."

"Look out then;" and he flung a leather bottle across the river.

"Musha, sweet war hur fist, an' good look to hur," answered Pat, from the opposite bank, as he stooped to pick it up, "an' wait—thry a taste o' this," hurling across his own ample horn.

"Health, goodman Teague, it be proper brandy," resumed John, duly availing himself of the invitation.

"An' here's tow'ds hur good health, too," cried the other.

And Evelyn walked on, pleased with the manly communion of the soldier foes, which, he perceived, could happen between fair enemies of the two countries, while between the mongrel factions of one, mean though deadly rancour forbid its occurrence.

These incidents, together with the balm of



the summer night-breeze, and the growing interest of the scene around, soothed, as much as was possible, the agonized thoughts of Evelyn. He turned from the river, and ascending the little eminence to his left, walked back towards the ford of Old-bridge, until he found himself about the spot where, during the day, William had been slightly wounded. And now the observation of eye and of mind which his situation compelled him to take, almost wholly abstracted him, for a time, from his individual griefs and interests.

It was nearly an hour past midnight. The moon had set; the sky was overcast by an unbroken mass of low, black, sultry clouds, and the darkest night that the turn of the summer solstice can bring, brooded under them. A glance downward, at his right, shewed him William's encampment; and he had but to turn his eye, and look across the river, to get a view of almost the whole present disposition of the enemy.

The bosom of the little valley, so close to him, and the ravines in its sides, were numerously strewn with tents, and, here and there,

with a light and temporary hut, or rather summer bower, made of boughs, leaves, rushes, and sods ; but, owing to the closeness of the midsummer night, few of the troops, either officers or men, remained under cover of any kind ; choosing rather to stretch themselves in clusters, on the soft sward, while their piles of brilliant arms were scattered through them, flashing in the bicker of the numerous watch fires, of which the united blaze almost vividly illuminated the valley. Some, who could not or would not sleep, stood over their supine brethren in solitary groups, or sat upon the mossy knolls of the valley, whispering, if, indeed, they spoke at all, their hopes, fears, or sensations ; while hundreds of the horses left free to graze, or lie down, shared their watchfulness and inaction, and with a touching instinct of companionship, either gathered round, as if they could listen to the midnight comments of their masters, or, with drooping heads and necks, bent over those who were sleeping.

The open picture on the opposite bank of the Boyne, was a relief to this close scene. To the right and to the left, as far as Evelyn could see,

appeared the enemy's fires, still more numerous than those of his friends, occupying height after height, from the river, until partial illuminations in the murky sky alone told that they continued, out of view, over the country beyond the encampment; and around them, now in unshaped blackness, now touched with red flame, moved the few waking soldiers of James's army; dark masses that predominated over the sombre green of the hills, indicating different portions of his main force, sunk in sleep, or else closely keeping a position. The tents round Dunore-hill confusedly gleamed, like white stones, or flocks of sheep, in darkness and distance. The windows of a little village, half way, in a diagonal direction, between Evelyn and the camp, glimmered, while partially seen, with interior lights, as if it was fully occupied; old houses, immediately opposite to him, and very near the water's edge, also gave out a strong light; while from a church, on the pinnacle of Dunore-hill, came the most vivid glow of all; seeming to intimate that within its walls James had taken up his quarters.

But whatever might be their different ap-

pearances, both hosts were wrapped in the same awful silence and inaction. No sound came on Evelyn's ear, save the footsteps of a sentinel near at hand, or the distant tramp of a horse patrol; or the murmurs of the gentle river, as it rippled over the shallows of Old-bridge ford, and wound on its course, black under the clouds of midnight. The contrast between the simple and sylvan scenery at either hand, and the armed bands who now occupied it, strongly occurred to Evelyn:—the one so quiet, inviting peace; the others come to fill it with war and horror. Between their own present repose, and the purposes that filled their bosoms, and the fierce action into which they would start by morning, a still stronger contrast arose. And then, Evelyn could not avoid feeling deepest awe as he found himself waking and watching amid the sleep of so many hostile thousands, over whom, as if in contempt of their petty differences, nature asserted the common dominion that proclaimed them her common children.

Nor, ere he bade farewell to the scene, could Evelyn refrain from considering the importance

of the circumstances that had brought it before him, and of the results that, one way or another, must flow from its change into the morning battle. He looked upon the armies of two rival kings, headed by those kings in person, and about to strike a blow for the crown of three kingdoms. The political position of millions hung upon that blow; the extinction or perpetuation of a line of kings; but, above all, the great question of the legitimacy, and the divine right of kings. Nay, differently connected as William and James were with the hostile politics of the continent, the termination of to-morrow's sanguinary struggle must have a strong influence on the whole state of affairs throughout Europe—throughout the world;—the misery or happiness of the greater portion of mankind was connected with the “coming event,”—and thus the calculations upon it swelled into tremendous interest. Overpowered by them, Evelyn descended the eminence, and retired to his hut.

He thought it was impossible he could sleep, under the pressure of the mixed interests, private and public, that bore upon him; yet he

was beguiled into a slumber, from which the sound of a drum, beating the general, aroused him; and starting up, he hastened to William's quarters. As he moved through the camp, all was stern hum and bustle; and while the echoes of the opposite bank repeated the brisk summons of the English drum, other drums rolled their answering signals through James's lines. It was broad daylight.

Fearful of having overslept himself, Evelyn stood before the king in some misgiving. A severe though careless rebuke he did encounter: but William was too busy to pay him much attention. All his officers of division stood around him, armed and braced for doing, and some pale with intense expectation: but he sat in the midst, almost as unmoved as a reposing statue. His last orders to Douglas and young Schomberg seemed to have been just completed, for they bowed, as Evelyn entered, and soon withdrew from the cabin.

"With them, Bentinck and Auverkirke," he said, after a short pause; and the two persons named, also quickly departed.

"Stand to your arms where you are, Duke

Schomberg," he continued, " until we know how they speed up the river ; then let Caillemotte, first, cross at Old-bridge ; and do you follow, when 'tis necessary. The Dutch and Enniskillen horse, with a reserve of the Danes, and the few English, shall move, under ourself, down towards Drogheda. Farewell, and speed ye."

He was left alone with Evelyn and two other aids-de-camp. He took a turn, slowly, through the cabin ; then moved to the door ; snatched the reins of his charger from the soldier who waited with it ; bounded into his saddle ; and in a few seconds stood, with his aids-de-camp, on the brow of the second eminence, which gave a full view of the enemy's ground.

A soul-stirring scene presented itself to Evelyn. To his right, along the banks of the river, the ten thousand Danes, under young Schomberg and Douglas, already appeared moving on Slane. They were excellent troops, handsomely appointed, and their long and bristling line of bayonets, winding along the Boyne, and flashing in the fresh sunshine of the now unclouded morning, advanced in fine order. Upon the

opposite bank, large bodies of Irish infantry were rapidly taking possession of breast-works thrown up at the ford of Old-bridge; of ruined houses, some distance behind; and of ditches still behind the houses; their motley uniform, their rusty half-pikes, supported but with few firelocks, their naked legs, and altogether their wild appearance, forming a strange contrast to the soldier-like lines of their enemies. James had wished to post his only regular troops, the French infantry, at this important point; but the Irish, offended, and devoted, though uncalculating, furiously opposed the order; claimed, as their right, the post of danger, and ran to take possession of it, threatening to fire on whomsoever should oppose them. During their hasty movements, much bustle could be noticed at the camp of Dunore; and, presently, several squadrons of horse, and a line of French foot, successively parted from it, and keeping almost at the top of the continued swells, up the river, passed Old-bridge; obviously detached to oppose Douglas and young Schomberg. At the same time, another considerable body of horse descended, obliquely,



one or two eminences that swept from Dunore towards the river, and, as if to support the Irish infantry posted in the breast-works, houses, and ditches, hovered, some time, about the heights, and at last settled, like a storm-swayed cloud, immediately over them.

As soon as Douglas and Schomberg saw the counteracting motions of the lines sent against them, their trumpets sounded, their drums beat, their raven standards fluttered quicker in the breeze, and Evelyn could observe, though the vast line was now at a good distance, that all the horse stationed behind, passed the infantry with great speed, joined their brethren in front, and pushed on with them, in a separate body, leaving the foot-soldiers to follow as they could. At the same moment, their observant enemies, on the other side, made a similar manœuvre; their horse straining along the high ground at a gallop, in order to pull up the advantage, in distance, possessed by the Danes; while the light French infantry tracked them, in double quick time; both horses and men occasionally falling and scrambling over the difficult ground, and every nerve strained to recover

from such disasters, and answer the chiding and imperious calls of their drums and trumpets, in advance. And thus, before a blow was struck, the preluding contest between those two divisions of the hostile armies, had powerful interest on the mind of Evelyn; he panted with anxiety as, changing his glance from one side of the river to the other, he saw how, step by step, the different parties gained or lost an advantage; until, owing to an abrupt elbow formed by the river, both at last disappeared, to meet about five miles higher up, and there bring to a clash their fierce rivalry.

As soon as they had retired out of view, some field-pieces, from Dunore-hill, and the mid heights above Old-bridge, began to play on such small detachments, or reconnoitring parties of the English force, as were to be seen; and William, who, all along, had watched the progress of the Danes with obvious satisfaction, now sent an aid-de-camp to get into motion the left wing, of about five thousand horse, which awaited his command to move down the river, between the two camps and Drogheda. In a few minutes they were ready; forming them

out of shot and sight of the enemy, behind the eminences on which he had hitherto stood, and, placing himself at their head, he immediately led them towards their position, still endeavouring, by every possible change of ground, to gain it without observation from Dunore-hill.

Advancing very slowly and cautiously, he was able, after the lapse of about an hour, to accomplish his object: and under cover of the last descent between him and the Boyne, and immediately opposite to the ford which, at the proper moment, he intended to pass, William at last halted his five thousand horse. In this situation, Dunore-hill, previously to his left, was at his right; Drogheda down the river; his centre, about two English miles up from him; and Slane, as has been said, about five from it; so that his entire line now extended over a distance of about seven English miles.

In profound silence did he halt his people; without word or motion did he sit in his saddle, at their head; and not a whisper was breathed amongst them, as they stood motionless as himself. Even his dragged features

underwent no change; but, in this, few of his soldiers were able to imitate him.—Their colour waned and came from time to time, as expectation, suspense, or anxiety, chequered their thoughts; and while the fitful cannonading which they had left behind, about the centre of the line, visited them in their distant and lonely place, eye turned to eye for a solution of the cause or result of its continuance. Evelyn most acutely felt the inactive and painful pause. His solicitude to learn something of the attempt on Slane was excessive. He listened, to catch, if possible, the remote noise of small-arms, which, as the light breeze blew fair down the river, he hoped might be conveyed along the gentle water, and so proclaim, at the least, that the hostile divisions had met.

Nearly another hour elapsed ere he heard something like the sounds he so earnestly expected. At the same moment William slightly moved in his saddle; his eyebrows were elevated, and a faint flush came to his cheek. The distant reports of musquetry continued, but he grew perfectly calm again; only drawing out his massive watch, as if to mark the time

at which he might expect intelligence of a certain event.

Within the second hour after his arrival on the slope, the king once more shewed signs of animation, quickly turning his head to the right. Evelyn heard the gallop of a single horseman, coming nearer every moment. Cannon and musquetry shots echoed, simultaneously, from the contiguous bank of the river, opposite to William; seeming to intimate that the rider was their mark. In a few minutes the express, pale and agitated, swept into the dell; spurred towards William, who now anxiously turned to hear his news; took off his hat; extended his arm, and moved his lips, as if making a convulsive effort to speak, and at the next bound of his horse, dropt lifeless from the saddle.

“Fool!” said William, bitterly rather than impatiently, “could he not have shunned their shot? Ride, sir, ride,” to one of his aids-de-camp, a fine young man, “ride to the centre, and bring me their tidings—and now, as time is precious, take the shortest way, by the bank of the river.”

With first a pale, and then a high-coloured

cheek, the gallant youth spurred off. Again some near shots were heard from the opposite bank, followed by the shout of a few voices. William frowned, vexatiously, and—

“Follow him, sir,” he said to Evelyn, who, in another instant, was sweeping along the river’s edge, completely exposed to the fire of some concealed foes, at the other side; and he had sped but a short distance when his horse swerved at the sight of the young aid-de-camp, lying motionless on the sward.

“Can I aid you, sir?” asked Evelyn. No answer came; and as he spoke, his own steed fell dead under him.

“Let me bear you aside,” he continued, extricating himself, unhurt, from the animal, But at another glance he saw that the youth was completely lifeless; a shot had reached him in the very heart; and the blood now burst through his mouth.

Seizing his horse, which stood near its dead master, Evelyn sprung into the saddle; pursued his course at fiery speed; gained the glen of the camp; spoke briefly with Schomberg; and returned with his tidings to the king;

choosing, however, a less dangerous route than that by which he had left him.

“The pass at Slane has been, at first, easily carried, my liege; the enemy’s horse pursued by Count Schomberg, round a great bog, towards Duleck; and their infantry, by Douglas, through the bog itself, they not having been up in time to shew any force, or form in a body; but strong reinforcements have since reached them from Dunore; they have rallied, and gained their lost ground; Douglas has sent to the centre for reinforcements, also; and Duke Schomberg waits the result.”

“And has he not himself yet moved on Old-bridge?”

“Not yet, my liege; considering that—”

“Back, sir,” interrupted William—“let him now try them there, however it may go at Slane; the different regiments, in turn, as I have notified; await you the trial, and again come back to report it.”

A brief space brought Evelyn, a second time, to the side of his old commander. Schomberg heard with displeasure the orders to cross the ford of Old-bridge. It was not time, he said.

But, conformably to previous arrangement, he noticed his early and long-tried friend, the brave Caillemotte, to lead over the advance of the centre; himself still remaining near the gorge of the glen, surrounded by a strong reserve, all infantry.

Old Caillemotte readily put himself at the head of the Dutch guards, and his own French protestants, and led them, shouting from the glen, whence a few moments brought them, by a turn to the left, straight upon the ford. The Brandenbergians, emulative of glory, could not be restrained from following them; and about ten thousand foot plunged at once into the river. Evelyn, his intense interest stronger than his personal fears, galloped to the bank, and there stood to witness the event.

So sudden an obstruction to the stream of the river caused it to swell, and many of the soldiers waded across, hip high, under a scanty and ill-directed fire from the Irish, who possessed the breast-works and old houses. Rapidly forming, as they gained the hostile bank, the brave foreigners instantly attacked their foes; and before the whole advance had crossed, the



Irish abandoned, first, the breast-works, and then the houses, leaving the enemy in easy possession of the ground they had been too anxious to occupy. But at this moment, Evelyn saw a movement among the dense body of horse, over them; and in a few seconds, down swept the formidable reserve, as if impelled by ungovernable fury and indignation at the retreat of their brethren. They came upon the Dutch and French regiments like a tornado; charged them, with frantic shouts, and broke through them in all directions. Their commander singled out Caillemotte, upon the verge of the bank; Evelyn recognized young Hamilton; after a few passes, Caillemotte fell; and treble confusion now seized the French and Dutch troops, who were cut down at every side, and forced back across the ford. The Brandenburgians, the last who had attempted it, turned and fled precipitately through the water, by the place where Evelyn stood; the French followed them; some of the Irish horse pursued the Dutch at the opposite side; and Hamilton, heading the rest, galloped through the river after the fugitives.

Ere he gained the English bank Evelyn flew

to Schomberg. At the news of Caillemotte's fall, the aged general flushed red with anger; not waiting to put on his corselet or helmet, gave the word to his reserve to follow, and rushed towards the ford. Hamilton did not appear, being, unknown to Schomberg, lower down, on the bank. Evelyn instinctively asserted his place at the old marshal's side. They met, in their way, the Brandenburgians, and the broken French regiments; rallied them; and Schomberg, placing himself at the head of the latter, led them a second time across. In the middle of the water he was stopped by two or three soldiers, bearing the dying Caillemotte.

"My old and faithful friend!" cried Schomberg, clasping his hand.

"To glory, my lads, to glory!"—shouted Caillemotte,—and died: and—

"Gentlemen, behold your persecutors!" Schomberg instantly exclaimed, turning to the French soldiers, and splashing onward.

The reserve he had ordered to follow him advanced but slowly; only about a thousand of its number had as yet entered the river; and this was a foot regiment of Enniskilleners,

headed by George Walker. As Schomberg, with the French, Brandenburgians, and the native allies, again showed a formidable front on the Irish bank, the galloping of horse sounded behind, and Hamilton, accompanied by his troop, dashed back across the ford—passed the Enniskilleners—a second time broke through the French—regained his own side—surrounded and hurried Schomberg and Evelyn along—and, at some distance from the river, turned upon the old general, and called on him to surrender.

The answer was a thrust of Schomberg's sword, which, with some difficulty, he parried, and they engaged furiously, while Evelyn was held prisoner by two soldiers.—After some enraged efforts on Schomberg's part, impetuosity and the weakness of old age exhausted him; Hamilton observed this, and reining back his horse, said—

“Surrender, brave old man, let some younger colleague—let your son, whom, to-day, I long to meet, fight out this matter with me.”

“Boy!” cried the insulted, not soothed old soldier, “content you with what his father can

do!" and he spurred to his antagonist, again strong in vengeance. The approaching tramp of infantry was heard—immediately their fire flew among the Irish troop; and a shot from one of his own soldiers brought Schomberg to the ground, quite dead.

"Wretches!" roared Hamilton, fiercely facing them, while his troop fell back, leaving Evelyn free, "What slave among ye fired that shot?"

"'Twas I!" answered the foremost soldier of the Enniskilleners, yet ignorant of its real effect, as he covered Hamilton with his musquet.

"Then be it your last!" and ere the man could pull a trigger, his skull was cleft to his eyes.

"Charge!" he continued, as almost his entire body of horse gathered round him, and, at the same time, some regiments of French infantry, rising from the near heights, where none had expected to see them, threatened the right of the English centre who were still crossing the ford, while the Irish foot also rallied, returned to some of their posts, and shewed a determined face. By this time, too, the news of Schom-

berg's death spread, like a blight, among his soldiers; the whole centre of the English force shook under the announcement; and at Hamilton's renewed charge, the Irish side of the river became wholly cleared of its foes; the French protestants, the Brandenburgians, the surviving Dutch, the English regiments, and, notwithstanding the superhuman bravery of George Walker, the Enniskilleners, all falling back in confusion to their own bank.

Evelyn found himself irresistibly involved in the retreat, mixed up with the Enniskilleners, and very near the Bishop of Derry: one small body of horse, the wildest-looking of the wild force, furiously and rashly pressed them through the water, and even pushed on, unsupported, after the whole English centre. Evelyn recognized in the mad leader of these madmen his old acquaintance, friar O'Haggerty. Nor was Walker slow in discovering him. As soon as the friar had reached the hostile bank, the bishop adroitly wheeled round him; cut him off from retreat, with a few of his troop; and,

“Well met, at last, brother,” he said, confronting him; “time settles all accounts; ’tis

some long years since you promised to meet me here, and make a certain story good."

"It is," answered the friar; "but, with the Lord's help, now I hold my promise, if you like the ground."

"There needs not better," resumed Walker, "with God to judge between us. Keep your stand."

He drew a pistol from his belt and fired at O'Haggerty, who instantly returned the shot. Their swords flew out, and clashed around their heads. They closed, seized each other's weapons, and dragged each other from their saddles. The fall loosed the hold of both; they started to their feet, and renewed the contest in a silence only broken by the toilsome breathing for life or death; their teeth clenched; their features set and stiffened, as if the muscles had been changed to iron; and their eyes shooting forth, with basilisk intensity, the deadly hate that filled them. The strife was short; O'Haggerty reeled and fell beneath a dreadful blow, and, as he went down, the bishop's point twice pierced his throat. Walker stood over him, an instant, his stern regards

changing to a grim smile as he contemplated his victory ; the friar stirred, and he drew and cocked a pistol, to make all certain ; while his glances were, for a second, thus diverted, the dying man slowly opened his eyes, fixed them on Walker, stealthily placed his hand on a long skein under his cloak, again closed his eyes, and, as the blood gurgled in his throat, seemed resigned to the last agony.

“ Friar,” in his usual slow and steady tone, began the bishop ; when, with a sudden and unexpected effort, the prostrate man sprung up, seized his conqueror by the breast, whose pistol was instantly discharged, with the muzzle to his head, but not before he had buried his hideous weapon to the hilt, in Walker’s abdomen ; and then falling lifeless, he dragged upon his own body, with the gripe of a bull-dog, his mortally wounded foe.

This scene, occurring in much shorter time than it has taken to describe, obviously excited the horror of the very soldiers whose trade was carnage ; but of none of the spectators so much as Evelyn, who, acquainted with the long-nurtured hatred between the two ecclesiastics, and

recollecting that to them was mankind partly indebted for the civil war that now desolated his country, witnessed such a consummation of their mutual bigotry, on the very field they had fomented, with a sickening of heart against the whole cause, and a feeling that degraded the chivalry of a well-fought day into a cruel and sanguinary conflict between petty passions and sordid interests, and a blasphemous outrage upon the name and the charities of God.

Disgusted and dispirited, he put his horse in motion to return to William; leaving the whole centre of the army content to form, as well as they could, at their own side of the Boyne; and Hamilton, content to stand opposite to them, now supported by the French and Irish infantry, and as if awaiting the answer of some expresses he had sent to Dunore, probably for reinforcements; his force being still much inferior to his antagonists, particularly since they had all rallied and got firmly together.

“S’death, sir!” cried William, the moment Evelyn approached him in his lonely defile, where, like a kite in a cage, he had for some time been impatiently snuffing his quarry afar



off, until at last his appetite grew wild with provocation.—“ S’death, sir, what a loitering knave art thou!—here has been one of my people to the river’s brink, half an hour since, and returned with news that it ran from Old-bridge foul with mud, and some redder stains perchance. How fares the centre?”

“ Repulsed, my liege.”

“ Slaves!” dashing spurs into his charger—but suddenly reining him up — “ and the right?”

“ No news from them, since, sir—and—”

“ Forward!” roared William, again furiously urging his horse, as he turned to his men,—and down to the river’s edge he instantly dashed, they and Evelyn following. The bank, where he gained it, was high; but in he plunged without a second’s pause, and in a few moments gained, with his left wing, the opposite side. And,

“ Forward!” still he cried, here pausing an instant, as, disengaging his wounded arm from the sling he had been prevailed upon, over-night, to rest it in, he drew his sword and waved it round his head—“ forward, gentlemen, to win,

alone, this blundering day, and teach yon saucy kerne their distance—on their flank! their flank! wherever they appear—courage, my friends, and victory—huzza!”

They cheered loud, and galloped after him. Small bodies of Irish horse were instantly seen flying from their reconnoitering points, along the river, and making for Dunore-hill, or passing it, as if to approach the Irish centre at Old-bridge. Evelyn spurred amain to keep by William's side.

“Caillemotte is down my liege,” he exclaimed, during the furious ride.

“Then I have lost a brave officer,” said the king.

“And old Schomberg, too, sir.”

“Is he? — he should have died sooner:” spurring hard.

“And Bishop Walker,” continued Evelyn.

“The fool! what did he there?”\* asked William.

They soon passed Dunore-hill, under a dropping fire of field-pieces and small-arms, that did little execution, and came in sight of a con-

\* Dalrymple, p. 40, b. 2, vol. i.

siderable body of French and Irish horse and foot, that, seemingly detached, in part from Old-bridge, and in part from Dunore, were hastily forming on the slope of a spacious ascent, the second between Old-bridge and the other point mentioned. A little village, called Sheep-house, approached by a winding lane—of which almost all vestiges are now gone—was behind them. As soon as William's falcon eye caught sight of the foe, he pointed them out to his people, again waved his sword, cheered, and led the way, still in a furious gallop, obliquely against the swelling ground.

At the distance of about fifty yards, he was saluted by a destructive volley of musquetry. Numbers of his soldiers dropt, and horses and men went rolling down the slope. Another volley had equal effect; but still William pressed on. And now the smoke of their own firing completely hid his enemies. Evelyn, as in terrible excitement, and some confusion, he kept at the king's side, could see nothing but a grey and dense cloud, out of which issued the quick and faint flashes that sent death among his comrades. But suddenly, at the command of a

rising breeze, it parted—rolled off—and he beheld, within a few plunges of his steed, the close ranks of French and Irish foot, brindling, in front, with bayonets and rude pikes, and wildly contrasted in uniform and equipment; while, at their left, a strong body of horse were just prancing into a charge.

The charge, a mutual one, was given; breast to breast the hostile steeds met; and, in the tremendous shock, their rival masters broke through each other's ranks, and all was confused strife, clash, groan, cheer, and execration. Evelyn's horse fell twice; and, scarcely sensible of his movement, he at last found himself hurried down the slope, along with the whole of the left wing: some Irish pikemen having taken them in flank, and produced utter disorder.

The enemy, horse and foot, retired to their position. William, with soul-stirring words, rallied his men; re-formed them; and prepared to make a second charge. At this moment additional squadrons of horse joined the Irish, from the direction of Old-bridge; portions of Dutch, French, and English infantry also appeared advancing, at some distance, along the

river's side to the king; while the loud report of musquetry and shouting, behind them, intimated that at the important ford, the contest between the centres of the two armies had been renewed; and that part, at least, of the English force had recrossed, now seemed evident in the approach of the foot to William.

Inspired by their sight, though not waiting for them, the king a second time led his horse up the eminence. The enemy retired through the lane into the village, and disappeared. Now confident of success, he galloped through it, after them; but the manœuvre proved only a feint to seduce him into more peril. Their horse charged furiously upon him; their foot appeared, at favourable points, over its hedges, and from some cabins at either side; and again William was repulsed. Leaving the Enniskilleners, whom he had at first headed, to meet the shock, he wheeled round to bring up the Dutch; but the Enniskilleners wheeled after him; and while, for the time, he vainly cried, "What, my friends! what, Irish, is not your king at your head, and will you do nothing for him?" All again became confusion.

While the main force fell back, Evelyn was

assailed by half a dozen Irish horse, and cut off from his comrades. Not cool enough to calculate his situation, he struck madly, at every side, prodigal of life.

“No quarter, if he strike another blow!” cried a shrill voice, advancing. But this only made him furious, and he continued to defend himself well, until the same voice resumed—

“To the traitor’s heart, then!” and as one of the wild-looking men half stunned him with a baffled cut, the features of Eva M'Donnell swam before his eyes, and, in the foreign costume he knew so well, Evelyn deemed that her sword was raised to shed his blood.

His brain reeled and he fell from his horse. There was the gallop of other horsemen towards him, and another face, of power to call up even more wondrous and confounding associations, seemed to flit, as in a dream, past him. Ere many seconds had elapsed, an Irish officer dashed up, flung himself from his horse, ran to Evelyn, struck aside the blade that was now descending, and—

“Quarter, quarter!” cried the well-known tones of Sarsfield, “this is my prisoner—ha! Mr. Evelyn? then we have met again.”

Evelyn could not answer him.

“To horse, sir,” Sarsfield continued, “and come out of further danger with me.”

Assisting him to mount as he spoke, he took Evelyn’s bridle, and led him, through the village, and the thick of the Irish troops posted in it, to the last eminence between them and Dunore-hill. Here Sarsfield paused, and turning his face to the battle, said—

“Let us note the end of the affair, in this point, ere I return with the bad tidings, to collect which I have alone been permitted to place my foot on the field, this day.”

Evelyn, now restored fully to his senses, found himself in a situation that afforded almost an entire view of the battle from Old-bridge to the village of Sheephouse. Bodies of foot still pressed over the ford, and were still charged by the Irish pikemen and horse left at that point. William had been joined by the detachment of foot, and stood, nearly under Evelyn, prepared for a renewed attack on the enemy that had twice foiled him. Other scattered portions of infantry escaped, as they landed, towards their king; often interrupted by flying troops of Irish horse. The whole Irish force at Old-bridge at-

tacked the last and main body of their enemies, and, at the same moment, William charged up to Sheephouse, so that over a great expanse of ground, all was now struggle, uproar, and dreadful interest.

“That’s Hamilton still at their head, yonder,” said Sarsfield, looking towards the ford; “great as is the distance, I know him in his saddle among thousands—they meet!” he exclaimed, grasping his sword, “and we are again successful—but see, Hamilton has ventured too far—he is cut off and taken prisoner.”

Even while he spoke, William once more charged, up the ascent, to Sheephouse, and once more was driven through the lane, down towards the river. Sarsfield cheered, and—

“Sheldon, well done! well done!” he cried.

But at this very moment, the tide of battle turned. The Irish horse, rushing precipitously onward, lost sight of, and left behind them, two English regiments of dragoons, commanded by Sir Albert Cunningham and Captain Levison, who, taking advantage of their absence, flung themselves from their saddles, jumped behind the now unoccupied hedges of the lane, there



waited the return of the hitherto triumphant enemy; as they galloped up to the village, fired on them, with deadly effect; threw them into disorder; then, cheering on a near troop, headed by the afterwards celebrated Ginkle, the Irish were taken in rear, pressed up the lane, and so kept employed until the whole of William's right wing, including its late reinforcements from Old-bridge, had time to rally, and a fourth time charge them at a disadvantage.

"By heaven and St. Patrick!" exclaimed Sarsfield, as he witnessed these accidents, "we are beaten at every point if William wins the village before our last little reserve at Dunore gets down to Sheldon—and does it yet move?" turning his eyes to the hill, over him, "no! not a yard! Ride with me, Mr. Evelyn! Oh, there is no time, now, to send him help! But hold—our weakened centre, at the ford, appears retreating on Sheephouse in a body—that may do! they may be up, in season, to take William in flank! ride, sir, ride!"

They wheeled up Dunore-hill, and found James standing in a church-yard, on its summit,

surrounded by some officers, and a considerable body of horse. His distended eyes were rolling over the plains and slopes below—he gaped—he gasped—and perspiration teemed from his forehead, as, with arms crossed over his breast, he desperately griped, in both hands, a naked but idle sword. Let justice still be done to one of the most unfortunate of mankind. Let not a shade of cowardice be attributed to him whose gallantry, until this day, friends and foes, and the brave and distinguished of different nations, concurred in asserting, and whose unparalleled afflictions, whose outraged and torn heart, may well supply an apology for the mingled extravagance and weakness that, since the usurpation of a daughter, characterized his conduct, and that now, on Dunore-hill, made him shudder at the unnatural chance of falling into the hands of that daughter's husband. The betrayed friend and deserted father had broken down; but James could not have been a coward.

“My liege, my liege!” cried Sarsfield, the moment he came up, “now, at the least, send down my Lucan men and their comrades, or all is lost!”

“How—where—whither!”—asked James, his presence of mind quite gone; “what news from Lauzan, and the left wing at Slane? that was your mission, General Sarsfield—speed it!”

“Lauzan has withdrawn the whole left towards Duleck, fearing young Schomberg’s movement to cut him off—but these horse, my liege—these horse! shall I lead them down to Sheldon?”

“Has the enemy much force at Old-bridge? I deemed their main body had marched on Slane—”

“You did, my liege, but it was in error; at Old-bridge their strength remained, and, while their left now tugs with our handful at Sheep-house—at Old-bridge they have crossed—”

“Reinforce our centre from our right!” cried James, wildly.

“Your majesty should recollect that there is no right; that after weakening the centre by detachments to the left, when your majesty deemed William’s main force had moved on Slane, Tyrconnel brought up his right to Old-bridge;—but it matters not—one good charge,

again successful, at Sheephouse, where, as your majesty may see, our whole present strength has concentrated — one good charge, I say—let Sheldon be well seconded, and—”

“Lauzan! Lauzan! where is Lauzan?” interrupted James, heedless of what was said, and shewing, in every look and word, the utter abandonment of an effort he had never manfully depended on, although obstinately and boyishly he had stood alone as its prompter—“where is our dear Lauzan, I ask, whose advice, alone, can now help us to a conclusion? You had our orders, sir, to send him a summons hither—”

“And obeyed the orders, my liege,” said Sarsfield, in cool indignation; “and he is here as a witness.”

Lauzan gallopped, indeed, at the instant, into the churchyard. James rushed towards him—would almost have embraced him.

“Let your majesty guard your sacred person!” exclaimed the French commander-in-chief, “let your majesty ride with me to join our left on the Duleck road—for Dublin, sire! For France!”

“Stir not, my liege!” cried Sarsfield, “the day still wavers—look! William is still kept in check at Sheephouse; the remnant of our centre has just joined Sheldon, there—order me to head my Lucan horse and join him, too—order Count Lauzan to march back his left—”

“Haste, sire, haste!” interrupted Lauzan, “or the enemy cuts you off from Dublin; your best friends are down or scattered—Sir Neale O’Neal at Slane; my Lords of Dungan and Carlingford, the Marquis of Hoquincourt, Arundel, Ashford, Fitzgerald, most of the exempts, and many other officers, in the centre; of Parker’s two squadrons of horse, but thirty men have come off—haste, sire—for safety—for life!”

“Is all then lost?” asked James faintly; Sarsfield,” he clasped his hand, and met his eyes, “good friend, farewell;” and he was turning off with Lauzan.

“God’s mercy, sir! do you leave us, without a cause? Will your majesty, whose courage the world has seen and praised, shew your back to the battle while it yet roars beneath your feet? All is *not* lost, my liege! believe not the

interested report of a dainty Frenchman—look round you—over the field—on this hill—and see your sacred person still protected ; command me down, I say ; or, mount, my gracious prince, mount your own good horse, and let me but spur at your side—head us, sire—head your own devoted people on a last charge—strike with your own sword one blow—for your triple crown, my liege—for your exiled queen—for your infant son—cry courage ! for God, for St. George, and St. Patrick !—and that will be the blow to end it !”

“ There is not a moment to be lost,” whispered Lauzan ; and James, his nerves completely shattered, moved like an automaton from the churchyard.

“ Gone ?” resumed Sarsfield, standing overwhelmed with shame and rage ; “ accurst be the tongue that prompts him ! accurst the rashness that brought us to this, and now too soon abandons us ! accurst be this day for us and for Ireland ! and see, already comes the teeming of the curse—Sheldon, unsupported, at last gives way, and wheels towards us—our shattered centre also retreat, round the rise, towards the Duleck

pass—the cheers of our enemies shake the hills and skies—the battle is lost!” he continued, grinding, rather than stamping, his iron heel into the ground; “Come, Mr. Evelyn, I have now but one duty to perform; my horse must follow to guard this poor king”—large bodies of Irish troops here passed towards the Duleck road in good order—“Tyrconnel, Sheldon, and the rest, will manage a retreat for the centre.”

An officer of dragoons, covered with soil and blood, galloped by the churchyard, and—

“Where is the king?” he asked, of Sarsfield.

“Gone, Sheldon, gone,” answered his brother officer.

“*Cead mille* curses!” cried the brave man, fiercely spurring off.

Crowds of soldiers, horse and foot, stopt to look over the inclosure in front, obviously astonished, and muttering their remarks to each other; and one, amid a group of very wild-looking fellows, said, in the simpering tones of the Whisperer,

“Mostha, aye; Shamus-a——” using a vulgar, cruel, and unmerited Irish expletive, recol-

lected to this day, but rather unsuited to our pages, "Shamus-a—— is gone, sure enough."

"Come, Mr. Evelyn," resumed Sarsfield; "my prisoner, although you have witnessed our shame."

"Your shame I have not witnessed, General Sarsfield," said Evelyn, wishing to soothe the agonies of a brave man's spirit, "it was a well-fought day."

"Sir," cried Sarsfield, grasping his hands, and echoing a sentiment expressed by some of his brother officers, "change generals with us, and we'll fight it over again."



## CHAPTER IX.

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WITH a stumbling step, amid graves and headstones, James turned with Lauzan from the churchyard of Dunore. Gaining his horse, he rode in speed and profound silence towards the left wing of his army, already, as has been said, in advance on Dublin, while the voice of the undecided battle yet sent its mingled roar after him. His road was a wild one, lying through a waste and flat country; the evening began, prematurely, to fall, for gathering clouds and tempest obscured the summer light; and thus, after about an hour's journeying, every thing, on his way, around him and above him, looked bleak and desolate as his fortunes.

At what was then called the pass of Duleck, Sarsfield accompanied by his prisoner, joined the fallen king; and it became there arranged that Lauzan should stay behind to assist the

other general officers in arranging the retreat of the whole army, while James proceeded southward to Dublin, escorted by Sarsfield's horse alone.

The melancholy journey continued, in unbroken silence. At about eight o'clock, James entered, for the last time, his Irish metropolis. As he and his escort passed some outposts of militia, and afterwards, the whispering groups of citizens in the streets, no question was asked of the couriers from the battle; men only looked on *his* brow, and then turned to each other to discuss the tidings they read but too plainly there.

Passing into the castle-yard, some hundreds of Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, the last unsubdued remnant of those gallant soldiers who, under the gallant Dundee, had just escaped from the failure of James's cause in the Highlands, appeared drawn up, awaiting his arrival, to make a tender of their services, as a guard for his person, willing to follow his fortunes over the world.

"Alas, brave men," answered James, "I can now give you no appointments suited to your rank. I am poor, as well as powerless."

The officers said, that not wishing to be a burden on their royal master, and only anxious to share whatever fortune was his, they begged permission to form themselves into a regiment of private soldiers for his service. He bowed, in agitated silence, and entered the castle.

"Let the council be sent for," he muttered to Sarsfield, as they ascended the stairs. The general obeyed his orders.

"If it be proper or possible," whispered Evelyn to his companion, "I should request leave to follow you; you know my motive."

Sarsfield hesitated; but James, himself, just then stopped on the stairs, and desired that the Enniskillen officer might attend him. Accordingly, Sarsfield and Evelyn followed in his steps.

"Wilson!" cried James, the moment he gained the great hall, speaking to a gentleman who bowed to him—"from France?"

"With letters from the queen, my liege."

Trembling in every joint, the deposed monarch tore open the packet.

"My God!" he cried, after reading it, "how doth fortune sport with me! here be tidings

that a death-blow is struck in our favour on the continent, Sarsfield; that Waldeck has been totally routed by Louis at Fleurus. Would to heaven, Sarsfield, I had listened to—but that is past. Welcome, lords and gentlemen,” addressing his two chancellors, Secretary Neagle, the Duke of Powis, the Marquis of Abbeville, the chief baron, and others of his council who then entered. “We have commands for your ear—and welcome, too, my lady of Tyrconnel,” who also appeared through the archway at the remote end of the hall, accompanied by her maidens of honor, “your lord is well, fair lady, and will greet you to-morrow.”

“For that, and for your majesty’s safety, grace to God,” replied his hostess, “choose you to sup, my liege?”

“Madam,” answered James, “did you know the breakfast I have had, you would not deem I held much stomach for supper.”

The lady and her attendants drew back. Evelyn’s eye became fixed on them.

“We have lost the day, my lords and gentlemen,” he continued, “and I prepare to take my

leave of you ; God has gone over from us to the Prince of Orange. We stand before you a deposed and defeated king ; whose worst crime—as the God who abandons him shall judge him ! whose worst crime was an effort to grant civil and religious freedom to all sects of his subjects. On that point I wish first to address you. Note it well. Note the awful declaration in which it is made. And let one of our enemies, now present, note both, and remember them.

“ With a desire and a plan to overturn the established religion of these realms, we have been charged. It is false. I here make no farther assertion, but the rather shew ye proof. Look at these papers. One is my testament ; the other an advice to our son, penned in the spirit of a similar advice of our martyred father, to our brother Charles ; and both prepared to meet the chance of the battle that has this day gone against us. As the solemn and true words of a man going to meet his last account, it must be regarded by you and by posterity ; for, die when I may, it shall pass to my son unaltered from its present shape and tenor.” (As James now read it, the document stands, indeed, at the

present day, well authenticated under the gracious auspices of the reigning sovereign.) “ Our leading injunction to the Prince of Wales is, as you shall hear,” resumed James, reading—

“ Endeavour to settle liberty of conscience by a law.”—“ Be not persuaded to depart from that. Our blessed Saviour whipt people out of the temple; but I never heard he commanded any should be forced into it.”—“ ’Tis by gentleness and instruction, and good example, people are to be gained, and not by terror.”

“ So much,” continued James speaking, “ for our true sentiments on religious toleration. Now hearken to some particular proofs of our wish,—so contrary to the foul charge pretended against us—to maintain, in place and ascendancy, even while we allowed equal privileges to Catholics, the established faith of our realms. In recommending our son to have five commissioners of the treasury, we desire him to choose three church of England men, one catholic, and one dissenter. In recommending two secretaries of state, we mention one protestant, one catholic. We advise him to have his war secretary catholic, and the secretary of his navy—the great,

though now shamed bulwark of Britain—protestant.

“ My lords and gentlemen, enough. When the fury of those whose hands are against me shall have passed away, men will rescue me, even by this evidence, from the charge of having plotted to overturn the protestant religion. When I am ashes, my cruel enemies will be confounded.

“ That—only in the view of granting to all my subjects freedom of conscience — my kingly privilege was asserted, I deny not—I wish not to deny. And what advice mainly prompted me to do so? It is said I have been misguided by bad advisers; some, perchance, there be, who attempted unsafe counsel with me; but who, I ask, was, in this matter, my counsellor? The royal martyr, our murdered father. From his written advice to our brother Charles, I became thus instructed :—

“ ‘ Your prerogative is best shewed and exercised in remitting, rather than exacting the rigour of the laws; there being nothing worse than legal tyranny.’

“ But, my lords and gentlemen, while I be-

lieved this maxim to be true, and lawfully strove to act upon it, I have been taught the truth of another, also contained in that advice of our royal father :—

“ ‘ I have observed,’ says the martyr of bigotry, ‘ that the devil of rebellion doth commonly turn himself into the angel of reformation ; and the old serpent can pretend new lights. When some men’s consciences accuse them for sedition and faction, they must stop its mouth with the name and noise of religion ; when piety pleads for peace, they cry out zeal.’

“ And so, my lords and gentlemen, turn we to present matters,” James continued ; “ the pass of the Boyne is forced by the Prince of Orange, and Dublin must immediately be evacuated. I am for France. Do not fire the city, nor in any way injure it. Hold it for the conqueror, and try to get his mercy for yourselves. Perchance he will prove kinder to you, than ever he did to his wife’s father. Farewell, my faithful servants. Faithful ye have been, yet now I part ye without the power of offering any recompense save my words—and tears,” the wretched king added, as he turned aside, and



those near him could, amid his groans and sobs, hear him name his daughters.

“What is to be done, I know not yet,” he went on, composedly, after a pause, “whether we can still have a blow for it, or yield at once—”

“Aye, a score hard blows for it, my liege,” interrupted Sarsfield.

“I hope little from my subjects in Ireland, if you mean that, Sarsfield. Often was I warned against them; and though they have not, like my English subjects, wholly forsaken me, yet am I assured by Lauzan that but for the cowardice of our Irish foot at Old-bridge, we need not, this day, have fled from the field.”

“Believe not Lauzan, my liege; he lies in his throat,” cried Sarsfield, warmly; and James turned with a—

“How, sir! this bold language to our face?” when he encountered a sharper rebuke from another quarter.

A hasty motion took place among the group of maidens who surrounded Lady Tyrconnel at the far archway, and, while Evelyn started as if it had been her spectre—Eva M'Donnell

slowly walked from amongst them towards where the king stood, saying loudly, as she came up—

“ If flying from the field be the question, my liege, who gave the lesson?”

“ God’s saints!” cried James, his temper consistent, at least, “ and by whom are we asked this insulting question?”

“ By one, sire,” continued Eva, “ who is a victim—and a willing one—to your cause and you. Who staked all upon it—and lost all. Whose affections have been blighted; whose father and brother have been sacrificed; and who stands alone and friendless, to-night, only because she and they loved their king too well. By an Irishwoman, my liege! who has in her veins the kindred blood already lavished to do you service—the blood that still throbs to flow, maiden as she is, in your righteous cause; but that, while it is loyal to you, is loyal to her country, also—and now rises, honestly and indignantly, to denounce the ingratitude, even of a king, which dares prompt him to slander the very bravery he feared to see out in his own cause. Do your pleasure with me, sire, for my

boldness;" she turned to a near seat, and averting her face, covered it with her hands.

"Now, indeed, farewell, my lords and gentlemen," resumed James; "the example of rude insult which General Sarsfield has set, seems to be too soon followed, and this roof no longer protects us; farewell! some more dutiful escort awaits us abroad, perchance—my daughters!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands as he rushed through the door, "this, too, ye have doomed me to hear."

"Gracious prince!" cried Sarsfield, starting across, dropping on his knee, and touching his skirt, while Eva also ran and knelt at the general's side—

"My king and master, pardon! and part not in anger from your devoted and loving servant."

"Pardon, pardon, sire," echoed Eva, "I am wild with many griefs, and knew not what I said."

"Sarsfield," answered James, extending one hand to him, and the other to poor Eva, "you are forgiven from my heart—nay, nay," as the general kissed his hand, "this is too much—

why, man, I feel your tears on my hand ; what ! a soldier, and weep ?” wretchedly smiling thro’ his own bitter tears,—“ rise ; farewell, and bless you—and you, poor young maiden,” he raised her and kissed her upturned forehead, “ pardon us, rather, the sorrow we have brought on you and yours, and fare you well, too—farewell to all. Ah ! my Lady Tyrconnel,” as a loud lament arose down the hall, “ will you not advance to make us an adieu ? so, fare you well—commend me to your lord. And now, once more, Sarsfield—”

“ My gracious liege, I go with you to Waterford.”

“ No, Sarsfield, no ; other officers can be better spared ; remain with the army ; agree with Lauzan as you can, and do the best, between you. On your life, no stirring hence !” he continued, as they both passed through the door.

In the yard, James found, added to the escort in waiting on him, a newly come regiment. He inquired who they were, and was told he saw, now hastily clad in the uniform of private soldiers, the Scottish noblemen and gentlemen he had met on his arrival. He started, and seemed

overwhelmed. He walked up to them, and, one by one, asked their names, and wrote them in his tablets. He thanked them, one by one, in a suppressed voice, for the honour they had done him. Then, removing to their front, he bowed, with his hat off; walked towards his horse; stopt, returned, bowed again, but burst into tears. The body knelt, bent their heads and eyes stedfastly on the ground; arose, and gave him the usual honors.

James mounted his horse. His escort, headed by many of his chief officers, got into motion. Sarsfield a second time bent his knee, and took his master's hand. All present remained uncovered; and, in the big drops of rain that announced a coming storm, "My daughters, Sarsfield!" whispered this real Lear, as he pressed his general's hand, and spurred upon his night journey towards Waterford. And, well, indeed, might he have applied to himself the well-known lines—

"Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters!

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness—

I never gave you kingdom, called you children—

You owe me no subscription; why then, let fall  
Your horrible pleasure !”

As James retired from the hall, Eva stood near Evelyn. She could not but have recognized him, yet she shewed no token that she had done so. Amid the confusion and distress that reigned around, he easily approached her ; and—

“ Eva ! adored Eva ! do you live—are you safe—do you stand by my side—and will you not turn to me to give happiness and accept protection ?” he said.

She walked away, with a strange mixture of coldness, loftiness, and deepest sorrow in her face and manner ; but spoke not a word.

“ Unjust, ungenerous Eva !” he continued, following her step, “ fickle, cruel, and inexplicable Eva ! why am I treated thus ? Oh, my heart bursts with questions, and aches and breaks for your confidence. Have I done aught to warrant its withdrawing from me ? only answer that !”

She bent on him an eye of dignified and deep reproach, and walked hastily towards her com-

panions. Still he followed ; but ere he could again come up with her, they, advancing as she moved, gathered round her ; and all were about to leave the hall.

“ I entreat—I demand the explanation !” Evelyn continued, speaking vehemently, and still walking on, when an officer of the household stopt him, and at the same moment Sarsfield re-entered, his step heavy, and his face clouded with sorrow, took his arm and led him back towards the public entrance to the hall.

“ Pardon, me, sir,” cried Evelyn, “ pardon the introduction of my private concerns at such a moment ; but here have I met again my affianced—my wedded lady—she who addressed the king ; and I appeal to you to procure me freedom and opportunity to approach and discourse with her.”

“ It cannot now be,” answered Sarsfield, “ the departure of Lady Tyrconnel for the south must first be thought of, and admits not the interruption of a moment ; but as your lady will accompany her, ye shall meet, some other day, and soon. I charge myself with remem-

bering it. For the present, Mr. Evelyn, bustle, bustle ; we all leave Dublin to-night ; and tho' James be gone, and William over the Boyne, there is yet one good blow left us on the banks of the Shannon."



## CHAPTER X.



EVELYN, accompanying the scarcely diminished Irish army that fought at the Boyne, arrived in Limerick. William did not pursue them, nor interrupt their motions: the news of the battle of Fleurus reached him on the field, and tamed his former ardour into prudence; and soon after, worse tidings came to hand; namely, another victory of the French admiral off Beachy-head, over the combined fleets of Holland and England; on which occasion, according to a Dutch writer, "France had all the glory, Holland all the loss, and England all the shame;" and after which, there was not left a ship to protect the whole coast of old England; while the triumphant enemy chased Torrington into the very mouth of the Thames, and set fire to one English village.

William well knew that his nominal and hard-

ly-earned victory at the Boyne was much more than counterbalanced by these great failures elsewhere—by the last, in particular, unparalleled in the history of Great Britain; that James, and the partizans of James were, notwithstanding their retreat southward, now placed on higher ground than they had ever before occupied; and while advice also arrived of the consternation of his friends, and the plottings of his enemies, in England, he prudently declined an immediate renewal of the contest with his Irish foes, against whom, after the effort they had made, and in their present rallied spirits, he could not be very certain of renewed success, at the same time that one advantage gained by them over him, would most probably cost him the crown of his three kingdoms.

Contenting himself therefore with almost full dominion in Ulster, and as much as he could, without fighting, secure of Leinster and Munster, he took Dublin, Carlow, Kilkenny, and Waterford, with their dependencies; advancing very slowly and cautiously, and shunning all contact with the Irish army.

“The only trial he has ventured with us,”

said John Grace, a representative of one of the oldest English settlers in Ireland, and aid-de-camp to Sarsfield, as, in Evelyn's presence, he and his commanding-officer discussed these matters—"was to detach Douglas, after the Boyne affair, to Athlone, garrisoned by our friends lately posted in the north, and having my old grandad Dick for a governor."

"And, there, he got no kind welcome, John," said Sarsfield.

"It so appeareth," replied the gallant and gay-hearted aid-de-camp; "that is my answer," quoth grandad Dick, blazing a pistol at the summoner, "and you may tell your master I will hold out, until I eat my old boots."

"And well did he keep his word; Douglas, at the head of his reduced ten thousand, has been gallantly repulsed, and forced to raise the siege," resumed Sarsfield; "so there is little comfort, still, for the bad tidings, from France and England.

"Heavens!" he continued, bitterly, though enthusiastically; "had James but considered the counsel we offered him—did he now stand by our side on the banks of the Shannon, with-

out having, at mad odds, risked a battle ; without the recollection of a repulse to thwart him, or console William—what a blow, in the very thick of some of the opportunities we foretold, might be made for our country.”

He took Evelyn aside.

“ Mr. Evelyn, I come, this morning, at last to bring you an answer, but such a one as I grieve to impart. After much mystery and reserve among the noble maidens attending here, upon her Grace of Tyrconnel, I am credibly informed your lady left Dublin, for some part wide of Limerick, at the very moment we evacuated the former city.”

No further explanation could Evelyn obtain. He assured himself that so much was correct, but none knew Eva's destination. That he remained thrice wretched must be believed ; but it would be impossible, as well as tedious, to attempt a continued portraiture of his feelings. Let us rather proceed with events that gradually brought them to a certainty.

The Irish remained in Limerick, governed by Monsieur Boisseleau, and principally officered by the prudent English Duke of Berwick, and

the mad Irish Duke of Tyrconnel ; while Sarsfield had little influence, being equally disagreeable to his French and to his native commander, for his notice of the hauteur of the one, and the rash and weak conduct of the other. Lauzan had withdrawn himself and his French allies to Galway, ostensibly with a view of garrisoning that town, but really in ennui of a cause that, since his landing, he regarded as hopeless, and sought to embarrass into a speedy termination ; while, from his present position, he sent over to Louis the most dispiriting statements, joined to earnest requests for transports, and a convoy to re-embark his army. Thus, then, Limerick was held by Irish soldiers alone ; and in the confidence of native though undisciplined strength, awaited the approach of William at the head of his veteran foreigners of different countries.

And in about six weeks after the battle of the Boyne, William at last deemed he might lay siege to Limerick : though it should not be forgotten that, ere he came to the resolution, he had re-advanced near to Dublin on his way to England, content to leave unsubdued, in the

heart of their own country, the foe he had arrived to exterminate. In the beginning of August he appeared before the town, approaching it in an easterly direction. His besieging army was twenty thousand strong. Turning round the walls, he occupied, with his encampment, some high ground called Singlands; and after the Irish, still engaged on their unfinished out-works, retired under shelter of their own guns, he planted his first cannon on an eminence, in advance of the camp, and within shot of the city; a position previously held during the siege by Cromwell's army. Having sent in a summons, and received, signed by the French governor, a very polite, technical, but point-blank refusal, he commenced his first cannonading against the citadel, a square building, at the extremity of the Irish town, nearest to his camp, defended, in front, by two well-mounted bastions, and in flank, along the contiguous wall, by four massive towers. The citadel is yet standing, converted, with some alterations and additions, into a purpose very different from that for which it was first erected; in fact, it is at present an hospital. Its bastions are in toler-

rable preservation, and the towers along the adjacent wall, one of which is the ruins of the black battery, shew, even in their crumbled fragments—the joint effects of devastating war, and equally devastating time—a formidable appearance. The curious observer will not fail to note, upon and about the citadel, the marks of William's balls, during this first cannonade; they are easily distinguished from the slow and noiseless breaches made by the lapse of almost two centuries; the abruptly-splintered coin, or the nearly circular concavity, still shewing how the hard stone was shattered or reduced to powder by each sharp concussion with the baffled shot.

In hideous recollections, Evelyn once more saw himself exposed to the chances of a siege. Yet he was surprised also to observe, that though the cannonading gave partial annoyance, it was by no means of the formidable kind calculated to make a breach, or seriously to awe an obstinate city; but his surprise was soon to meet a solution.

Limerick was then composed of the English town and the Irish town, the former situated

in an island, formed by two embracing arms of the Shannon; divided from the Irish town by the lesser arm, and by the greater from the county of Clare, formerly Thomond.

Against the remote side of the Irish-town William had sat down. Thomond Bridge, the only communication between the English town and the county of Clare, was well guarded and fortified. At its Limerick end was a gate, with portcullis; at the opposite one, the footing over two arches drew up, and warders, occupying turrets at either side, constantly had care of it. Beyond, entered from the very steep approach at the country side, stood King John's castle; two massive and imposing round towers, connected by a front only the breadth of a wide archway; which castle, with the perfectly level and well-built old bridge of Thomond, was the sole benefit King John or his insolent visit ever conferred on Ireland. At this time, double gated, walled in, and fortified by bastions, the castle chiefly served to increase the security of the bridge. In it also were the quarters of some distinguished officers; and of Sarsfield in particular.



Upon an evening, the second or third after the commencement of the siege, he, his favourite aid-de-camp, and Evelyn, stood upon one of its bastions, that afforded a view of the abrupt descent falling down to the drawbridge. All were silent. Occupied by their own thoughts, they seemed to watch the effect of the long slanting beams of the sun, streaming over the top of the rugged steep, from the open country. Suddenly, those beams flashed fiercely from the pott and breast-piece of a single horseman, who, at a rapid, and yet methodical gallop, gained the edge of the acclivity. Sarsfield started; marvelling, doubtless, at the rider's appearance from a quarter whence no friend was expected, and whence it was impossible a foe could thus singly approach. Evelyn also became interested, from a certain misgiving; and, as he kept his glance fixed—as the horseman, evidently careless of the peril of his rough and steep road, swept towards the drawbridge, he and his dull-black steed swelling to giant-size—Evelyn could not doubt his man—Galloping Hogan.

Advanced to within a civil distance of the

guard at the county of Clare end of the draw-bridge, the Rapparee drew up, and, as they challenged him, saluted them in a courteous, soldier-like manner. They parleyed together; and then a man walked from the group towards an entrance to King John's castle: demanded to speak with General Sarsfield; was answered, from the bastion, by the person he sought; and, finally, referred Sarsfield to Hogan. The general again asked from whom Hogan came. The soldier did not know. "Let him advance to where you stand;" and Hogan accordingly gave the rein to his willing steed, who in a few stretches of his colossal limbs brought his master to the spot required. Here the Rapparee gave another technical salute up to the bastion, and composed himself to answer questions.

"If you seek General Sarsfield, he is before you—say your errand, sir."

"With all duty and courtesy, gineral, to your private ear," answered Hogan.

"From whom come you?"

"An' I'll tell that, too, if you let me—in my own way, gineral."

"From friends or foes?"

“ Friends, afther a manner.”

“ I should suppose,” said Sarsfield to Grace, “ only for the unusual likeness to a soldier, in the fellow’s furniture and manner, as, also, indeed, the utter stupidity of his vacant, staring features, that he was a Rapparee.”

“ Doubt him not for those reasons,” observed Evelyn; “ the man is truly what you suspect; I know him sufficiently well.”

“ Then I will speak with him, at the safe side of the wall though; for while they usually affect to be our friends, these rascals have ever their own interests in whatever they do. You, sir—fall back on the guard.”

Hogan, again saluting, obeyed. Sarsfield descended to the gate; in a few minutes Evelyn saw him joined by the Rapparee, now on foot, and they walked up and down, engaged in earnest conversation; Sarsfield, though a good-sized man, looking like a boy, beside his truly gigantic companion.

The information Hogan conveyed seemed much to interest the general. He stopt; frowned earnestly at the Rapparee, as if at once to doubt and probe his story; then spoke quickly,

as if cross-examining him; paused again; waived Hogan, after a few additional words, towards the guard-house, and returned, much excited and mentally occupied, into the fortification.

The moment he joined his friends, on the bastion, he drew John Grace aside, and gave him some instructions which roused, into an energy equal to his own, the features of that young officer. As they parted, Evelyn heard these words—

“Closeness and prudence, John; five hundred of my own horse, at the least, to meet me here by half an hour past nine; the harvest night will then have fully fallen; and ask no more to be of our party; I trust none other with my purpose, and therefore no other can I leave behind to tend the signal fire from Mary’s steeple; so, to business, John; and remember the signal; if they make no stir at William’s camp, let it burn evenly, till midnight; if they do—and see that our spies look close, and bring you tidings, good and quick—then, three times let it blaze high, and three times go out, and so shape it till the morning—farewell.”

His aid-de-camp retired, and he turned to Evelyn.

“ Mr. Evelyn you are concerned in this. I have often heard you wish to get free discourse, under a safeguard, from the Rapparee captain called Yemen-ac-knuck ; come with me, when the night sets in, and, as I can hear, we shall see him before morning.”

“ Thanks, sir ; and I shall willingly ride with you ; always assured that I am not exposed to join in any attempt against King William’s arms.”

“ Content you, sir ; I speak but for your private advantage ;” and Evelyn had no more to say.

Sarsfield remained near him, sometimes standing motionless, his face turned to the right up the river ; sometimes striding impatiently along the contiguous wall ; and sometimes turning his flushed brow to the tardy west, as if impatient of the dull red glow that was so long fading into the blank of night ; while the short, quick sighs that will flit, at intervals, from a breast stuffed with a great and checked purpose, served more particularly to denote his mood.

At last the moonless night fell down; the hour was come; five hundred Lucan horse awaited his pleasure at the gate; and in a few seconds he and they, Evelyn by his side, dashed up the steep ascent, leading to the country; met Hogan, ready-mounted, at its top; and without a moment's pause, the Rapparee, placed at Sarsfield left-hand, and well looked after by dragoons, before and behind, led the way, soon turning to the right, along the road to Killaloe, a considerable village about ten miles up the river.

During the commencement of the hard ride, Evelyn could perceive that the route gave occasional glimpses, to his right, of the broad and curving Shannon, drearily visible even under the shadows of night; while to his left, and before him, ran, almost at a parallel with the road, the remote county Clare hills, relieved, in their intense blackness, against the dim sky, at the nearest commencement of their range, but mingling and massing with the general gloom, as they receded, at a distance.

Some little time, after leaving the city, and getting into this line, where, obliquely, and

from a good distance, a gun detached from the hostile battery might possibly be brought to bear on them from William's side—

“Fair an' asy, here,” said Hogan, pulling up; “the night an' the wather, together, are the divil entirely for sharpenin' people's ears; an' though it's a crooked shot they'd have to make, betther let the horses' hoofs go as quiet over this rocky road as a body can; pace is best; I believe you are of my mind, Ginerall Sarsfield.”

“I am; though we should little regard their shot, yet their observation we do not want.”

“That's the thruth, ginerall; though upon my honor, a shot or two might not be amiss, now, at laste; howsomdever it was thrown away on a single man and horse, like myself, this evening.”

“What, they saw you coming, then?”

“Troth an' they did; an' had the impidence to bring a flying gun to bear on me, too; but that's what I call wilful waste, ginerall; for, supposin' they done their work never so well, no single man an' horse—the best-sized on the face of the earth—ever pays the waste of shot

and powther, barrin' from a firelock, carabine, or petronel."

"You say true," answered Sarsfield, smiling at the matter-of-fact, and, certainly disinterested calculations of his guide—"and you must have seen service, I reckon."

"That," replied Hogan, "is visible, I believe, to any soldier who notes my appearance, which I studiously attend to even among the poor cratures it is now my lot to call comarades. I was with ould Schomberg at Maestricht, when he prevailed on little Willy to raise the siege, before they grew cronies, in the long run."

"Why did you leave regular service?"

"A thrick I had of not likin' to stay long in the same place, or doin' the same thing. I began the world with a light heart an' a thin pair o' breeches. My father had eleven of us, all as big as himself; all able to ate and drink as much, God bless the mark, and very little to give us, for that same purpose, afther the estate grew into a thrifle o' debt, an' the husbands o' seven o' my sisters cum down on it for marriage portions. So we had to cut out our own loaf with our own hands; an' one went east, another



west; one south, an' another north; one this way, an' another that; an' my ownself went over to their high mightinesses. I liked them well enough, for a time; their atin' an' drinkin', an' smokin', an' fightin'-work, an' all; but there was a bother about somethin' or other they thought to lay to my charge; a little misunderstanding on the head of a weighty walise belonging to an officer of our own corps; to say nothin' of the hole in his crown that they supposed he never got from the enemy; an' so, this, an' more o' their glum an' goster about the measure of Hollands I allowed myself—as if a man of my inches could live on what sarved, well enough, a bit of a stumpy Dutchman—why, upon the whole, I say, I got tired, and left them.”

“ And then came home, I warrant?”

“ Just so, gineral,” answered Hogan, “ in the saison.”

“ To command an independent army of your own,” continued Sarsfield.

“ That same, for some time, till I met a better man than myself, and afther a fair thrial between us, allowed him the upper hand; all in

honor, you see, ginerall; naatural talents and gifts ever gain their own, the world over; and a man, howsomever great, is bound to sarve a greater as loyally as ever he took care of himself, when oncet they come together, and the struggle for who shall is past."

"I respect your reasoning," said Sarsfield, half serious, indeed, in his admiration of the honor amongst rogues, thus illustrated; "how soon was this after your capture of Mr. Evelyn's house, in the north?" for Evelyn had told Sarsfield the story.

"Long afther, ginerall; and I see the fame of that clever little affair has reached you; long afther our retreat from Derry, even, where I was commander-in-chief of the independent Irish brigade, until it increased to such numbers as to require to be fairly halved between myself and another; then I marched for the south, about here, with my own half; my colleage, that at the time, I never saw, stopping in the north; and, under the convanient thravelling name of Yemen-ac-knuck, doing such wondhers as made nothing of my fame, in my own district; so that I got jealous of him; I mane in the way

that brave men get jealous of ach other ; and longed to meet him face to face, and, as I said, have a thrial for it ; and there's the end o' my story ; Yemen-ac-knuck, and no other, is the man that got me undher."

"What !" cried Evelyn, "a person so young, and so insignificant in bodily prowess ? I take it for granted the trial was a personal rencontre ; and, as I know, or some years since did know the lad you speak of, his victory over such a man as you, General Hogan, much surprises me."

"Captain Hogan, if you plase, masther ; the title of ginerall does not fairly belong to me, since that same day we're spakin' of ; and don't be so much surprised, masther ; (I have not the honor of recollecting your name, though the voice is somewhat familiar to me)—the few years you mention may have done a good dale towards adding to the size of General Yemen's four bones, and putting good muscle on 'em ; and I promise you, masther, that when I met him, only a few months ago, he was what you'd call a tall fellow ; that is, if he stood alone, and out of view of a man of rare stature ; and, perchance, mak-

ing up in activity, and, most of all, in a knowledge of his limbs and weapons, what he wanted in weight and inches."

"It may be," answered Evelyn, "but where, and in what manner, did ye meet?"

"On a northern road, and in the manner following. Not able to hould myself quiet, with the noise of his great doings, I took it into my head to gallop a-bit, alone, to the north, and have one look at this Yemen-ac-knuck. Well, masther; as I was one day gallopping along a bye-road, I met a man, alone, like myself, coming hot against me; and, says I to him, 'do you know any thing of one Yemen-ac-knuck?' 'A little,' says he, 'maybe you're looking for him?' 'I am,' says I, 'and I cum many a mile to see him.' 'Any special business?' says he, 'Why, yes,' says I, 'I'd like just to get him afore me, and, afther all his mighty great doings, have one bout to thry which shall.' 'Would you?' says he, 'then you needn't thravel much farther; I'm Yemen-ac-knuck.' 'You!' says I, looking at him. 'Aye, my own self,' says he. 'Very well, again,' says I, 'and do you know who I am?' 'No,' says he, 'maybe you'd tell.' 'Maybe I

would,' says I; 'I'm Gallopping Hogan.' 'Are you?' says he, reining back his horse, to take a good view o' me, while I done the same by him; and so, we shook hands, and afther chatting a-bit, went to our work, like two brothers.

"The first thrial was at the wrastling. We sthripped to the buffs, and took houl't of ach other. He threw me, two falls out o' three; aye, well may ye cry out; but it's the blessed thruth I'm telling. 'You're the man, so far,' says I; 'will you thry a long shot with the carabine, now?' 'Never say it again,' says he. And with that, we stept thirty steps from one another, and fired, at a word. His first ball took me in the flish of the back; his second, in the flish of the cheek; his third—but before he fired that—'now, just to touch your hip,' says he, and before the saying was out, I felt it in the hip, sure enough. 'I know you're not hurt,' he then called out, 'with any o' the three shots, as I made the proper allowances; but they all grazed you; and as none o' yours came nearer than an inch, or so, I suppose this will do, too.'

"I agreed in the same, and we stept up, face to face, again. 'Put on your pott, and your

back-and-breast,' Yemen-ac-knuck went on, 'and draw your soord.' 'Never say it again,' says I, cock-sure of the matther, now, at laste. So, we helped ach other to our defences and weapons; picked out a handy bit o' ground, crossed our soords, and began our last work with two hearts as light as any feather.

"As I expected, this came to my hand nater than the wrastling or the shooting; and afther a good half hour he wasn't able to scratch me. 'Let us rest,' says he, 'and go to the brook for a sup o' water; the day is hot.' 'Let us,' says I; and we went; sat down, a bit, afther dhrinking; cum back to our ground, and tackled-to for the second bout. In a little time I drew a taste o' blood from his showllder; and when he felt it and saw it, Yemen-ac-knuck lost all chris-then temper, and his face grew so angry, and so grand, along with it, that it was frightful. I never saw, afore, a mortial man able to stir me with a look, or able to make me feel he was my masther; not among all the great men, ginerals, and kings, that came under my eyes, did I ever see his likes, in regard o' that; and 'your sword—your sword, fellow!' he cried out, closing me.

My heart gave it up before my hand ; and it was no cowardice, but the masthery he had over me by coorse of nature, I think. He got it, and bid me beg my life. ‘ No,’ says I, ‘ but if you give it, I’ll sarve you loyally, while my life lasts.’ ‘ Well,’ says he, getting mighty quiet in a moment, ‘ that will do as well ; bettther, maybe ; you’re a tall, stout chap ; and I believe I may depend on you.’ And, with that, Ginerel Sarsfield, we sthruck a bargain ; I marched up my men from the south, to put ’em, undher him, at the Boyne, where we worked, together, our two brigades helping ach other ; and from that day to this, I’m Yemen’s captain ; and by the same token, his courier to you, this holy and blessed night.”

The Rapparee’s story brought them past the point at which they could have continued exposed to any observation ; of this he gave notice, himself ; and urging the propriety of their renewing their “ bit of a gallop ;” all set off, under his guidance, at full speed.

The road over which the party journeyed, was not the same now usually taken from Limerick to Killaloe. Our predecessors seem to

have been possessed with a stubborn idea of going forward in the straightest line possible, and were not to be deterred from this resolve by any except insurmountable obstructions; accordingly, their route from Limerick to Killybeg, at the time of our story, ran boldly forward over hills so steep as to give the panting horse an appearance as if he went on his hinder legs, only, and then, of course, down precipitate declivities, that, *vice versa*, seemed to throw his heels into the air. When rocky barriers or high banks opposed, no effort had been made to remove them; so that the way often became narrowed almost to the breadth indispensable for a single horseman; and huge stones sometimes choked up even such passes, leaving the Lucan troopers to struggle on as they might. For the greater part of the route, a thick wood of old oak spread at either hand, nearly excluding the feeble starlight; and more than once they had to dismount, to bring their eyes in close acquaintance with the difficulties to be surmounted.

A road, very nearly in the same line may, at this day, be travelled; but our present taste,



or our more effeminate attention to convenience, has suggested the propriety of wheeling round the bases of the hills, instead of clambering over them ; rocks that would have defied old time till doomsday, have disappeared before the ephemeral cunning of those whom time has out-lived ; and altogether the way has been freed of the impediments Sarsfield's men had to contend with ; so that, with all our veneration for antiquity, we are reduced to admit, that if we have lost much of the Herculean prowess of our ancestors, in surmounting toilsome difficulties, we have providentially acquired a better method of avoiding them.

From the summits of the different heights, as he went along, Sarsfield turned in his saddle to fix his eye on the beacon light that flared on Mary's steeple, and ever it met his glance burning brightly and steadily, without a variation, save that caused by gradually increasing distance. But another sudden flame, bursting out upon an eminence, over the road, now startled him, and caused him to question Hogan.

"That's a token that friends are near at hand, gineral, to greet you, and pass you on ;—the

signal appears from the ould castle of Aherina, built by the red-haired Danes, I hear say, in the times gone by; an', to tell God's thruth, the thieves were no great hand at the architecture: it's on the highest knock, about here, though many more knocks surround us, not to be seen by raison of the darkness:—the lads wait your challenge."

"Then will I follow you; stand, men, and expect me here; a few only, with us; are you curious to mount to this Rapparee fastness, Master Evelyn?"—

Evelyn accompanied him, Hogan, and the few dragoons up the little hill. They were challenged by some persons, who stood inside a rude trench that, at a short distance, surrounded the old building, and whose half-naked figures and wild features were in part lit up by the glaring light from the top of one of the rudest of those square castles, formerly abounding in Ireland, and of which the ruins of many, and of this among the number, are yet to be seen. Hogan answered their challenge; they returned a shout of recognition; and while some hastened to remove a barrier of sods

bushes, and large stones, that filled a gap in the inclosure, others entered the building by a rude gothic archway, so low as to require them to bend almost double. They shortly returned, attending a person who, from his steel cap and breast, in which the flame bickered brightly, seemed to be their commander. As he rushed out to greet Sarsfield, in a manner at once ardent and wild, Evelyn recognized Con M'Donnell.

And the recognition was mutual. Suddenly checking himself in his hurried advance to Sarsfield, the dumb man's eye fixed on Evelyn; and emitting a fearful scream, he snatched a piece of flaming wood from one of the men—ran with it towards our astonished friend—held it up to his face—screamed again—drew back—looked very angry and agitated—drew his sword—and made signs to the surrounding Rapparees to take into custody the object of his wrath.

There was a movement to obey his commands; but Sarsfield first, and Hogan next interfered; the latter conversing with Con M'Donnell, in his own language; often pointing to the road, as if to warn him of the proximity of five hun-

dred of the celebrated Lucan horse ; and at last it seemed that the expostulation proved successful. The dumb man paused a moment—glared his fiery eyes on the ground—took a sudden thought—seized a horse, near him—led the way down the eminence, and in a few moments, the whole Limerick party were in renewed motion after him at a furious rate ; Hogan, as if from a proper care of the character that had gained him his surname, he resolved not to be outgalloped by any man, keeping close by Con M'Donnell's side.

The night seemed trebly darker than before, on account of their sudden removal from the strong flaring lights at Aherina Castle. Straining against a steep hill, they continued a route, that, at almost every step, still presented a difficulty ; the night-wind moaning over a black moor below them, and agitating with a hollow noise the myriad branches of the great wood that stretched across to the mountains ; then they descended, and got a view of the twinkling lights of the little village of Bridgetown under them ; itself partly on a height though thus commanded by a greater one. Gallop went the

dragoons down the steep, scaring the few inhabitants of the lonely group of cabins, and doing their best to keep in sight Hogan and his dumb companion, and (at last) his match ; splash they went over a rough stream that crossed the road, at the bottom ; up they strained, passing the little village like a whirlwind, against an ascent, at its other side ; round they wheeled, to the left, now approaching the forms of vast hills that had hitherto only vaguely overshadowed the blank waste to their left, and before them, but that now cowered round in some shape and meaning ; onward, still onward, until they were shut up amid amphitheatrical curvings of hills, on every side ; round, round again ; and down and up, and down again, until the horses' hoofs rung hollowly over the little bridge of Ballycorney, that with one rude arch crossed a considerable mountain torrent, rushing from the hills to their left, through a deep wooded dell at either side ; and here Sarsfield gave the word to halt, while he inquired who would undertake to guide him and his men across the Shannon, three miles up at Killaloe.

The only person present acquainted with the

ford was Captain Hogan; but with much propriety he stated, that having only crossed it once or twice, and, on both occasions, in the day-time, he could not take upon himself the responsibility of guiding over it, in the darkness of night, so large a body of men; he added, however, that on his way to Limerick he had made it his business to inquire, in the neighbourhood, who was most likely to afford, at a pinch, such a good service; "and yonder, general," continued Hogan, pointing to a respectable looking house on the steep road-side, "yonder lives the man; Masther Cecil, I hear, son of the owner of the house." In a few minutes, half a dozen carbines thundered at the door; and in as short a time as the young man could employ in attending to his person, he was, without a choice between refusal and assent, mounted behind a trooper, Sarsfield's cocked pistol at one ear, Galloping Hogan's at the other, and both, he was given to understand, ready to be used in case of treachery, or even want of zeal, with indifferent good effect; so that, although a staunch Williamite, Master Cecil found himself compelled to guide the Lucan

horse towards Killaloe ford, on James's service.

Up from Ballycorney bridge, the five hundred Lucan horse again clattered, just as a waning moon began to rise, and faintly shew a somewhat more open and expansive view than had hitherto been afforded; the river curving through valleys and plains; and the near mountains, before mentioned, coming out, as they half caught the weak light, into greater varieties of form; crossing and intersecting each other; and above all, the bold summit of the Crag hill, particularly visible; while to the right, over the river, Sarsfield and Evelyn, directed by Hogan, beheld the gloomy range of mountains, situated in the county of Tipperary, towards which they were in motion, and which, at earlier periods of their forced march, could have been seen, were it day-light, or, as was now beginning to be the case, even moon-light.

“And there they are,” said Hogan, “Llieve Iellum, that is, the mountains of Iellum, an ancient prince of the district; improperly, and as my worthy instructor often told me when I was a boy at my buke, imgrammatically called Slieve Bloom; Slieve being the singular; and

also fitly turned, *Dho knock-dhee-og*, or the twelve hills, there being that number remarkable above the rest by reason of natural size and importance."

Scarcely attending to the Rapparee's half-heard topography, Sarsfield watchfully followed in the steps of his new guide, often urging him to increase his speed. Again, the wild and wayward road, after precipitously descending to Ballyheige brook, made many turns and sweeps, each alternately shewing, like the sudden changes of a panorama, close and stupendously-open scenes; until, at last, Killaloe appeared in sight, partly on an eminence before them; with, not more than a hundred yards farther on to the left, a broad spread of the Shannon, called Lough Diergart, shining in the more matured moon-light, and encompassed by numerous curving hills, of which some of the bases dipt into the placid water, particularly that of the bold and barren Crag, while a dark clump of trees, just at the shore, marked the spot where, it is said, Brian Bourhoime had his patrimonial castle.

Gallop came the formidable party into the



little town of Killaloe, frightening to their doors or windows, and then back again to their beds or hiding places, the startled and marvelling inhabitants. Evelyn scarce had time to cast his eye over the venerable though by no means splendid cathedral, which he had heard was built, in 1165, by Donald O'Brien, King of Lumneach, (Limerick); or to notice, near to it, a curious old structure, with a slanting stone roof, of which he had also heard, and which an English-Irish antiquary has since pronounced to be a specimen of the earliest christian temples constructed in Ireland; Sarsfield, not allowing a moment's pause, obliged young Mr. Cecil to lead the way over the Shannon, at a ford, some yards above the present bridge of Killaloe, and then commanded by a fort and battery. Half an hour before midnight, all his people had safely crossed into the county of Tipperary; and still, without breathing, the wild sortie was continued, over hill and hollow, dwarfishly wooded, or boggy and barren, the Llieve Iellum hills now very near, with their black and massive despot, the Keeper, frowning prominently amid all.

About two miles might have been passed, after crossing the Shannon, when the party had to dash over an angry mountain brook, that ran through a deep wooded hollow, receding, blackly and mysteriously, to their right and left. Ere Hogan and Con M'Donnell led the way, they hastily pulled up at the stream's edge, and while the dumb man gesticulated violently, the Rapparee Captain gave a shrill whistle. Sarsfield could scarce demand the cause of a signal that somewhat alarmed him, when it was caught up and repeated again and again, all through the recesses of the hollow, and more than a hundred men were seen breaking through the wood, on every side, or running up and down the chafing brook, in motion towards Hogan. Aware of the occasional treachery of the Rapparees to friends, as well as foes, Sarsfield looked close, half suspecting an ambush of the regular enemy; but a moment's observation told him he was approached by the same kind of half-naked, though fully armed people who had garrisoned Aherina castle; and when they had all gathered round, he was further relieved by

noticing their inferiority in number to his own troop.

"It's only an out-post, gineral," remarked Hogan, perhaps in intended reply to Sarsfield's manner; "for howsomever safe we may be among these hills, betther sure than sorry is our word. Is all right at the camp?"—to the young fellow who seemed to command the wild party.

"All's right," answered the lad; "and we expected you; tak' a score of my men to lead ye on—they ken the road best."

Hogan assented; and with "bannochth-lath," and "gude night til ye," the two Rapparee officers parted.

"Stop!"—cried Evelyn—"surely I know that voice. Here is the good fellow, General Sarsfield, I have come to see—"

"No stoppin', if you plase, masther," answered Hogan, increasing his gallop, to cross the defile which, since their days, goes by the name of *Labba-dhy-ah*, or Bed of Thieves.

"Perhaps you are not aware, sir," continued Evelyn, "that you have just seen the conqueror

of the doughty Galloping Hogan—Yemen-ac-knuck.”

“ Indeed?—that slight boy?”—asked Sarsfield.

“ Take care you know what you’re saying, masther,” observed Hogan, in reply to Evelyn.

“ Why, you spoke of Yemen-ac-knuck; and that lad I know to be he.”

“ Oncet upon a time, maybe so, masther—bud it’s a name that sarves many’s the one, now a’-days.”

“ What!”—cried Evelyn, quickly associating some former incidents, and passing suspicions, too—“ is Yemen-ac-knuck another person then?”—

“ Wait, a-bit,” answered Hogan, “ I thank my God I have something dacent to shew for the story I tould, than sich a scratch-cat as that.”

“ But tell me,” resumed Evelyn, much excited—“ what is the real name of your general?”

“ It’s hard to tell what a body doesn’t know, masther.”

“ Well—only another word—did he fight at the Boyne?”—

“ I tould you so, afore, masther.”

“ Supporting Sheldon’s horse?”—

“ Thru for you, I’m thinking.”—

“ Then I have, indecd seen him!”—thought Evelyn, “ and, every way, that lying girl has deceived me! thank God!”—and not clearly knowing why he felt such joy, at all events in reference to his connexion with Eva, Evelyn rode on in high spirits, and in earnest and agitating expectations.

CHAPTER XI.

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“ From Limerick, that day, bould Sarsfield dashed away,  
Until he came to Cullen, where their artillery lay ;  
The Lord cleared up the firmament, the moon and stars  
shone bright,  
And for the Battle of the Boyne he had revenge that night.”

*Irish Ballad.*

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STILL—(as since they crossed the Shannon they had done)—pressing over small hills, diving into hollows, and splashing through brooks, the road now seeming to wind off from a forward course, now coming upon it again, the party, after midnight, saw a partial illumination in the atmosphere, and presently arrived at the place of their temporary destination.

From a considerable eminence, they descended into a flat of black boggy ground, encircled by a chain of low hills, thickly wooded, and overtopped by the sombre and shadowy forms of distant mountains. A round, stagnant lough,

spreading over about three acres, was in the middle of the bottom thus hemmed in and embowered; and, again, the lough inclosed a little round island, of about a quarter of an acre. By the verge of the water, Evelyn indistinctly saw groups of rude huts; similar edifices seemed huddled together on the island, one of superior size rising over the rest; while other dark masses, stationary, or in slow and wavering motion, gave indication of the human occupants of this solitary and dreary scene. Indeed, at his first glance, every thing was but vaguely apprehended by Evelyn. Lurid gleams from the huts, or, here and there an expiring fire, alone relieved the surrounding objects, animate or inanimate, for the rising moon was almost wholly excluded; and from the middle of the island, solely, spread the somewhat superior blaze that, faintly reflected in the atmosphere, had, at a little distance, intimated his approach to the grand head-quarters of the Rapparees. The changes wrought by time have since dried up the little lough; but its site is well known, among the hills; and any traveller as adventurous as Sarsfield, or ourselves, may still find the

place we describe pointed out to him as, in former days, the freebooter's haunt.

From the swampy nature of the ground, horses could not approach the lough; all accordingly dismounted; and while Hogan engaged that a majority of the dragoons should, under his eye, be well looked after, Sarsfield and Evelyn, led by Con M'Donnell, and accompanied but by a few of their own men, stealthily paced onward. The living masses now began to thicken around; and cautious whisperings and low talking came from persons they could not see. But when, at the edge of the water, Con M'Donnell uttered a wild cry, as if giving a signal to the island, they were instantly surrounded by hordes of shock-headed Rapparees, now more discernible in the chief light that shone across the lough; some wearing portions of the uniform of almost every regiment, on both sides, in Ireland; some, the rags of the common coat, vest, and breeches, generally adopted by the peasantry of the south; and some, nothing but a profusion of coarse grey cloth, amusingly emulative of the cut of a top-coat, but which hung in easy folds around their naked limbs, its arms never used, dangling be-



fore or behind, as we see to be the case with some of the costume at present in esteem amongst a portion of His Majesty's horse-soldiers. Of those whose appearance was most *en militaire*, a steel cap, with a projection about the ears and back of the wearer, something like a London dustman's hat of our day, was worn by a fellow who, except his flowing great coat, appeared otherwise naked; or the breast-piece of a dragoon adorned another, upon whose head was no covering of any kind; or a high conical grenadier's cap was sported by a third, joined to a horseman's buff jacket, or else a fine fringed and embroidered French vest; or, haply, a fragile hat and plume, that once graced the brows of gentle maiden or matron, now unfitly, and with some hideous intimation of the way in which it had been obtained, flapped and waved over the harsh and grimacing features of a fourth. The legs and feet of all had, indeed, one common uniform—Adam's, when he was innocent. The wild people grinning graciously, and ducking low to Sarsfield, as if, from Con M'Donnell's return and signal, they knew who he was, and shaking hands with his few attendant dragoons, or capering and

prancing round them, broke towards our party from the dark groups hitherto seen around ; or sprung up, in knots, from the ground ; or galloped out of their low huts, hastily and inartificially constructed with stakes of bog-wood, branches of trees, turf, and rushes. Their attentions grew disagreeable, if not startling, until, the signal being answered by hoisting something like a flag over the principal edifice on the island, the strangers were approached by a rude raft, made first of a kind of wicker-work, on a large scale, and then covered with sods and leaves. At a glance, Evelyn knew Rory-na-choppel to be the pilot of this singular machine ; nor was Rory slow in discerning him, and in manifesting his recognition, too, at the same time that he did his devoirs to Sarsfield. Con M'Donnell stood, until the raft touched the main land, regarding this civility with manifest displeasure and impatience ; and when Rory was within reach of his signs, he seemed to reprehend, severely and authoritatively, all shew of welcome to Evelyn. A few seconds brought them with their dragoons over the lough. Here, the dumb man took Sars-

field's arm, as politely as he knew how, but very abruptly; hurried him towards the middle of the island, motioning Rory to take Evelyn in charge; onward both pressed, followed by the dragoons, towards the larger hut, crowds of Rapparees still dividing to let them pass, or following them with clamorous greetings; and Evelyn at last found himself in a spacious kind of bower, constructed more carefully and daintily than the other huts, but occupied only by some of the higher class of Rapparees, whose faces he had before seen in his own house, and affording him no view of the person his heart had been panting to look upon.

But, one part of the sylvan walls which surrounded him was covered, to the height of a man, with a rude tapestry of otter and fox skins attached together, and as, at its sides, some vivid and steady light came through, Evelyn supposed it led into another apartment. Nor was he mistaken. When Con M'Donnell had graciously forced Sarsfield to a seat, and bent upon Evelyn another dangerous scowl, he rapidly strode across the floor, flung aside the arras of skins, which, catching upon the woven wall, remained apart, after his rough motion,

thus allowing a view of the interior ; and then he approached a man, who, seated sideways at a small, rough table, Evelyn at once recognized.

At once, although a new and extraordinary change had come over his face and bearing. Of the round-cheeked, fresh-coloured, ingenuous boy he had appeared when Evelyn first saw him in his father's thatched house, in Glenarriff, not a trace, alas, remained ; that character, however, Evelyn could not expect to see ; but the manly and soldierly dash of Edmund during their after-rencontre, in Little Deer-park, had also vanished ; and yet this, too, the friend recollected, seemed long ago to have as fully yielded to the almost savage sternness that followed the death of Esther, and the degradation of poor M'Donnell from his place in Lord Antrim's regiment ; and at length Evelyn only wondered to behold the very latest change he had witnessed now occupied by another, as novel as it was deeply interesting and imposing. Edmund M'Donnell, before his attention was roused by the near approach of his uncle, sat calm and quiescent at the little table, every

limb and feature composed. His cheek, no longer red and full in boyhood, nor yet pale and worn with sorrow and despair, had a brown, healthy colour; no wrinkles of passion or grief furrowed his fair and ample forehead; his eye, which Evelyn first knew a quick and flashing eye, and afterwards a deep and glaring one, was now at rest; his mouth, that used to breathe with quick thought, or curl out, open and haughtily, was gently shut, its lips, forming, in profile, the graceful curves that statuaries love to copy; in a word, all was quietness about him; he looked a calm, unruffled, reflective man; and, unless such calmness itself give a kind of sternness, Edmund M'Donnell, though with the alias of a formidable freebooter to his name, was no longer stern.

When he perceived his uncle's near approach, he extended his hands, and the dumb man fell on his nephew's neck. In a few minutes, they made signs to each other, and Edmund seemed, first, interested, and then slightly agitated. He pointed to the rude arras, looking towards some person hitherto unseen within; a light foot approached the opening; a small hand grasped

the arras; Evelyn's heart swelled to his throat—he looked his very soul—and he *was* satisfied—the features that rapidly peered into the outer room could not be mistaken; one only glance he had; the arras fell, and he was left in torture.

A considerable pause ensued. At last, Con M'Donnell re-appeared through the opening, not now leaving it apart, however; beckoned Sarsfield, while, in an ill-humour of a different kind from that he had before manifested, he once more frowned on Evelyn; the general arose at his bidding; both disappeared into the interior of the hut; and Evelyn was left to the attentions, anecdotes, and characteristic humour of Rory-na-choppel and his fellows; two well-armed body-guards taking up their posts at either side of the opening.

After another long pause, Sarsfield came out to Evelyn, took him aside, and said,

“Here is a singular discovery; this doughty freebooter proves to be an old friend, in whom we are both interested.”

“I know it, sir,” replied Evelyn, with a groan; “I have seen him.”

“Something seems to have happened between

ye that causes him to wish you should not come in his way; his dumb relative even urged worse measures towards you, and is angry at their being declined. I seek not to learn your private affairs; but if you dislike to rest in this hut for the remainder of the night, I shall get you sent across the lough to the care of my dragoons—what say you?”

“I fear it not, sir; I will rest where I am; but I thank you; as to M'Donnell's whim—”

“Hush!” interrupted Sarsfield—“all mention of a name, which he now seems anxious to have forgotten, is, in your present situation, dangerous.”

“Still I care not, sir; I was about to say, that whatever may be the supposed ground of his hostility to me, I am ignorant of it, and also assured of its cruelty and injustice.”

“Well, well; to morrow may give you more explanation; good night. I rest, by invitation, in the interior of this wild house—good night.”

In a few moments after Sarsfield had finally withdrawn, a number of women, old and young, entered the hut, bearing, in their arms, bundles of heath and rushes, and proceeded to arrange

couches round the sides of the outer apartment. Two of them, muffled in the deep-hooded, old Irish mantle, officiated as Evelyn's chambermaids. For some time he saw nothing of the features of either ; but towards the conclusion of their hasty work, the hood of one fell back, and shewed him a visage he had cause to know well—that of Moya Laherty. He started, and almost cried out ; Moya quickly pulled up her hood, and flew out of the hut. The other woman, cautiously glancing round, came close, and he knew Onagh. With more meaning and quietness of manner than he had ever seen her evince, she then pressed her finger on her lip, and whispering—"Be prudent, and you have a friend," followed her companion.

It was now day-dawn. The Rapparees and the dragoons around him settled themselves to take a few hours' sleep. Evelyn also lay on his fresh heather, but not for repose. Of the present fate of Eva he at last felt certain. She was lost to him for ever ; to honor, character, and to him. Even supposing Moya Laherty's story of her having been carried off by Kirke from Glenarriff, as wholly untrue—(and after the



proofs he had got of the girl's wilful falsehoods in other respects, little credit could be attached to her in this)—still was Eva so degraded by her former and present associations, acts, and darings, that she must no longer be contemplated with any feeling but one of pity and sorrowful regret. The mystery of her sudden departure, alone and unprotected, from Dublin, on the night of its evacuation by the Irish, was now explained. Her rapid and alarming change of character, upon the first occasion he had seen her in Dublin castle, from the fascinating maiden of honor, into the disguised rider who had passed him at Essex-gate, also seemed fully accounted for. Upon the news of the landing of William, she had hastened to join her Rapparee brother at the Boyne; and Evelyn could not doubt that her attendance upon the Lady Lieutenant was artfully contrived by Edmund and herself in furtherance of some private views. Then, the warmth with which she chid James for deserting the field of battle, seemed naturally to spring from a person who had been an actual spectator of the struggle, and who had arrived from the ground, perhaps at the same

moment with himself, agitated by fresh and glowing recollections, and by all the indignant sentiments they would call up in such a bosom as Eva's. In a word, it was now made certain to Evelyn, that, from the moment their house had been burnt, and their father murdered, M'Donnell and his impetuous sister abandoned themselves to a desperate course of arbitrary revenge; and such a one, indeed, as his previous state of mortification and despair naturally suggested to M'Donnell, even before he and Evelyn had parted.

As to the hostility manifested by Edmund towards him, he regarded it—in total ignorance of having justly caused it—as nothing more than affectation, adopted for the purpose of keeping up, between them and him, an eternal separation, which they had at first wantonly caused, and for which their hearts told them there was now an insuperable necessity. At all events, he felt little concerned about it. Its result was what he would have believed himself bound, no matter in what feelings, now to bring about, even had not they anticipated him. Two minor points, only, he wished to get more fully

explained ; first, whether or no poor Eva had, indeed fallen a victim, in the first instance, to the brutality of Kirke ; next, how it happened that she seemed to have taken up, in the hut in which O'Haggerty had confined him, the place and character previously chosen by Moya Laherty, in Schomberg's camp, at Loughbrickland.

Bodily fatigue beguiled him, from these distressing, and, indeed, puzzling reflections, into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake, until roused by Sarsfield, at rather an advanced hour in the morning. Starting up, he saw the hut deserted by the Rapparees, while a loud noise of bustle reached him from abroad.

“ If you are willing to try your chance for a further satisfaction of your own affairs, by following me in my route, arise, break your fast, and prepare to start into the mountains,” said the general.

Evelyn thanked him ; not presuming to ask a word concerning Sarsfield's expedition, although, so far as he was able to consider any thing apart from his private concerns, it deeply interested him. They partook of some coarse

food together; and accompanied by Hogan and Rory-na-choppel, crossed the lough to gain the main body of dragoons.

Arrived amongst them, there was a great uproar; the men turning to Sarsfield the moment he appeared, to say that their horses had been allowed to stray away, overnight, and were now not at hand.

“Is that all?” asked Hogan, “here’s one to remedy the evil; to your work, Rory.”

“Musha, yes, then; wid the little ganius God ga’ me;” and off he rapidly shuffled, disappearing over some near eminences.

In a few moments the Whisperer was seen, coming back, leading by their bridles or halters a crowd of the dragoons’ horses, while more followed in the rear, without any compulsion.

“An’ ye can thry wid them, for a start, till we go a bit farther aff,” he said, giving up his prisoners, and again disappearing, only again to return with more; until, after repeated efforts, every dragoon again possessed his steed, and, with Sarsfield at their head, and still guided by Hogan, all were ready to move forward.

“Your general certainly follows, with his force?” asked Sarsfield of Hogan, as they got into motion.

“As sure as Keeper-hill, that you now see before you, gineral, so remarkable in size and consideration, over the surrounding hills; somewhat like a man of great natural stature at the head of a crowd of less favoured comrades.”

After about a mile’s journeying, the objects Hogan had, with some vanity in his illustration, been describing, more fully confronted Evelyn. The party had ascended and descended over many successive eminences, and, deviating from their last available strip of road, now really approached the mountains. To their left rose, indeed, the great Keeper-hill, aptly called, whether through chance or design, the giant of his range; black, barren, and desolate; a vast mass, shewing rather a bold plumpness, than a picturesque grandeur of form; with no white or grey rocks or patches of green breaking the sombre monotony of his heathery mantle; and altogether filling and oppressing the mind with an idea of terrible loneliness. Opposite to him was his sole near rival—and a rival in contrasted shape

only—Glancoolla mountain, with steep, craggy sides, its outline sharp and varied, while that of Keeper was round and full ; but although a more beautiful object, and, withal, a stupendous one, yielding an imposing effect to its uncouth and frowning opponent.

Behind Keeper rose the black heads of other hills of the receding range ; hill after hill, at different distances ; and between him and Glan-coolla, sweeping to the left of the party, was the desolate valley through which they were to pursue their course.

Although somewhat acquainted with mountain scenery, perhaps on a larger scale than even what now lay before him, Evelyn's first impression on glancing along those bleak and inhospitable hill sides, and on seeing peak after peak rise up in the only direction he had to go, was one of instinctive shrinking, if not of terror ; and the faces of the dragoons around seemed to sympathize with him. But he was allowed little time to combat his useless feelings. The galloping Rapparee plunged boldly from the last road-track to be found in the uninhabited district, upon the soft and pathless sward, that

henceforth was to be their only footing ; and onward the numerous party moved, slowly, and in a silence as deep as that of the desert they dared to explore.

Immediate despatch did not seem the object of Sarsfield. On the contrary, from what Evelyn could casually collect, the general rather appeared to linger on the way, so as not to reach a certain point until evening. Tardily, therefore, notwithstanding the expostulations of Hogan, was the wild way pursued, until, after getting imperceptibly at the other side of Keeper-hill, Hogan, turning in his saddle, pointed out to Sarsfield the Rapparees, headed by Edmund M'Donnell, following at a distance in their track. Evelyn, also turning round, saw, upon the side of a mighty hill, a small, dark mass, scarcely in observable motion, and looking rather like a flock of birds, than a body of men ; yet, on Hogan's assurances, he beheld a body, not inferior in number to Sarsfield's dragoons.

And still on he winded, with his companions, through valleys, black, barren, and silent, into one of which, particularized by Hogan, it was asserted the stars, and scarcely the moon, ever

sent a ray to break the utter blackness of night in its pent-up recesses; on, over mountain-stream and river, sometimes crossing, twice or thrice, different wild windings of the same foamy water; on, over rugged defiles, and torn gullies; now along the bottom of a glen, where not a breath of air was felt, and now by the ridge of a hill where the wind was high and gusty. Some hours after noon they halted, and sat down in the shadow of their solitude, to eat food with which the Rapparees had supplied them, and to slake their thirst at the mountain stream. To horse, again; and again through a continuation, little varied, of the same kind of scenery; until, towards evening, when beginning to descend to their left, in order to ford a considerable stream, they at last got, through a vista in the mountains, a cheery, though distant glimpse of the open country, bathed in the rich evening sunlight that could scarce steal one blessed ray into the beleaguered desert they had been travelling, and which still partially encompassed them.

“We are near upon a halt, gineral,” said Hogan, at this point, “under us winds the Belbow river; which we have twice crossed to-day; and



on the top of the ascent, at its other side, is the gap that will lead you down into the flat country, and so on to Ballyneedy; more betoken, you can get a good observation across to that point, from the gap, if, as I take to be the case, you have come provided with your telescope."

The river was soon crossed. At the bottom of the acclivity which Hogan described as rising from it to the gap, Sarsfield ordered his people to halt.

"And let every man dismount," he said, "and ease the bit and the saddle of his horse, and get him such provender as the hill-side affords, with all other possible refreshment, for some hours; as, after the night-fall there will be work in hand. But, now, Captain Rapparee," taking him aside, "where is the messenger you promised from the Cashel road?"

"He ought to have met us here, gineral; and had we sent one of our own reglars, doubtless there could not be a disappointment, even for a moment; but, as I informed you, the enemy has of late grown so wary of us, and so possessed of our feints and subtle practices, that we feared to despatch any but a poor wandering blind

man, whose simplicity none might suspect, but who is still a feal friend of our gineral."

"A blind man, to look out, sir!" said Sarsfield.

"Marvel not, sir," replied Hogan, "he has a leader that will help him; an own son of quarter-masther Rory-na-choppel; and though rather behind-hand, here they come, together."

Evelyn, quickly turning his eyes up to the top of the ascent, saw, just issuing over its line, his old friend, Carolan, led by the imp whom we have first beheld trotting after the heels of the Whisperer, upon the memorable morning, when Edmund M'Donnell purchased his own colt from one of the agents of that respectable dealer.

"Let us meet him on the rise," continued Sarsfield; then turning to his people, "no man shall mount this hill, after us, nor in any way expose himself to observation from the open country. Come, Captain Hogan. Choose you to enjoy a pleasing prospect, Mr. Evelyn?"

Very anxious to have speech of the harper, Evelyn readily assented. Sarsfield, Hogan, and

he, met Carolan a little under the top of the gap.

“ God save ye,” cried the blind man, as they came up.

“ God save you, kindly,” answered Hogan.

“ That will do,” resumed Carolan, “ I know you.”

“ Well ; and any tidings from the road ?”

“ Yes ; approaching them for food and alms, I spoke with them, last night, on their way to Cullen ; and they will halt, as we suspected, over against you, at Ballyneedy, this night.”

“ How many of ’em ?”

“ A good number of horse ; but, have a care ; though they have no wind of your intentions, I will not say as much for some in the camp, at Limerick ; and if the great Sarsfield is here, tell him so.”

“ Say you so ?” asked the person alluded to.

“ I do, sir ; and my humble duty to you, noble general,” answered the harper, his face glowing.

Sarsfield paused a moment, then resumed—

“ Well ; think you they will soon come up, good Carolan ? ’Tis now past six of the clock,

and, on such a service, they should be near their halt for the night."

"They cannot be far off, sir."

"Let us look out for them, then. Come, Mr. Evelyn."

As they left him, Carolan sat down on the shelving hill; his guide creeping down to the dragoons.

"We should be cautious, here, gentlemen," continued Sarsfield, ere they quite gained the opening into the distant country; "I pray you do as I do; the slanting sun shines brightly, and his beams flashing from steel-cap or breast-piece, may be caught and interpreted, by experienced eyes, at a fair distance." He doffed the warlike articles of which he had made mention; hid them in the heather, and advancing up the ascent in a bent posture, lay on his breast, as soon as his eyes came on a level with the line of the gap; Evelyn and Hogan, as they had been commanded, imitating his actions.

They had scarcely cast their eyes abroad, when Sarsfield muttered, "The harper is right; I see them."

It was the last brilliant half-hour of a rich

August evening. They looked westward, over a gradually falling-country, bounded by the distant Galteigh mountains, at whose back the sun was about to set, amid a glorious confusion of gold and scarlet clouds, so that every picturesque peak and curve of the imposing group, cut sharply against so vivid a back-ground. Almost immediately opposite to the Galteighs, and rather to the left of our friends, ran the nearer Llieve Iellum hills, rising and receding, one above another, the Keeper still prominent at the western extremity of his line, and a hill next to him in magnitude, and called *Maugher-na-Llayd*, or the "Mother of the mountains," rising about the middle of the range. Thence, towards the west, the land gradually fell, broken by little inequalities, and relieved by some near hills, one of a craggy character; and directly facing the gap (which has been called from Sarsfield's coming exploit, *Lacken-na-choppel*, or "the hill of the horses,") stood, upon an abrupt eminence, at about the distance of five miles in a straight line, the ruined castle of Ballyneedy, backed by the Galteighs. Towards this castle, regardless of every other feature of the

scene, the general's anxious glances were directed.

"I see them," he repeated, "even with the naked eye. Mark how plainly their caps and swords gleam in the sunshine (proving our precaution here a good one,) as they wind over yonder ascent, towards the castle."

"That ascent is called the Hill of Cullen," observed Hogan, "lying between Cullen village and Ballyneedy; and now for a closer observation," taking out, as Sarsfield also used his glass, a telescope that Evelyn recognized to have once been his property; "aye, there they are; some troops of Villiers's horse, sure enough, their gun-carriages, ammunition waggons, and provision carts, covering the whole height, and going off, behind it; they halt, now; to encamp? no; its only the rear has halted; and to post a sentinel, I think; yes, now the man is left alone, and they move down the hill to Ballyneedy.

"There will be another sentinel at the ford of Ballyvsenouge, outside Cullen," continued Hogan, after a pause, "and another, if not a regular picquet, in the village itself."

A considerable silence ensued, Sarsfield not uttering a word ; but—his brows knitted into an earnest frown—keeping the distant foe covered with his glass, measuring and dwelling on them, as the wild beast might glare, unseen, upon the prey he devotes to destruction.

At length, without removing his glass, “ Aye,” he said, abruptly, and as if only speaking to himself, “ Yonder are the guns with which William reckons to batter down the old walls of Limerick about our ears ; but stone of Limerick wall they shall never splinter.”

Another long pause, which Hogan broke by saying, “ they now wind along the side of Ballyneedy-hill, I believe, gineral ; yes ; and now they collect their heavy train, some little distance under the castle, and, like a prudent escort, settle themselves round it ; while a few—their officers, I reckon—walk up to rest, for the night, in the ould ruin.”

“ Aye ; for the night and the day, too, good Captain Rapparee,” coolly muttered Sarsfield, still only thinking out, although he seemed to address himself to Hogan ; “ but my glass serves no longer ; the sun is down behind Galteigh-

More ; and it darkens rather much for an observation of five miles, across ; and yet not dark enough to be doing. Hark ! this bustle below announces, I suppose, the coming up of your commander."

Hogan assented, and went down the steep to greet his general. Sarsfield sat up, where he had hitherto lain prostrate, and still kept his eyes fixed on Ballyneedy. Evelyn could see him sometimes frown with impatience, sometimes smile sternly, as, doubtless, the picture of anticipated triumph rose vividly to his imagination.

"How tediously the night comes on," he said, "we wanted not so dainty an evening ; tempest-clouds that would, before his hour, have blotted out the gaudy sun, were better for our purpose."

Just then, the little encampment on Ballyneedy began to light their watch-fires ; and as, one by one, the red beams twinkled over the bosom of the distant ascent, and at the base of the old castle—fixing, by contrast, the character of night around them—Sarsfield seemed more content.

Soon, and he started to his feet. Hogan re-approached him. He called to the Rapparee for



his cap and breast-piece. He donned them rapidly: Evelyn could see him pale with the anxiety and depth of his purpose.

"Lead up my dragoons," he cried. They surrounded him in a few minutes; ready mounted. He vaulted into his own saddle.

"I rely on your general to move down, and cover my retreat, at the proper signal," he continued.

"He faithfully promises," answered Hogan.

"Well. You guide us, still?"

"Himself, an' another, that's handy, according to the little ganious the Lord gave him," answered the Whisperer, advancing, most awkwardly seated on a tall garron, to Hogan's side.

"Lead on then;" the two Rapparees rode out of the gap.

"Lucan men, forward!—forward, to an action of some pith—prove me your mettle, now, and Ireland shall speak of us; ride!—for our king and our country!—but hush—no shouting yet—follow me, in silence."

He led them through the gap towards the open country, and Evelyn was left alone on the top of the ascent. After some time, a man ap-

proached him, slowly and cautiously. In the almost matured shadows of night, Evelyn could only distinguish a human figure. It laboured up the ascent, pausing at every step. Arrived at the gap, it stood erect and still; and then a well-known voice spoke.

“Aye; they are gone to their work; how lonesome the silence is;—ah,” sighing deeply, “eyes would be the greatest of God’s blessings, now, to see the terrible ending of it: is there any one here, with me?”—

“Carolan—dear Carolan!”—cried Evelyn, approaching.

“Sir! Sir!”—exclaimed the blind man, in mingled surprise and coldness—“I did not think to hear *you* answer—and now, the sooner we part, the better.”

“Why?”—asked Evelyn—“how have I lost your friendship?”

“Shame upon the question, sir—ask your heart.”

“Heavens!—what can be the import of all this?—You, at least, Carolan, are not whimsical, and, without a reason, cruel—answer me,

then! In what way do you suppose I have been unworthy?"—

"Oh, Mr. Evelyn, can I believe my ears to hear you speak these words, that only make you guilty, over and over, of a double treachery!"—

"Man!"—cried Evelyn, "have a care what you say—yet no—you must be sincere in whatever you say—forgive my warmth--and only answer, in pity and in mercy, the question I have put—tell me, in a word, how have I fallen in your good opinion?"—

"Oh, sir, how, but by leaving to sorrow and ruin the friends of my heart—by bringing down the last desolation on her who—" he clasped his hands, and his eyes turned upward—"who is the best angel out of heaven's house, this night."

"Monstrous!"—retorted Evelyn—"explain this, Carolan—here is some mistake inconceivable to me—what! *I* injure—*I* distress her!—Carolan, hearken to me: it is *they* have wronged *me*, and plunged themselves into ruin—it is they have made me the most sorrowful and desolate man that walks the earth—

dear Carolan, I am belied and abused together!"—

"Master Evelyn, do not say it—for you cannot impose it on me—I have heard the proof—"

"Of what?—what proof?—speak out!"—

"And mean you, indeed, to deny, sir," continued Carolan, something affected by Evelyn's impetuosity—"mean you to deny—"

"Peace, Carolan," interrupted Edmund M'Donnell, who, for some time, had listened, unseen, to the conversation; the tones of his voice were deep but tranquil, mild though commanding—"I learned you were near Master Evelyn—I feared you might meet him, and that your soft nature would condescend to an explanation, one word, one breath of which, were wrong and insult to me; and therefore I am here to request your further silence; nay, your company down the hill—take my arm."

"M'Donnell!"—Evelyn cried, as they moved;—Edmund slightly started; but, recovering himself, continued to walk away. A second time his old friend pronounced the name he had been warned not to sound; still no notice was taken; a third time,—"M'Donnell, M'Donnell!"

he repeated loudly: and at last Edmund stopt; parted from Carolan; again faced towards the gap; and advancing on Evelyn with a heavy step—

“Sir,” he began, in a low, measured voice that half hissed through his teeth—“I come back, not in answer to the name you call me by, but the rather to warn you what I will believe you do not know; that its utterance, among these hills—the utterance of a name now lost—taken from me by—no matter by what—is—death, sir!” and he again turned his back on Evelyn.

“I fear not your threat—I fear the threat of none—I fear nothing,” resumed his friend—“and I still call upon you to explain your ungenerous—your cruel, unjust conduct—I call on you—”

“Master Evelyn,” interrupted M'Donnell, a second time checking his steps, “let us part in peace; offer no further insult to me; I cannot resent it now, or in future, no more than I could your former outrage; there is a cause; you know there is a cause;” and his voice half faltered.

“By my hopes of heaven, Edmund—by the

soul and memory of her, to whom your allusion points—”

“Peace, sir; we have witnessed this before.”

“You shall hear me, Edmund; and, if you are a man, answer. Let me try to shape properly the questions that must lead to the whole clearing up of this black mystery—one moment, I entreat your pause—only one moment—how did you escape from Kirke, at Glenarriff?”

M'Donnell sneeringly laughed, “and do you begin by asking that, Master Evelyn?” he demanded.

“Why should I not? Was there a reinforcement of your friends, after Kirke's came up, and—”

“Pshaw, sir, for what a fool do you take me? know you not, as well as I, there was? Tush, tush, to what a man am I talking?”

“Then Eva fell not, indeed, into his—”

“HIS HANDS!” interrupted Edmund, surprised, in a degree, out of his calm sternness, “the tainted villain! not while a brother, at the least, stood by to hinder it: his hands! I tore her from the blasted wretch upon the threshold; for, when in a few minutes I was enabled to re-

turn with a good force, he had not left my father's roof; my point pressed him beyond the threshold; he fled from me down the glen, after his scattered plunderers. I had no horse at hand, but I followed him, on foot and alone, to the turn on the shore, and thrice was my highland blade within a thrust of his heart, until I slipt, and—but shame upon me, I say, to forget the very caution I would have taught yon poor blind man—shame upon my truant tongue and my fickle spirit—I am again dishonoured.”

Evelyn deeming it better to pursue his purpose than turn aside from it to challenge words like these, resumed, in an agitated and impressive manner, “then Edmund, I have for your present humour, but one further question. However you wrongfully regard me, whatever may be the cause of your error, tell me, in the name of old times, and old recollections, what you propose for Eva?”

M'Donnell again started; again checked himself; and a third time turned away.

“Tell me, I conjure you,” continued Evelyn, “how soon and in what manner—”

“And dare you,” still interrupted M'Donnell,

speaking slowly, "dare you now make one inquiry concerning *her*—one allusion? Do you not, especially in your present situation, dread to do so? Has she not long ceased to be aught to you, man?"

"Alas, why will you force me to admit it; she has, Edmund—and yet, is it not my place and duty to urge my former question? When—oh, when, M'Donnell, will you separate her from the present courses—snatch her from the fate that ought, indeed, to afflict—shame us all?"

"Tempt me not too far, Master Evelyn; still I try to recollect that my hand should not be against you; but press me not so hard; traitor and false fellow, you have been enough—"

"False fellow?—beware, M'Donnell, how, in my despair and affliction, you cause *me* to forget—the words you give me are falser than I—"

"This is too presumptuous—the echoing of that name, and all—" replied Edmund, still rather in determination than impatience—"begone, knave and liar!—off—or I must strike you to my feet."



He drew his sword. Evelyn, following his example, instantly closed on him. As their weapons clashed, a figure that, for some minutes, had been watching them, came forward and separated the unhappy youths; Carolan, also, drew near; and—

“What! by you, wretched creature?” cried M'Donnell.

“By me,” replied Onagh, still evincing, to Evelyn, the same composed manner she had shewn in the island hut; “by me, who have brought sorrow enough on you both, to make me now try to keep off more, that ye would madly bring on yourselves; for mad ye are; as mad as I have been; tho' now that curse is taken away, and I am free and able to befriend those it was my doom to cross with early affliction; hearken to me!” she cried, as Edmund hastened to interrupt her.

“You have not seen me since we met in the black north; but I have long followed you, with your wild women, to make amends for that day. I knew you were imposed on by a false friend—not by him that stands before you, and who never deserved the name—but by one who

brought you the stories that made you think he did. Aye—look at me—but 'tis the truth—and, knowing this, I came in her way—made her think well of me—tell me, with her own lips, her plottings, and her lies to you both—”

“Both! *her!*” cried Evelyn—“it was a woman, then?—and that woman—Moya Laherty?”

“It was,” answered Onagh.

“Pshaw!” said M'Donnell—“I want not to hear this—but you, woman, hither; retire, and speak with me.”

“And I am on the right ground to tell you the story you want to know,” answered Onagh, getting agitated; “for this country, Edmund M'Donnell, is my own country; these hills, my hills; and it was here that, in early maidenhood, I met your brother, Donald.”

M'Donnell drew back and stared upon her.

“Look on,” she resumed; “and it was here you lost him. Look on, I say, and look closer; and then you may know me better.”

“Woman,” cried Edmund, disturbed—“I know you not, but for the mad wretch I ever knew you.”

“ You saw me, then, once, and more than once, when you used to come, a growing boy, to shoot the hill-birds, here, with him that’s gone—and did you never hear him tell of Grace——”

“ Grace Nowlan!” interrupted M'Donnell, slowly advancing on her—“ stand, woman!—Master Evelyn, forget our quarrel but a moment, and help me to secure this unhappy creature—the murderess of my elder brother!”

“ Grace Nowlan—but no murderess!” she exclaimed, rushing, in spite of their efforts, through the gap, and again relapsing into her real or affected insanity of manner—“ but we can settle that another time—it and your own affairs together—I will see ye again;” plunging from the gap—“ now, ye have other things to mind!” clapping her hands; “ see that! hear that!”

A sudden glare of fiercest light that seemed to set the firmament in a blaze, burst all over the distant country; and, in a few seconds, was followed by an explosion so tremendous, that Evelyn thought the mountain upon which he stood, quivered to its shock.

“ She speaks true, by heaven!” exclaimed

M'Donnell, "the good deed is done, and I must to my duty." He blew his horn; his wild troop, long in expectation of a summons, and previously roused by the shock, were in a few minutes around him—and,

"Bear the harper down, and keep him from all speech with the stranger!" he only waited to say, to some few who were to remain, when he headed the Rapparees through the gap—and onward all rushed after him, like a whirlwind, to the plain; leaving Evelyn once more alone, struck to the soul, from various causes, with utter consternation.

The incidents that produced some portion of his feeling, are to be accounted for.

Continuing for some time, rather parallel with the range of the Llieve Iellum mountains, at his left, when he first swept through Lackenna-choppel, Sarsfield then wheeled to his right, turning his back on them, and his face to the Galteighs; held on, for some miles, over partly high and partly low ground; again wheeled to his right, to approach the village of Cullen; gained a view of the little ford of Ballyvse-nogue; there observed the sentinel Hogan

had promised him; and paused to consider how he should prudently overcome this obstacle.

“Let Rory go ax him for the word—that’s the way to manage it,” observed Hogan. Rory smiled hideously.

“Will you venture, good fellow?” inquired Sarsfield.

“Musha, yes, wid the Lord’s help, Gíneral, honey.”

“Away, then.”

“Avoch, aye, afther a fashion iv our own, an’ accordin’ to the little ganious God gives us.”

He dismounted; drew a nail from his pocket; deliberately drove it, with a large stone, into his garron’s hoof—Sarsfield turning away his face—walked him, a step or two, to see if he was lame enough; patted him, and said that would do; pricked his own arm, and stained himself with the blood; and then limped on, with his horse, towards the ford—adding—“there, now; sure we’re jest a poor loyal man an’ horse, sarved this way by the Rapparees, bad end to’ em.”

He disappeared. There was a pause. All

listened for a dying groan—none reached them; but Rory quickly came running back, rubbing his hands, and simpering exceedingly. He whispered Sarsfield.

“My own name?”—asked the general:—  
“they need not have chosen one more ominous—forward!”

All passed the ford. The sentinel lay lifeless at its edge. Rory-na-choppel seemed to have whispered the poor fellow to death, so silent had been his horrid process, whatever it was. They cleared the village of Cullen, without suspicion, giving the word of the night, thus gained, and reporting themselves a detachment from the camp at Limerick. They swept up an ascent from it; found, on the top, (called Longstone, because the road there ran over a rock,) another sentinel—the same Sarsfield had seen posted from the gap; passed him, too, without hinderance; soon came in sight of the little square castle of Ballyneedy, perched on a barren level of a few yards, upon the height that gave it its name, while all over the road that ran half-way along the side of the hill, lay the train of guns, waggons, and carriages of

various kinds, surrounded by their numerous escort, now—for it was near midnight—sleeping away the fatigues of a long march: their watch-fires flickering out, and few to attend to their replenishing.

When his prey appeared so near, Sarsfield rode his last half-mile, with some caution, and a mustering of breath and purpose. Scarce any but the sentinel, at hand, heard his approach. As he came up, the first of his party, the soldier challenged him in alarm—"The word?"

"SARSFIELD IS THE WORD, AND SARSFIELD IS THE MAN!" he was answered; and upon the unprepared escort, Sarsfield and his Lucan horse instantly plunged, with deafening shouts. In a few moments, they had not an enemy to contend with; those who attempted resistance, or who would not yield themselves prisoners, being cut to pieces. And, so much done, Sarsfield, not pausing an instant, caused to be filled with powder to the brim, the whole of the battering cannon; then stuck them in the earth, muzzle downward; surrounded them with the remainder of two or three hundred barrels of powder; heaped over and around them their

carriages, the baggage, and provision carts, and, without knowing it, several chests of treasure ; laid a train, to a convenient distance ; retired, with his people and prisoners ; fired the train ; and blew the whole, in fragments, into the air.

This was the explosion, that, five miles off, in a direct line, reached Evelyn, and seemed to shake the solid mass beneath his feet. The Llieve Iellum hills glared in the reflected flash, and reverberated the roar through their deepest recesses ; even their *Foil-dhuiv*, (black glen) was, for once, illuminated, at midnight. The Galteighs, remotely opposite to them, seemed to start at the blaze ; the wild-deer, in the glen of Aharla, at their feet, bounded from their dewy heather-beds, deeming nought less than that the noon-day sun had burst through the noon of night ; the old castle of Ballyneedy toppled from its foundation stone, and rolled in fragments down the slope ; and, what is perhaps of more importance, Sir John Lanier, on his way, at the head of five hundred horse, to join the escort, (after tidings of Sarsfield's sortie had, too late, reached William)—was still far distant when he felt the ground quiver to the explosion,



and saw the red glare in the sky ; nay, it is asserted, that William, himself, seated in his Limerick camp, some thirteen miles off, heard and understood the earthquake shock.

## CHAPTER XII.

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FOR more than an hour, Evelyn stood confounded, and alone, on the gap of *Lacken-nachoppel*. After the terrific, and, to him, unexplained commotion and glare, he heard, for some time, the receding gallop of M'Donnell's wild troop into the low country; and then, all was silence. He looked towards Ballyneedy, and the blank of deepest night alone met his view: for the explosion had scattered and put out every glimmer of the watch-fires around it. Scarcely master of his thoughts and feelings, Evelyn was not aware of the considerable time he thus spent in solitude, when the distant rushing of horsemen again caught his ear, from the plain below. The sound increased; it approached him; and, finally, Sarsfield galloped up, followed by his people, calling out—"Master Evelyn!"

Evelyn answered. "We have done it, sir!" continued Sarsfield—"you saw it, did you not? But now, another question—to horse, sir, and with us!—Home, sir, by the road we came—no other lies open—we are set upon, or will be—but, once again in the heart of the black hills, and a fair good night to them!"

Evelyn, gaining his horse, accompanied him, about a mile, into the first recesses of the mountains. The whole party, together with their Rapparee guides, here bivouacked in a narrow glen, unapproachable, at such an hour, by any save those well acquainted with its dangerous passes. After some sleep, they proceeded, in the morning light, to the island camp; and refreshments, and a longer rest, were now afforded to men and horses. Again, all got into motion.

As Evelyn was about to mount, a man laid his hand on his shoulder; it was Carolan.

"Step aside, sir," he whispered; "I believe, after all, you are wronged; your words to me, and to your old friend, and the sayings of that poor woman, force me to think so. But hold a good heart. Believing this, it becomes my duty—the greatest duty of my life—to see you

righted—to see you happy—to make you so; and why?—because—” his voice trembled—“ because, Mr. Evelyn, the happiness of her, whose humblest servant I am, is to be promoted along with yours. Say nothing, now,” as Evelyn offered to speak—“ we have no time—but depend on me—I will seek out poor Onagh, and the other woman she told of—I will get the truth from both, and—”

“ Carolan!” interrupted an imperious and shrill voice; Evelyn turned, and saw, approaching with Sarsfield from the edge of the little lough, the apparition that, for months, had scared away his peace, wherever he moved; but, as the harper stepped back, pressing his hand, and as this individual hastily drew nearer, what were his sensations to believe, for the first time, in the now full view he was afforded, that he did not look upon Eva M'Donnell? Astonishment, confusion, but, most of all, joy attended the discovery.

“ Great God! who are you?” he cried, as the young person confronted him, still looking very like Eva, yet still shewing, at a close observation, minute details of feature that pro-

claimed not only a distinct identity, but a different sex.

“*That*, you should know, sir, and that you shall know,” answered the youth, angrily—“my brother Edmund may imagine causes for his forbearance—but—”

“Your brother!” interrupted Evelyn, calling to mind the younger brother of whom Eva had often spoken, as residing in Spain, but, during their last allusions to him, at the Grey Man’s Path, whom she had reported dead.

“He,” continued James M'Donnell, “may, if he like, spare you the questioning he owes you—but you shall stand it from me. It is but lately I was allowed the information that gives me a right to address myself to you thus, Master Evelyn—it is but since last night I know even your person; now, however—”

As he advanced very close, Carolan broke in with some words that exhorted him to be cautious; and, while many scowling Rapparees, left along with the stripling, to occupy the island, gathered hostilely around, Sarsfield also spoke, effectually putting an end to the matter.

“Mount, Mr. Evelyn, and ride with me!

Men!" to his own troop, "guard your prisoner! Excuse us, Master James M'Donnell; but the king's service allows no such delay as your private business would propose—forward!"

The Lucan horse surrounded Evelyn, and, with Sarsfield, all moved for the banks of the Shannon.

"We speak again, sir!" shouted the youth, in a rage, as Evelyn was thus ravished from him.

"When you wish," replied Evelyn; "would that we could now speak it out—you will find me in Limerick—farewell!"

Had James M'Donnell held at his disposal the force with which his brother was absent, covering Sarsfield's retreat, King James's soldiers would scarcely have baffled him. But, as it was, he durst offer no resistance. And unobstructed, therefore, and now not requiring a Rapparee guide, Sarsfield soon repassed the Shannon; and, precisely by the same road he had come, gained, in a few hours, the walls of Limerick, where joyous shouts, well understood in the hostile camp, greeted the tidings of his brilliant adventure.

But William was not to be turned from his purpose even by a loss and a disappointment so considerable as that which Sarsfield's adventure entailed upon him. To the surprise and alarm of the famishing garrison, he still kept his encampment on Singlands; received, in a short time, a second battering train from Waterford; planted it on a height called Penny-well; and while the soldiers and citizens of Limerick sparingly shared their raw beans—the only food they had—it seemed that a formidable breach would soon be made in the bulwarks of Ireland's strongest citadel.

Whilst, day after day, the battering at this one point continued, the garrison made a desperate midnight sortie upon the besiegers; took them by surprise; threw them into such confusion that, unable to discern friend from foe, they attacked each other; and (the Irish having retreated unperceived), so continued, until the morning light shewed them their mistake, and the shocking havoc that resulted from it.

At last, from the Penny-well battery, a breach about twenty feet wide was indeed made. Evelyn, standing along with Sarsfield upon the walls,

almost over it, saw all the grenadiers in William's army form in a dense and threatening mass on the side of the descent from Cromwell's fort, evidently preparing to storm the city. The whole Danish force, and some English, moved to support them, at the left; and an equal number of Dutch, Brandenburgians, and other English regiments, slowly, and with the soldier's regular movement, took their right, or appeared as a reserve. The bellowing of the cannon at Penny-well ceased; there was a moment's pause. As Evelyn stood, Penny-well faced him, at about the distance of half a mile, and William's camp, with Cromwell's fort in front, lay to his right.

There was a moment's pause, we say, during which Evelyn glanced along the walls, and behind him, into the city to note the preparations made for the welcoming of this formidable array. To his astonishment, no soldiers manned the breach; although at either side of it, ranks of horse and foot pressed close, in silence and inaction. Immediately facing the yawn in the wall, some guns had been mounted, on a hastily constructed battery of stones, wool-sacks, earth,



and timber. Beyond this battery, in the street that turned towards Ball's bridge, was a crowd of citizens, men and women, some rudely armed, some defenceless: but all determined; and, like the soldiers, all silent. Sarsfield, alone, seemed the waking genius of the scene. Evelyn saw him pacing, from point to point, earnestly impressing his commands; and he would stop, and sometimes rest his sword across his arm, sometimes move it round his head, as if triumph had already resulted from his measures; and, ever and anon, he sprung to the wall, took a view of the approaching enemy, and then hastened down to complete his arrangements. Such were the only visible dispositions to receive the assault, within the city; without, bodies of men filled the trenches between the counterscarp and the breach, mostly invisible to the enemy.

As Evelyn's eye recurred to the scene abroad, he saw that the grenadiers had advanced to the last angle of their own trenches, supported on the right and on the left, and by a reserve, as before described. Three field-pieces were discharged at Cromwell's fort; this was the signal they awaited; they leaped their trenches, and

ran on cheering gallantly to the counterscarp ; their right, left, and reserve, keeping up with them. Ere they reached the counterscarp, a tremendous fire of great and small shot was poured upon them, from the curtain of wall, at either side of Evelyn, and hundreds fell: the cannon making lanes through the dense bodies of grenadiers. But all this range of battery, being in a direct line with Cromwell's fort, was instantly enfiladed from it, and such showers of balls swept along the top of the wall, as soon promised to clear it of its garrison. For some time, however, the Irish returned, on the enemy under them, the salutes received from their right ; and while the united roar of the hostile cannons rent the sunny autumn sky, the walls were encumbered, and the approach to the breach strewed with the dead and the dying.

The mighty interest of the contest had, till this moment, kept Evelyn insensible to the peril of his situation. With his eye fixed on the approaching grenadiers, as, each moment, the cloud from which death was belched, wafted aside and left them visible ; with his ears

dinned, and his senses confused by the near bellowing of the guns; with his young and ardent spirit mixing, too, in the conflict; he had not time to reflect that, standing where he did, he was only a spectator. But a group of those who worked the battery, close by him, were now tumbled from the walls into the ditch below, and he awoke to a sense of his danger; at the same moment, the voice of Sarsfield sounded through the uproar—

“Give them the walls, comrades, give them the walls! and descend, and follow me where we can fairly meet them!”

Doubly warned, Evelyn hastened down, along with the men thus exhorted, whom Sarsfield instantly added to the couching force already stationed at either side of the breach. All grew silent on the walls. William simultaneously suspended his enfilading from Cromwell's fort; and even abroad, before the breach, and among the trenches, there ensued a silence which seemed to argue that the assailants had paused to muster breath for a second effort, now unmolested by shot from the city. The dead and voiceless inaction grew horrible. The clouds

of smoke that the double cannonading had congregated over the town, rolled from it towards a hill some miles off; ere the struggle was renewed had gained its summit; and an unblotted and scorching sky once more expanded above the scene of havoc.

“*Mostha musha, thaun galore,*” (full time) “fur honest bodies to have a guard o’ themsefs; one o’ them balls has no more regard fur a poor simple boy, sich as me, nor for a roarin’ mad sodger,” said a voice close by Evelyn. He turned and knew the Whisperer; and the words were, indeed, addressed to him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Rory continued; “though I’m no great things to brag iv, makin’ a noise wid your guns, or shkiverin’ wid your soords, aften’s the time we can do a sarvice, afther a manner iv our own, an’ accordin’ to the little ganius God gave us; so, keep an eye upon poor Rory, a-vich; an’ if he doesn’t shew you some *spuddoch*,”\* simpering with his usual graciousness, till a score cunning wrinkles diverged from the corners of his eyes downward, and met as many branching upwards, from the corners of

\* Sport.

his spacious mouth ; “ if he doesn’t shew you a flock iv Sassenachs, nearer to heavin’s gate nor they think we wish to send ’em, you may jest call me *muddhaun more*,\* ’till the tongue swells in your cheek ;” and he shuffled off, among the crowd behind the masked battery, rubbing his hands, in ecstasy, over his embryo project, and hanging his head more than usual towards the side to which it curved.

Renewed cheers broke from the assaulters ; the explosions of their hand-grenades were heard ; and then the dropping fire from the Irish who lay in the trenches, answered by volleys from William’s right. Field-pieces, at some distance to the left of the town, also joined the roar ; and Evelyn heard Sarsfield say to Grace, as they stood close by the breach, mustering along with their men, full effort for a planned purpose—“ our little battery, from King’s Island plays merrily on their right, John.”

Shouts, groans, trampling, the discharge of musquetry, and the explosion of hand-grenades, all formed a confused din without, but Evelyn could see nothing of what passed until the Irish

\* Big fool.

foot, posted in the trenches, jumped, covered with blood, in confusion upon the breach—

“Where now, cowards?” asked Sarsfield, in a vehement whisper.

“The counterscarp is carried,” answered one, who seemed an officer—“half our men killed in the trenches, and—”

“In then, in!”—continued Sarsfield. The defeated trenchmen jumped into the street of the town, and looked round, in panic, to continue their retreat. The pikes and bayonets at either side of the breach, opposed them; while opposite to it, the groans and revilings of men and women, kept them stationary. Under Sarsfield’s command, they rallied, and joined their seemingly inactive brethren. While in the very act of doing so, the shouts of the brave English grenadiers burst just outside; in came a shower of their hand-grenades; and, almost with it, they sprung into the breach. A murderous volley of grape instantly saluted them from the masked battery, inside the walls; another; and those who did not fall dead or wounded, jumped back. Still Sarsfield and his reserve remained quiet.

Evelyn stood to the right of the breach, in the rear of the portion of this reserve, there posted, a crowd of citizens around him. More than once, while the contest raged without, the Whisperer passed and re-passed him, adroitly piercing through the throng; looking the very fiend of the strife; chuckling over his intended mischief; and ever saying, in a low bland tone, as he came near his old friend—

“ You’ll soon see the *spuddoch*, a-chorra machree; you’ll soon see the spuddoch.” In his latest transits he was followed by a female in a flowing mantle, who seemed a confidant in his plans, whatever they might be: and Evelyn once heard him whisper her, as he clapped her on the shoulder, “ have a care upon you, a-lanna; don’t let sich a fine *spurt* as God is sendin us, be fur little good; let ’em be perched as thick as swarmin’ bees, afore you beckon.”—Immediately upon the repulse of the grenadiers, he again passed to some distance, with a lighted match; seemed to make certain preparations, of which Evelyn could not discern the meaning, or even the process; and as, once more, he sidled through the crowd, in increasing glee—“ the

*spuddoch* 'ill soon be now, a-vich," he said; "mind the *pechauns*,\* that 'ill come getherin' in the shky, afther a while."

There was another short pause in the conflict; then, another reinforced assault from the grenadiers; another discharge from the battery into their faces; and though many again fell, none flinched. Down from the breach they scrambled and jumped, in hundreds, into the town; ran on, seized, and silenced the masked battery—cheered in the reserve; but, now, their fate, and the fate of Limerick, drew near.

"Charge! for Limerick! for Ireland!" roared Sarsfield. The ambushed soldiers, at either side, instantly filled the breach; met the reserve, with the shock of torrent against torrent, and whilst, madly shouting, half repelled them beyond the trenches, abroad, half turned upon the foe cut off in the streets of the town. Extermination of these gallant fellows followed. To a man, they refused to give or take quarter, and, to a man, they were slain. Assailed by the soldiers in front, and by the people in rear, their

\* Crows.



utter destruction was the sanguine work of but a few minutes. Even the women of Limerick mixed in the deadly struggle; as many a beautiful girl and staid matron rolled among the dead, others seized the arms of the slaughtered grenadiers, or, supplied with sharp stones from the breach, or with whatever missile chance afforded, set an example of wild and desperate courage to their brothers, lovers, or husbands; and while a furious sortie, headed by Sarsfield, and supported by a gallant Scotsman, Wauhup, was made after the assailants, the crowd of women scrambled to the ruined breach, their attire rent and blood-stained, their hair flowing, and there brandishing their chance weapons, sent a frantic scream of triumph and defiance after their discomfited foe.

In the midst of this scene of uproar, slaughter, and horror, Evelyn's eye was attracted by a woman in the window of a house next to him. His regards fixed on her face; for he thought he recognized Onagh of Red-Bay. She held in her hand a stick, to which was attached a torn fragment of a red handkerchief, and her look was fastened on a certain part of the walls.

Evelyn glanced in the same direction. He saw a regiment, whom he knew by their uniform, to be Brandenbergians, gallantly scaling the black battery, one of the defences near the breach. At this instant, Sarsfield, his face and person stained with blood and dust, sprung back into the town, crying out—

“ Limerick is safe! they fly at every point! to the walls, Irishmen, and give them a farewell greeting—but, hah! there be some saucy fellows before us,” his eye catching the Brandenbergians.

“ *Lave them* to me, gineral honey,” said the Whisperer, from the rather remote station where he had previously been making some arrangements, “ an’ stop a bit, just where you are, for your own darlin’ sake; gossip,” elevating his voice to Onagh, who still held her place in the window, “ is id time to fly my flock, yet, I wondher?”

There was a cry from Onagh—she dropt her flag—the whole regiment had now ascended the black battery; Rory touched the ground near him, with a lighted match—a train fizzed towards the wall—under and along it, till it reach-

ed the tower of the battery, which was full of gunpowder—and, with a horrid explosion, up went the tower in fragments, and with it the fragments of hundreds of men. And this Evelyn now comprehended to be the “*spuddock*” which Master Rory-na-choppel had promised him.

Amid deafening shouts, the walls were again manned; and, with the roar of triumph, volleys of grape, still destructive, reached the flying army. Dalrymple authorizes the statement that William lost, this day, two thousand of the flower of his soldiers. It may be added that, under all the circumstances—unequal in numbers—undisciplined—unsupported by regular allies—starving—and against the terror of the name of a great general—Limerick made a struggle, and accomplished a triumph, not unlike nor inferior to the struggle and triumph which has since immortalized the walls of Saragossa.

“And now, sirs,” said King William, who, like James at the Boyne, and a greater man than either, at Waterloo, had watched the chances of the day from the height of Crom-

well's fort, and who, immediately after the defeat, collected around him his drooping generals and followers; "Now, sirs, I am for England; perhaps for the Low Countries; affairs go on as ill there as here; and I leave you, Solmes, in full command of my Irish army; Ginkle to succeed you, whenever it may be needful; with my commands to both to finish this Irish war on any terms."

"My liege!" cried many voices, amongst which were those of Colonel Loyd, of the Eniskilleners, and Dr. Dopping, Archbishop of Meath, and "your gracious majesty cannot ask us to consider a foe so contemptible and pernicious," added Colonel Loyd.

"I came into Ireland, too much depending on such views, sir," answered William, sullenly and bitterly, "for the which I was indebted to you, and those of your mind. But it were well we all brought ourselves to regard, more calmly and truly, the enemy we seek to understand, as well as subdue. Listen, then. Upon the first attempt for my crown, in Ireland, this contemptible foe beat you—you, the protestant strength of Ireland—in a few weeks, out of eight north-

ern counties ; beat you, in four battles, one at Dromore, one at Hillsborough, one on the banks of the Bann, and one at Clady ford ; reducing you to a confused remnant, and shutting you up between the four walls of Derry. There you starved, truly ; more because you dreaded the consequences, than dared the principle of a surrender ; until at last, upon the very threshold of a treaty with Hamilton, you were saved—not by yourselves, or aught you could do—but by a few English regiments. Against this contemptible foe I then sent twenty thousand English and foreigners, headed by a great general ; you gave them and him your help ; I will say little of his gratitude for your alliance, or his testimony of your character ; enough, that between you all, you were out-manœuvred, cowed, and consigned to destruction by this contemptible foe ; and that your campaign terminated without a battle, yet with the loss of half my army. Mark, still—I came among you, in person, to retrieve the disgraces of my cause and my arms. The first battle with this insignificant foe was twice nearly lost : once, Colonel Enniskillener, by your corps deserting me, in the second charge at

Sheephouse, and running, merrily, though with your king at your head, from the face of this insignificant foe. Immediately after, a handful of them repulsed, with some loss, ten thousand of my troops at Athlone; and, this day, they have repulsed my whole army, headed by myself, and greatly seconded by the native zeal of the Enniskilleners. Sirs," he continued, more than usually roused, "you witness the first real defeat, except one in my youth, at Maestricht, which I have ever suffered; as I am a soldier and a king, Limerick has been bravely defended; and yet you hear it said, that men who can so demean themselves, merit not the consideration due to a fair enemy. Hearken to my parting orders. Finish, I repeat, this Irish war upon any terms. Should the future give you a promising advantage, propose then, as well as now, full protection in property, and civil privileges with religious freedom. If the Irish enemy at last fall, offer, to all who will willingly comply, place and rank in my British armies. I should care for such soldiers as they would make. I have done. Farewell!"

“My gracious liege,” said the Bishop of Meath, as William turned away, “remember the creed of the rebels you would thus propose to patronize; deign, sire, tenderly to remember our loyalty, our sufferings, and our lawful expectations of redress; deign—”

“Bishop of Meath, attend. While holding up my right hand, in the face of heaven and of men, to repeat and swear my coronation oath, a clause was proposed to me that I should “root out heretics.” At these words, I stopt my Lord of Argyle, who administered the oath, and declared I did not mean to oblige myself to become a persecutor. The commissioner explained that such, surely, was not the meaning of the oath; and then I bid him note that in such a sense only, I took it. The same, Bishop of Meath, do I now desire you to note. And so, an end. Let the siege be raised, and the army retire on Clonmell. Solmes, and Ginkle, remember my orders, and give them all effect.”

“We promise to do so,” they answered, equally indifferent, with William, to the petty Irish divisions, upon which, alone, Irishmen could contemplate a great struggle.

“Be it so,” whispered Dr. Dopping, to Col. Loyd, who smiled at the allusion that followed, “we may yet have our own audience, and our own day for it.”



CHAPTER XIII.

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EVELYN remained in Limerick, after the retreat of William's army, most anxious for the interview with James M'Donnell, which their last rencontre led him every moment to expect. But weeks and months passed on without any appearance of this young person. Becoming impatient, Evelyn applied to Sarsfield for permission to go seek him, or Carolan, pledging his parole for a punctual return to the city; but he was informed by the general that such a step would, in all probability, now prove useless; inasmuch as Edmund M'Donnell, or Yemen-ac-knuck, was known to have changed his ground of operations from Munster and Connaught, into Leinster, in consequence of the deadly hostility directed against him by the whole of the invading army, of which the greater portion were now formed into imitative bands

of freebooters, hunting down their prototypes, or plundering, in common with them, the unprotected and miserable population.

Edmund's brother must necessarily have followed the wanderings of his senior and commander, into whatever unknown district was, at present, the scene of their exertions or concealment; and Sarsfield added that, apart from the difficulty of discovering their retreat, extreme peril would be incurred even in the attempt; because, of all Irish Rapparees then abroad, none had given so much cause as Yemenacknuck for the determined warfare directed against him. Influenced by the whole of this reasoning, Evelyn gave up his intention of leaving Limerick.

Time wore away. Another campaign was opened against the Irish army; Ginkle being now head general of the force of their enemies. Before the affair of Limerick, Lauzan had accomplished his plan of re-embarking, for France, himself and his men; and Tyrconnel, previously assuming, in his stead, the chief command of James's Irish soldiers, sailed with him, in order to negotiate, at St. Germain, a supply of arms,

clothes, provisions, and, if possible, money. While he was yet in France, a deputation from the Irish army, composed of some gallant officers, reached James, conveying the first intelligence of the siege of Limerick, and of Sarsfield's previous exploit; remonstrating against being commanded by a man so old and undistinguished as Tyrconnel; praying the appointment of a native Irish general of character and experience in the field; and strongly though indirectly manifesting their willingness that Sarsfield should be that general. James wavered; was about to concede to their wishes, when Tyrconnel, now aware of the object of the deputation, wrote to him from the coast, whither he had advanced on his way home, a letter that, in pique and dotage, inveighed against the Irish officers, sneered at Sarsfield, and altogether urged his master to pay no attention to the remonstrance. The exiled king, unable to resist the appeal of his oldest servant, but worst enemy, became, as was usual with him in cases of difficulty, fretted and undecided; and at last took a middle course, that he thought would calm, if it did not satisfy, all parties of his Irish friends; but that proved,

in fact, the ruin of his last hope of empire. Untaught by the disastrous effects he had himself seen flow from the natural jealousy of brave and devoted men to be commanded, in their native land, by a foreigner, and regardless of their present lively wish, as expressed in their remonstrance, he named St. Ruth to be their general, leaving Sarsfield and Tyrconnel, about equal in rank and authority, under him ; and forwarding to the former Irish officer, through the hands of the latter, a patent of nobility, creating him Earl of Lucan, which he deemed would go a good way in soothing the disappointment of Sarsfield's friends and Sarsfield's self, at his rejection of their prayer, and the again subjecting them to the arrogance of a French commander. But, though the patent was accepted, it failed in its expected good effects. The national jealousy, kept up with, it would seem, a studious care, deprived King James of the energies and services of his Irish army, and now his only one ; deprived him of his throne ; and deprived them of a country.

Under the baneful influence of this jealousy, the battle of Aughrim was fought between Gin-

kle and the Irish army, who had advanced from Limerick to meet him. St. Ruth and Sarsfield quarrelled on the field, the very night before the struggle; the overweening hauteur of the one justly provoking the sturdy manliness of the other. Although now acting as confidential colleagues, the rash and insolent, yet brave and experienced Frenchman, carried to such a criminal pitch his petty dudgeon, as to withhold from Sarsfield all advice of his plans for the engagement, his disposition of the forces, or, in case of his own fall, what was to be done, consistently with previous movements and final calculations, to insure a victory.

To the battle he went in sullen mystery. Yet he took up his ground well, and like a good general; and, directed by his skill, his Irish soldiers well seconded him. All historians acknowledge this. Again and again they repulsed with great loss the brave veterans who attacked them, remaining unshaken in their own positions. Evening drew on, and Ginkle was about to retire. Yet would he try a last effort; and he was again beaten back; his whole army shook; St. Ruth, well able to watch his time,

was about to head the charge that must have decided, for the present, the fate of three kingdoms; and,

“ Now,” he cried, “ will I drive them to the walls of Dublin;” when, even as he spoke, a cannon shot struck him dead; his troops paused, first in consternation, then in uncertainty; Sarsfield was called on to take his place, and carry into effect the movements he had intended; but here burst the thunderbolt of divided councils. The Irish general, unaware, as has been shewn, of the plans of St. Ruth, required some minutes to cast his eye abroad, and arrange, according to his unexpected situation, a plan of his own; while he paused, his soldiers, checked in the ardour of a charge, and affected by the sudden loss of their first general, cooled, doubted, wavered; Ginkle took instant advantage of their confusion, and the field of Aughrim was lost—lost, in the very moment it had been won. The fall of a brave man, no matter what may be his faults, must ever be a subject of regret; but those most interested in the event we glance at, may be excused for having felt, at the moment, how slightly did the fate of

St. Ruth expiate the vast misfortune into which his silly self-conceit thus plunged thousands of men as brave as he was.

It was not necessary for Evelyn to ask any questions of the fortune of the battle, when, soon after its close, Sarsfield, dispirited and dejected, re-entered Limerick at the head of his still formidable army. But, in a few hours, the general cheered up; resumed his self-possession and energies; and gave orders to prepare for a second siege. He was cheerfully seconded; no heart but the impetuous and un-enduring one of Tyrconnel, refusing to respond to his yet lively hopes; and that heart broke in puerile despair; the victim of its own re-acting impatience, and of the uncalculating violence of temperament that always grasped at much, but could never take one sedate step to accomplish even a little.

Sarsfield felt himself entitled to just grounds of hope for ultimate success. His army was still formidable, and, at last under his command, more effective than ever. They prepared to meet in Limerick the same foe they had before driven from its walls. William's

affairs went on but indifferently on the continent; he had gone over to direct them, in person, but returned to England without fresh laurels. His domestic enemies, in England, were still watchful and inveterate. He could not spare another regiment to Ireland. French fleets rode triumphantly in the British seas; and, lastly, Louis, rejecting the statements of Lauzan, and judging for himself, by the late instances of native Irish character, had promised to send a considerable number of ships, bearing money, provisions, arms, and men, to the very walls of Limerick. With these views and prospects to stand upon, Sarsfield did not fear the approach of Ginkle. Nor, perhaps from similar calculations, did that general seem very sanguine of success. At all events, acting upon the last instructions of his master, he now offered to the Irish garrison the most honorable and advantageous terms of surrender. They were refused. He sat down before Limerick, and carried on, without effect, a vigorous siege. The city was, in all directions, fired by his shells, or battered by his cannon; the people fled from their ruined houses, into a part of King's Island on which



no buildings stood; he even made a breach, near Ball's-bridge, still without good results; his batterries grew silent; he turned away from the breach he had effected; removed his train and army; invested the town from another point, at the county of Clare side; crossed the Shannon; surprised an Irish out-post, who retired in confusion over Thomond-bridge, their French major shutting hundreds of them out to the mercy of the pursuers, from whom they got none; but, even yet, Limerick and its garrison were safe, and, as much as ever, beyond his reach; and, feeling this, Ginkle again proposed the same favorable terms he had before more than once sent in. He dreaded the approach of the promised French fleet.

But while he dreaded, his enemies despaired of its approach. Months had passed away since the time they had been led to expect it; but it came not. James's Irish subjects despaired of his zeal, sympathy, and exertions in their behalf. They argued that he had at last wholly deserted his own cause, and them. They were in much want of all that the fleet was to have brought them. They began to

turn an eye to Ginkle's proposals. They said, since we are thus left to ourselves, we will make terms for ourselves; and here—apart from the claim of James—here are terms fully as favorable as those we could have expected even from him. Sarsfield heard them with impatience, and urged perseverance to the last. They were still willing to listen to him; still willing to persevere. But now comes in a rather important fact, for which James himself, and his reverend amanuensis, are authority; the clergy (as their predecessors before had done in earlier periods of Irish history, when Fitzstephens was before Wexford, and Henry II. before Dublin, for instance) interfered, recommending a treaty with Ginkle; this advice could not be resisted; even Sarsfield gave up opposition to the general impression it at once made; and, after some preliminaries, went out to Ginkle's camp, accompanied by an eminent Irish lawyer, Sir Tobias Butler, Viscount Galmoy, and three colonels, to dine with their new friend, and, at the leisure of all, discuss and sign a treaty.

After their departure from the city, Evelyn

stood on a part of the walls that faced the country uninvested by Ginkle's army. His thoughts and his heart were as dreary as the October day, through whose drizzling mist he looked vacantly over the desert landscape. Three figures, on horseback, caught his eye, advancing rapidly to John's-gate. At a first glance, he perceived that one was a female, riding between two men. They drew nearer; and the lady appeared to be youthful; her companions, a young man, sitting very erect and stiff in his saddle, and an old man, bent almost double to his horse's neck. The steeds of all seemed jaded and soiled, as if after a long and painful journey. Evelyn's bosom beat quick; imagination already identified the three travellers; although they were yet too distant, and the misty medium too thick, to warrant him in making any certain conclusions.

While he still gazed on them, a hasty step approached the place where he stood; and turning round, Evelyn saw James M'Donnell by his side. At the same moment, two women, wrapt close in the common Irish mantle, emerged, at some distance, from the steps that led to the

top of the wall, and there stopt, as if stealthily observing him and Evelyn.

“ You are found at last, sir,” said the young man, angrily.

“ Say rather, you are come at last,” replied Evelyn: “ I awaited you, here, since our meeting in the hills.”

“ Well; and perchance that, at least, is true; but you will excuse my absence, sir; the chances of the service in which I am engaged, deprived me of all opportunity, with due regard to the safety of a beloved brother, to enter Limerick sooner than this morning; now we are met however; and—”

“ Pardon me in turn; but before we speak further, how is that brother?”

“ Oh, sir,” with a scoffing tone, “ well; and, for the first time this campaign, near us, in Clare, yonder; and near those, too, who, as we speak, perhaps, have again felt the hand they often felt before.”

“ Does he know of your business in Limerick?”

“ No, sir; and your own knowledge of the cause of his personal forbearance towards you,

might have spared that question ; might have informed you that I would not, by making my elder brother aware of my business, run the risk of his commands against it."

" Well, sir ; I have done questioning ; proceed, and briefly—for I am called hence," resumed Evelyn, looking off the walls, and assuring himself, just as a turn in the road hid them from his view, that the three travellers were Eva, Carolan, and Priest M'Donnell.

" You have basely wronged my sister," cried the youth.

" Never ; in act, word, or thought."

" Have a care, Master Evelyn, add not renewed falsity to great wrong."

" The warning is as vain and idle as it is—but, no ; there cannot, shall not be a quarrel between us ; tell me why you charge me thus, and listen to my disproof ; that must be the only course at present."

" First then," scarce able to curb his impatience, " when she was assailed by the blackest villain alive, amid the ruins of her father's house, in Glenarriff, you abandoned her, like a coward and a recreant, leaving an insolent mes-

sage to be delivered to her by your minion of the hour."

Evelyn smiled, and asked—"Who told you this?"

The two women who had been slowly advancing, were Onagh and Moya; they now stood close to the disputants; and Onagh, holding Moya's hand by one of her's, and pointing at her with the other, anticipated James M'Donnell's answer: saying,

"This colleen told him."

The youth started; turned round; and exclaimed,

"Yes, by heaven! that is our informant, come hither, I care not how, at a needful moment. Speak, woman! was not such your story?"

"Such was her lying story," interposed Onagh, "which she is now here to gainsay."

"What!" cried James M'Donnell—"have we been practised on, indeed, by a creature like you?—Were they false tales you told us?"

"Answer, Moya Laherty," resumed Onagh, while the Rapparee girl hung her head, in silence, the hood of her cloak half hiding her features, but not disguising the mortified or re-

pentant tears that wetted her altered cheek—  
“ Answer, I say,” Onagh went on—“ speak up, as you spoke to me, and for the reasons that made you promise to tell the truth to others ; remember your hopes of him are past ; remember the woe and heart-break your stories have brought on all ; remember your sorrow for the sin ; and, above all, remember the punishment and the troubles I have shewn you I could bring down on your young head, if you go back from the truth, and rebel against me. Say it out, boldly, Moya Laherty ; did you tell lies of this Sassenach gentleman ?”

“ I did,” at last replied Moya, chiefly wrought upon, perhaps, by the threat of supernatural horrors, with which Onagh had principally won her to her present humour.

“ He did not fly, then, from the Strip of Burne, nor bid you tell Eva M'Donnell that he was weary of the love between them ?”

“ Nien ; bud while the house wus clear, an' the last o' the Rapparees huntin' the red-coats down the glin, an', one way or another, no one left on the flure bud myself an' the wounded Sassenach, I pulled him, out o' sight, over the

thatch an' stones, into the corner; an' when Yemen M'Daniel cum back, I tould him what ye know."

"An' when I recovered from my wound, you also gave me false accounts of them?" asked Evelyn.

"Ochown, Sassenach! I did, I did," said Moya, sobbing and weeping plentifully.

"Wretched creature!" exclaimed James M'Donnell—"the second message you brought to my brother and sister, from Schomberg's camp, was that false, too?" Moya yielded an afflicted ascent.

"But how came you by the ring, and other tokens, which you said Master Evelyn had sent back by you?"

"I think I can answer that," said Evelyn—"she came dishonestly by them while attending me, in the disguise of an Enniskillener: and in the same way that enabled her to pin the letter from Eva in the cover of my travelling valise."

"Och, yes, yes," sobbed Moya—"bud you never knew me, Sassenach, a-chorra?"

"No; nor scarce suspected you, until the last night we met in O'Haggerty's camp; then,



however, your voice, undisguised in passion, fully discovered you, and also shewed me your motive, Moya, for the part you were playing. But, another question; was the appearance of Master James M'Donnell, in the hut, after the men brought in lights, a matter arranged between you and him?"

While the youth seemed impatient to answer, Moya hastily said—"I never thought, till the present moment I hear you say so, that you saw him there; I only knew, that while I slept out, an' your back to the door, some one stepped in, against me."

"Of her or you, Master Evelyn, I then had heard nothing," added James M'Donnell—"I was by chance a sojourner, for the night, in the little encampment, on my way from England, to seek the surviving members of my family; I heard this woman's screams in your hut, and stepped in to ascertain the cause; that is all."

"You visited Kensington palace, during your travel through England, from Spain, sir," observed Evelyn.

The young man started, stared, and frowned.

"Fear me not," drawing him aside—"al-

though I saw you sitting in the lonely seat, when you took out and kissed your dagger; and twice after; once, when you would have pushed through the Dutch guards into the court, where William was mounting for the hunt; and again, in the audience chamber, where—”

“Hush, sir!—Enough; did you—or rather, how did you know me?”

“I knew you not, though, in agony and despair, I thought I did; your great likeness to your sister—assisted by accounts of her courses, which you poor girl told me, but which, along with all her other stories, I am, thank heaven, now able to disbelieve—this led me into a horrible mistake of your person, then, and afterwards; at Essex-gate, when the tidings of William’s landing reached Dublin; in the Battle of the Boyne; and lastly, in your island bower, in Tipperary.”

Scarcely attending to Evelyn’s last words, the young man bent his eyes a moment on the ground—then hastily resumed, with a flashing glance—

“You guessed my business, too?”

“Perchance I did,” answered Evelyn.

“If not, learn it now, sir,” the youth continued fiercely; “chance tidings of the ruin of my family reached me abroad, where I was supposed to have died, but where I only awaited the end of a bad illness to return to my native country; my blood could not choose but boil with rage and revenge; I looked round for a victim; my eye fixed on him who was the head and cause of all—I sailed for England—devised plans to reach him—sought him out—had him almost within arm’s length—and—curses!—missed him. Make your own account of the story.”

“You surely cannot suppose me inclined to turn it to any account injurious to you,” said Evelyn, “especially after the explanation that has here fallen out between us;—are we not friends?—Are you not assured I never harboured a thought of wronging your sister?—Nay—let me add, that Eva could not have suffered as I did; that the misery was only mine; and that no earthly prospect is so bright with happiness to me as the hope—after one other question—of again placing on her finger this former

little bond of our love and eternal union;" he drew from his bosom the marriage ring that Eva had returned, and that, ever since, he had worn suspended round his neck.

"Another question!"—echoed James M'Donnell—"what is it?—does it shape a doubt of my sister?"—

"No—but its answer—if possible from her own lips—would make me the happiest of living men."

"Your method of solution proposes an impossibility," said the youth—"my sister has been in France since the retreat of James from Dublin—she sailed with him."

"But she is not in France, now," said Onagh.

"And where then?" asked James M'Donnell.

"On the road to meet us all, in this place," replied Onagh: for so came the word this morning to me; the word that made me come to Limerick with Moya Laherty by the hand."

"Who sent it?"

"The friend of her and you—Carolan."

"But *I* know she is not on the road," re-

sumed Evelyn—"because I know she is this moment within the walls we stand on—I heard the gate open to let her in."

"He speaks true," said Onagh, "look there."

Eva, supported by Carolan and old Priest M'Donnell, appeared coming up the steps of the wall. With a cry of joy, James M'Donnell sprung to his sister. Evelyn was following, when Onagh caught him back—saying—"Not yet."—The distant group conversed rapidly and energetically together; Eva holding her eyes down, as she attentively listened to Carolan and her brother. At last, to a lively answer to a sudden question, she lifted them up; they fixed, floating in tears, on Evelyn; she held out her arms; and, in a moment, was clasped to his heart.

"I hear your murmurings of joy," said Carolan, standing erect and proudly, while tears ran down his own cheeks,—“and 'tis joy to me, because I have made it. I told you it was my duty to see you righted, Mr. Evelyn; I gave you a promise, that I would; I gathered, as I said I would, the true story from Onagh, and

the wicked Moya, herself; I bore it over the wide sea; I walked with it, alone, over the face of a wide and strange country, God and an honest heart giving me help and guidance on the road; I found out her whose happiness it concerned! I told it to her; and she is here, at home, happy again."

"Excellent, noble Carolan!"—said Eva—"all is, indeed, as you hear, dear Evelyn; many hundreds of miles, through France, did the poor harper walk to see me; he who guides the peace-heralding dove on her airy course, who feeds the raven in the desert, and smooths the path for the pilgrim, can alone say, how. Never appeared vision of my sleep more wild and doubtful to my waking senses, than the vision of his face at my convent grate; and well may he stand erect there in infelt purity and virtue, witnessing the happiness he has conferred; for there be reasons which you do not guess, that make his act a virtue truly."

"Eva, Eva," said Carolan, "I am proud, indeed; but you will praise me too much; I have done what I have done, to make myself blest, as well as you."

“ Much sooner should my reverend guardian and myself have obeyed his summons home, Evelyn, but that we waited safe convoy across the seas, which at length we found—but more of that anon;—now, let me ask one necessary question,” advancing to Onagh and Moya—“ let me demand what could have been the cause of the wicked and cruel practices which have so long brought misery on us all—tell me, poor maiden, what could have set you on?”—

“ Tell *me* what has brought *you*, over sae an’ land to get one fond glance frum his eye, one kiss frum his mouth!” answered Moya, fiercely—her impetuous nature aroused into madness, notwithstanding her late penitence, at sight of the true love she had so often tried to cross—“ he was my heart’s wish—I doated on the villain Sassenach—an’, sowl an’ body, here, an’ to come, I’d have laid down—as, more than oncet I ventured life—to make him love poor Moya.”

“ For life, indeed, I have twice been Moya’s debtor,” said Evelyn to Eva—“ and never shall forget it, however selfish might have been—”

“ Yes, grand colleen,” continued Moya—“ fur him I done more—dared more—than you ever

did—than you can ever do; fur him I gave up kith an' kin—cause an' counthry—kind words fur the voices o' sthrangers—my woman's mantle fur a man's battle-coat. I watched him—followed him—I laid my head on the cold earth, at his feet—look here!”—tearing open her bosom, upon which was the mark of the scar she had received at the Strip of Burne—“the pike that entered here was aimed at his heart—an' now—an' now he laves me alone fur ever—cead mille curses!” clasping her hands, and looking up—“may all—bud no”—suddenly changed by one of the gusts of better feeling that alternated with her uncurbed passions, and unprincipled habits—“no, grand colleen, Moya will never pray a curse on his head—nor on yours—since he loves and likes you; she has no right; 'twas all a wild dhrame she was in, an' may be, as ye say, a wicked one;—you deserve the Sassenachdhass, an' she does not; she, the poor Rapparee's child, that hasn't a home or a counthry even in the counthry they call their own:—an' so love him, an' keep by his side;—bud—only love him as well as Moya Laherty,—be as wil-lin' to do as much for him—to give up all—to



see the heart's blood run loose fur him—to die contented fur him—love him, that-a-way, an' Moya will thry to pray good, instead of bad, for you, the last black day she lives—God be wid ye.”

She turned down the steps.

“Truly,” said Eva, recovering from much astonishment, “my poor rival but tells me my duty, Evelyn; and her faults, and the pain she has given us, must be forgotten now, and her future comforts attended to.—I have but one other explanation to seek.—Onagh, look upon me.—I am not ignorant of the late good services you have done me and mine; but I cannot forget your former unprovoked hostility; nay, its recollection only makes as unaccountable as itself that late kindness. You owe me a faithful account of the reasons that urged you to cross the happiness of my brother. Give it; faithfully and plainly; for I am told you can now speak more plainly than you used to do.”

“I can, Eva M'Donnell; but you ask me for reasons;—and reasons I cannot give: as well may you ask the sea why it crushes the ribs of the strong ship against the rock; or the wind

why it tears up the stately tree ; or the fire why it burns ; or the water why it drowns. My mind was then without a reason for any thing ; most of all for that ; it dashed like the sea ; roared like the wind ; burned, burned, like the fire ; all with that upon it. Why I have brought sorrow to you, I don't know ; or if I told you how I thought I had a right to do it, you would not know my meaning ; I do not know it myself, now, in the calm hours that are restored to me. Yet, listen to all I can tell.

“ You had a brother Donald, comely as the day, light of heart as the breeze ; but as false too. He came to this southern country in his youth, to take care of some grounds belonging to your family. He was formed to make women love him ; and to make all that loved him rue it sorely. From the highest to the lowest, among those equal to him, and below him, he smiled, and had smiles in return. With the rest, he courted young Grace Nowlan—you heard of her ? ”

“ I did,” answered Eva ; “ I heard she was the handsomest maiden in her country, of his

own rank in life ; and Donald's father was glad when it was thought he would wed her."

" Well. Grace Nowlan loved him better than her own life—better than her own honour ; and the hour of her shame drew on ; and she came weeping to Donald M'Donnell, to ask him to do her justice, but he only laughed, kissed her, and left her. Grace had brothers. They suspected her state ; they gathered round her, and asked her, with terrible threats, to tell them the truth ; and she was obliged to confess all. They went away, whispering together. In a little time, she was a mother ; and soon after she received a message from Donald, inviting her to give him another sinful meeting. Her brothers came and told her they knew of the message, and commanded her to comply with it so far as to make the signal at Donald's window, and meet him as he came out. She feared in her heart to do as they bid her ; but they frightened her into it. So she went ; alone, as she thought.

"That night, light-hearted Donald M'Donnell had a brave company of youngsters, like himself, drinking and singing in his house. In the

middle of the night, Grace's signal was heard by him and them, at the window. It was the throwing of three pebbles at the glass. He said he should leave them for a space; they laughed and bantered him; bidding him go, and that they would stay to drink him success.

"He went down stairs. They heard him open and shut the door. They drank bumpers to his success, as they said they would. They waited an hour, or so, patiently for his return. Then another, not so patiently. Then another and another, until the dawn of the winter's morning; but no Donald M'Donnell came back to them."

"Nor has ever since been heard of," said Eva: "from that hour, my poor brother was lost to us."

"From that hour," resumed Onagh. "Did ye never hear tell of any little things, afterwards, that might give ye a guess as to his luck?"

"Never," answered Eva; "although every possible inquiry and search were made in the country."

"But I did," continued Onagh.—"In a little time, some people began to whisper that a great

clamp of turf had been seen blazing, the same night, in a black bog near his house ; and when the curious neighbours went to scrape among the ashes of the turf, do you know, they found two buttons of a man's coat, half melted away—but that was all."

"Woman!" cried Eva, "what horrid thing would you insinuate?—Who are you?"

"Woman, you!" retorted Onagh, bursting, in returning insanity, from her calm, "what right have you to speak of it? But I—I—didn't I see it all? When he met me at the window, and walked me, a field or two, away—when my dark brothers came up to us, one carrying the child in his arms, and asked him to do it and their sister justice—when I went on my knees, begging the same thing, for now I feared the worst—when he answered, that, though they came for his life, still would he sooner die than wed—what think you he answered? in cruelty and hardness of heart, what think you? than wed—these were Donald M'Donnell's words!—than wed his own strumpet—the mother of his base bastard!—when all this was done and spoken, didn't I first see them trample him down, till the sense left him—and then

tie him, and his and my child, together—and when the clamp was roaring, pitch them like a faggot into it? And didn't they tie me, too, to the stake, near it, and leave me alone by the great blaze, while, over all its roaring, I heard the little cries of my child—the hissing of flesh and the crackling of bones, until my hoarse shrieks died away in mute madness, and hell—real and eternal hell was round me, and I thought it was my doom and punishment to see, and hear, and suffer, without a tear or groan? What know I of the rest? of all that followed, until the madness sent me, alone and by stealth, to the north, and made me believe I was bid to cross, to my life's ending, the first love of any brother of his blood, whose hard-heartedness had withered up my heart, like the blasted meadow of ripe corn, when the reapers come down to cut the standing crop, but find it already low? Reasons! I give you none; I have none to give; but often, when, in terrible shapes came the biddings of unnatural revenge—when I started from my lone bed—a knife in my hand—to seek my dark brothers—often, I thought a good and great voice plainly whispered me to a better

and less sinful one—whispered me to save, from the blight that came over me through the M'Donnell's false blood, whatever maiden any brother of their house might try to undo—to save her, even by her life's death, from her honor's death. And along with such whispers was a promise of gifts, above mere human gifts and power, to guide me in my course, and lead me to my end; the gift to foresee, and foretel, and prevent; and had I not the gift and the power, proud Eva M'Donnell? Did I not foresee and foretel? Did I not—but hush, hush—let me not go on in this boasting, or these notions now! There is a good God, who will give me rest and quiet, and a clearer view of the past; forgive me, Eva; forgive me, and pray for my peace, and the soul of your eldest brother.”

With such words, Onagh left them.

After a sorrowful pause—

“Dearest Eva,” said Evelyn, “what misery you prepared for me upon the day, when, sitting over the Grey Man's Path, you committed the unhappy mistake, of reporting, as dead, this youth, your younger brother, James.”

“ He has told me of some of the strange results, to your mind, of that story,” said Eva; “ but could words, or even appearances, no matter how convincing, make you believe me capable of any act unworthy of you, Evelyn? Need I account for my situation, from the moment we were parted at Glenarriff? If so, here is my grey-headed guardian to tell you, that then, separating from poor Edmund, also, I became immediately attached to my lady Tyrconnel’s court, up to the hour of King James’s retiring to France—”

“ When my child, Eva, and I, left Ireland with him,” added the old priest.

“ No, dear Eva, this explanation was not necessary—at least not for my present assurance, however it might have been afterwards sought. Alas!” he continued, “ it was upon the day already spoken of, you also mentioned to me for the first time, the name of the elder brother whose sad fate we have just now heard accounted for.”

“ It was,” said Eva, “ and upon that very day, too, and while we held the discourse you so well remember, our poor Edmund first was



invited to join the wild and desperate people his subsequent mortifications and despair drove him to associate with: You remember the appearance of the man, in the mist, down the path, and Edmund's leaving us to follow him?"

"I do; and when we afterwards got on board the smuggling galliot, I suspected whom he might have been."

"Doubtless; a scattered band of Rapparees at that moment were in the vessel; discontented with their nominal leader, Hogan, I believe; and they had heard of Edmund's difficulties, as brought on by the persecution of our noble cousin, and were on the look out for him, round the coast, at the very moment he thus met, by chance, one of their emissaries. Edmund has since informed me, by letter, of these facts. And he has written me more pleasing advice, dear Evelyn. For a long time, his calmed and reflective spirit has spurned the courses and habits upon which his despair and impetuosity served to throw him, and our brother but looks for an opportunity to re-assume the rank and bearing more worthy of his nature and name—of him and us. These times tempt a man to much

error and madness, but at last teach him much experience. James can vouch all this to you."

"I can," replied the youth, anxiously looking from the walls, "but here is something important to us or him—a rider who has just got under shelter of the walls, and whom I know well, makes impatient and troubled signs to me; hark, he enters at the gate."

In a few seconds, the Rapparee ran up the steps of the wall, and whispered the young man.

"Say you so, by heaven! Get our men, who are in the town, ready, then—haste, and let us have a trial for it. Sister, farewell! I go to free our brother—he is in the hands of this Ginkle, who, a hundred times, has sworn his ruin—farewell, farewell!"

He disappeared; Eva, shrieking in terror, and Evelyn, foreseeing the uselessness, or worse, of violence, in such a case, vainly urging him to remain.

"No, let him go—and let us, follow!" cried Eva, "have we no friends near, to intercede with this merciless man? Where is Sarsfield?"

"In the camp, with Ginkle," answered Evelyn.

“In the camp? what camp? What does he there?”

“He has gone out to sign a treaty for the surrender of Limerick.”

“Surrender!” screamed Eva, starting up, “misery upon misery! private and public ruin together! Come, Evelyn, protect me to this camp—now there is a double cause why we should be there—to save a brother—and a country! Come, I have arguments to try for both. Surrender? why?”

“The disappointment of the fleet from France—”

“Disappointment of the fleet? Come away. Disappointment! I have news to match that; your arm, Evelyn—oh, dearest Evelyn! God grant there arise here no new and eternal cause for our separation, indeed. But should injury come on Edmund—injury in life or prospects—what can a wretched sister do but for ever mourn over it, or dedicate herself for ever to sooth it? Be a friend to us, heaven!” she cried, as, with Evelyn, she hastened down the wall, waving her hand to old Priest M'Donnell to stay by Carolan's side, whose troubled features

told the torture with which he heard the announcement of the new misfortune.

While the conversation we have detailed occurred on the walls of Limerick, Sarsfield and his colleagues sat down in Ginkle's tent, to a dinner as dainty as the situation, and all circumstances would allow. He found, in the Dutch general, a pleasing specimen of his country; blunt, and matter-of-fact, indeed, but more courteous and animated than any of the same nation he had before seen; a portly, full-breasted, middle aged man, holding himself very erect and bluff, and his broad face, and wide, though not disagreeable features, wearing a constant smile, that almost approached to a smirk. At his side were other Dutch, English, and French officers, and William's justices; together with Dr. Dopping and Colonel Loyd.

The repast proceeded in good humour, and a mutual and a sincere shew of that respect and good-will which fair foes always entertain for each other. It was done; and bumpers were filled, healths toasted, and hands clasped in fellowship, whose wretched though honorable duty it had, a moment before, been, to point the

sword at one another's hearts. Then, General Ginkle proceeded to business. He led the whole party from his tent to a spot, at the county Clare side of Thomond bridge, almost, it might be said, in sight of both armies; and there pausing near a huge stone, drew out a fair copy of the treaty of surrender, which had before been discussed and agreed to. Having conned it over, he handed it to the justices; and when they had done reading it, to Sarsfield, saying, that he believed Lord Lucan would find it sufficient for honorable men, at any time to accept, and especially calculated to give security in property, immunity for the past, freedom in religion, eligibility to political place and rank; and, in a word, quiet and liberty to the catholics of Ireland.

Sarsfield, having attentively perused the document, said that its provisions appeared to him so calculated; and he passed it to his legal adviser, Sir Toby Butler. The barrister gave it a renewed approval, and handed it round.

"We cannot be certain," added Sir Toby, "that with such unusual despatch, and amid so

much warm discussion, we shall be able to frame to the very letter, an instrument in which some ingenious knave may not pick a hole ; but we understand that the spirit of this treaty shall be kept with us."

"And so should all understand," replied Ginkle; "the paper but keeps the promises I before held out, and for which I have often received the commands of my royal master."

"And you, General Ginkle, engage for King William, that he will speedily ratify it," resumed the lawyer.

"His majesty empowers me to do so," answered Ginkle.

"Come then," cried Sarsfield, checking a stifling sigh, "let us sign, in the name of God, and of our country—in the name of honesty and good faith."

"I sign, in that pledge," said Ginkle, laying the paper on the adjacent stone, and, as he knelt, the better to speed his task, attaching his signature thereto. As he motioned his other generals to draw near, for the same purpose, a great uproar was heard towards the camp. They severally took the pen, however; and

Sarsfield at last rose ; while the tumult increased, also approached the stone, and knelt ; remarking it was, by accident, a good position for the act ; and was beginning to write, when Eva M'Donnell, haggard and agitated, ran up, crying, " Hold your hand, my lord of Lucan, and hark a word from me."

" A mad woman," said Dr. Dopping, " let her be put aside ;" though while he spoke, he looked, in insignificant alarm, at Colonel Loyd. Sarsfield had glanced up ; but resumed his writing, and hastily finished his signature.

" Not so mad, either, as he who will not forbear, at my request," continued Eva.

" What now, what now ?" asked Sarsfield, advancing to her, as the other Irish officers subscribed their names.

" Perhaps you do not know me, my lord ; yet might you have seen Eva M'Donnell in the castle of Dublin."

" Miss M'Donnell ? I do indeed remember, can I do you a service ?"

" My lord, you can ; but first—although a brother's life nearly hangs on it—serve your country, my lord of Lucan ! Suffer not the full

signatures to be put to this treaty—for," she added, in a close and hissing whisper, "Chateau Renault this moment sails with a brave fleet from Dingle bay to Limerick—I crossed to Ireland with him, and, my private need not brooking delay when he touched on the coast—rode hither, since yesterday!"

"Let no other man sign!" cried Sarsfield, turning round to the officers.

"Praises to the Lord," said Dr. Dopping, clapping his hand on the document, "the last name is written, hereon."

"Mighty God!" exclaimed Sarsfield, stamping, as he instinctively grasped his sword, "is all lost, then, and the game in our very hand! hither, gentlemen! hither!"

The Irish officers gathered round him; and, in vehement whispers he told the news.

"Let us back to the town," said John Grace.

"Yes," said another, "the gates are still shut, and we can hold them so, as we have done."

Ginkle and his officers also drew aside, and whispered with each other.

"You would break this treaty, even in the same hour you sign it, my lord Lucan," said Col. Loyd.



“As perfidious papists ever did,” added the Bishop of Meath.

The Irish officers returned angry and ominous scowls for these home charges—all but Sarsfield. He stood aloof from them—his eyes buried in the earth. He looked around, as if to take an inspiring view of that country, the question of whose subjection or independence tugged at the foundations of his sense of private honor. He panted; he sighed quickly and laboriously; his forehead grew moist; his cheek alternately red and pale; while, with the point of his scabbard, he unconsciously dug at the sod on which he stood. The remarks of Ginkle’s party growing louder, he started, suddenly; listened a moment; held himself more erect; smiled bitterly; and turning on his heel to them, said—

“Nay, gentlemen, be not so quick, nor so hard with us; you, Colonel Loyd, be merciful, in particular; for though your city of Derry sent a shot in King James’s face, when it was expected to keep a treaty with him—yet shall this treaty stand. Though an ally’s fleet, bearing us help enough to hold all Ireland in our hands, be now entering the mouth of the Shan-

non, yet shall it stand. Though our country be lost to us—though we bid farewell to her for ever—though she exist for us, but in our recollections and our sorrows ;” a manly tear glazed his eye—“ yet shall it stand. And so, fare you well, gentlemen. We cannot save even our country, at the price of our honor—of that honor, which, along with our love and efforts for her, alone makes us worthy of being called her children. Farewell, I say. Keep ye your part of this covenant as well as we keep ours, and there needs no ill-blood between us. Come, brother-soldiers—yet, forgive me, if I stumble on a doubt. They who suspect much of others can scarce ever promise much for themselves. Come, Miss M'Donnell—General Ginkle, I mean not you, whose fair-dealing is evident through all this matter—but Ireland is governed at home, sir, when her masters turn their backs—adieu, sir—follow, gentlemen—Miss M'Donnell, with you—God of nations ! God of freedom !” he added, as they turned away—“ what a sore chance is this !” and he wept convulsively.

“ But now, General Sarsfield,” cried Eva, as

the tumult, before heard, and afterwards gone off, was renewed—"since you can no longer raise an arm for your country—aid me, oh, aid me, to save my brother! my brothers!" Sarsfield started in much interest. Eva rapidly explained that Edmund, having fallen into the hands of Ginkle's soldiers, had been ordered to be shot; that James M'Donnell, rashly and madly trying to rescue him, had of course but shared his fate; that Evelyn, passing with her from Limerick, had flown on to the outpost, to gain, if possible, a moment's delay, while she, recognizing Sarsfield, remained to crave his intercession with Ginkle. Sarsfield, having heard her story, darted back to Ginkle—Eva onward.

She gained, wild with terror, yet not bereft of hope, the spot on which her brothers stood. Edmund and James M'Donnell, the former supported by Evelyn, were in motion towards a clear space of ground; a rank of soldiers standing behind them. Evelyn, as he passed his hand round Edmund's waist, smote his forehead with the other, and often looked back. Eva, unchecked by the officer, ran in through the soldiers, and clasped her arms round her

brothers : “ Hope, hope !” she cried—“ you must—you shall be saved ! this can never be ! one moment, officer ! only one moment, till my lord of Lucan—”

While she spoke, Ginkle and Sarsfield rode up. The general had pleaded as if for the lives of two sons. They were instantly pardoned. The ensuing scene must be imagined.

One condition accompanied, however, the grace to the brothers ; namely, that they should transport themselves out of Ireland. When Eva heard this, from the lips of Evelyn, her brow fell towards him ; she was silent ; then she brightened up ; and vowed, as she had before intimated, to join herself to her brother’s wanderings, and own no other care or duty. Evelyn heard her in despair.

Sarsfield soothed Edmund ; promising to take the same vessel with him, and give him a command when his Lucan regiment should be incorporated on the continent. All was now nearly over. Limerick opened its gates to King William ; and the next day the French fleet entered the river ; the fleet only doomed to transport the defenders of Ireland to a foreign shore, though it had come to restore them to their

country. The whole Irish army was reviewed by William's generals and justices, and solicited to pass into his service ; the officers retaining their rank. About a thousand did so ; many thousands more marched to embark for France at Cork ; the rest sailed from Limerick. It was a sad scene, that strange embarkation ; no adieus were exchanged with remaining friends, by the emigrants ; with brothers, sisters, or wives ; friends of every sex and age exiled themselves together. They had only to stand on the decks of their vessels, and look a long adieu to their country.

Our friends experienced the sole struggle that day seen. Sarsfield, and some brother-officers, Edmund and James M'Donnell, Eva, Evelyn, and Carolan, all walked together to the river's edge. One after the other they stepped into the boat, until it came to Eva's turn.

" And do you indeed leave me, with but this mocking symbol of an eternal fate, once solemnly sworn at the altar ?" asked Evelyn, catching her arm, as, blinded in tears, she also put her foot on the boat : and he shewed her marriage-ring.

" Have you considered well, Eva ?" asked

Edmund ; “ God knows, your presence would be the only joy of our exile ; but, if you love your husband, stay by his side ; I should not be a brother or a christian to say you otherwise ; examine your heart ; call upon your God ; and if a great duty prompts—why, then, Eva, ask Him to bless us—and so, fare you well, Eva—sister—orphan sister—fare you well !”

For the day before, Eva had evidently been shaken in her stern resolve, as well by the pleadings of Evelyn, as by her own reflections. Now she hesitated, her foot still on the boat—the rowers spoke of putting off. Her husband pressed her hand, and replaced, unseen by any, the ring on her finger. Her brothers, not displeased, nor, on her account sorry, saw which way God and woman’s nature at last swayed her ; they embraced their sister ; she clung, sobbing, and almost shrieking, to them ; the boat was about to move ; her husband caught her in his arms. The boat put off, and now she clung to him.

“ Farewell, Eva—farewell, Evelyn—farewell, Carolan—farewell, Ireland !” cried the brothers, as the rowers pulled hard. Carolan was on the bank ; all hands had, before, been clasped with

his. Now he struck his little harp. It was an extemporaneous and touching air he played.

“Farewell the ashes of my first and only love!” Edmund M'Donnell was heard to add; and they were his last words, parting from his country.

“Farewell, Mr. Evelyn,” said Sarsfield, grasping his hand; “to you, and such as you, we look for the observance of this treaty of Limerick, which, if observed, will give her exiles the consolation of knowing that Ireland, though not a free, is a peaceful country, and may grow to be a happy one.”

“It will be observed, my lord Lucan,” answered Evelyn.

It never was.

Years wore away without any direct communication from the exiles to their friends in Ireland: the political distractions between England and the continent not favoring such an occurrence. At last came epistles from Edmund to his sister and her husband; and of the latter, the following is an extract:

“Evelyn, I am shaken with a sudden and terrible grief—but of that anon.—What do I hear, Evelyn? is it true what I hear? that

treaty, on the faith of which, brave and determined men, often victorious, and, at its signing, well supported, cast down their arms, content to spare their country's blood, in giving her peace—that treaty, upon the faith of which, a whole army became aliens from their country, when they might have been conquerors on her bosom—if, indeed, the rumour that has reached us speak truly, answer me, Evelyn—on what pretence has it not been kept? give me every information; who are they that have failed to keep it? Has William refused? did he not engage, through Ginkle, to ratify it? Let me know who are the false fellows, that their names may be accurst in the mouths of the gallant men, by whose side I have been sent to gather, in a strange land, the laurels denied to me in my own; let us know them, that, though far from Ireland, and from all hope of serving her, we may sooth our tears of wrath and shame by the burning hatred we shall swear to keep for Ireland's betrayers.

“ And not only the treaty has not been kept, as still I hear; not only Irishmen are not continued in the political rights, and the security,



as to religion and lands, which it promised, but additional persecution has been levelled against them; pains and penalties, and proscriptions, that the blood boils but to think of—answer me, Evelyn; I will not believe these things till you authorize me so to do.

“But, even though you gainsay my fears, what matters it now to me? Oh, I am torn with a sorrow that makes me indifferent to your tidings, while I ask for them, or only prepares me to meet them with raving execration. Ireland’s noblest son—Sarsfield is dead. I was by his side when he fell, victorious, with his Irish brigade, in the midst of a defeated army. “Ireland—this is not for you,” he said, and died. And the ball that pierced his heart, shattered a heart already broken. The rumours about which I now write to you, had previously struck him down with rage, shame, remorse, and despair. He called himself the destroyer of his country: her destroyer for having, with the sword in his hand, trusted her peace and happiness to that treaty. I have heard him pray that, now she was degraded and wretched, and he unable to assist her, he might no longer live;

and the night before the battle in which he fell, he asked, with tears and groans, to lie dead upon its field—Answer me, Evelyn.

“ED. M'D.”

Part of Evelyn's answer ran thus :

“No, dear Edmund, it has not been kept ; and it is equally true, that additional wrong has been added to its violation. William was not the faith-breaker. He ratified the treaty, as his general had promised for him, a few months after your departure ; and more he could not do against a Parliament that has ever been wrangling with him,\* and against the violence of those persons who, here in Ireland, urged that Parliament to disallow the solemn act of their sovereign. In shame and regret that, as an Irish protestant, I must naturally feel, it is my duty to answer you more particularly. You had scarcely sailed, when the most of your protestant countrymen cried out against the treaty, as too honourable and favourable to your party ;

\* A Parliament, whose opposition to every measure recommended by William, is said, even by Smollett, to have “savour-ed more of clownish obstinacy than of patriotism.”

*Note by A. O'H.*

declaring that you merited to lose your properties, instead of having them secured to you, and that they, meantime, merited to possess them; denouncing the toleration of your religion; slandering your bravery; denying your successes; and even condescending to censure the little arrangement that, at the capitulation, allowed you to march out of Limerick with the honours of war. And I blush particularly to recount, that the spiritual guides amongst us, whose voices, if ever raised on such subjects, ought to be raised for peace, good-will, and good-faith, have been the loudest and most effective in promoting the sectarian rancour, dishonourable views, and bad policy, that furnishes you with just ground of complaint. It was my painful, and—I will add—degraded lot, to hear, the other day, a sermon in Christ's church, Dublin, preached by Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath, against your treaty, and the fulfilment of your treaty; with the doctrine plainly laid down, under the assumed and blasphemed authority of God, that faith was not to be kept towards you. And such is the spirit, that operating upon Parliament, has produced a result unjust and perfidious to you, Edmund, and inglorious and afflicting to me.

“But let us not despair. Other times will naturally create another spirit; when, if only to redeem the memory of their fathers, the children of my erring friends will repair this fault. From the present hour, Ireland must become an united country, fairly and nobly rivalling England in all that makes England truly great, or remain, for ages, a province of England, poor, shattered, narrow-minded, contemptible, and, party with party as she stands, condemned by the world, and by England, too. And a little time will teach this lesson; and when it is taught, the union indispensable to avoid the evil will be endeavoured by a recantation of old slanders, and a concession of old rights. Man cannot always be unjust to man; even for his own relative character and happiness he will love and do all befitting and merited honour to his brother. At least I believe and hope the principle is in his nature.

“In the great country of England there must also arise a feeling to right the present wrong to which it has just lent itself; for, without her affirmation, the wrong could not have been committed. The descendants of the men who have

sanctioned, and by that means caused the deliberate breach of their own treaty, made in the field, will awake to vindicate, as far as in them lies, the name of their ancestors. A son, jealous of his father's honor, pays his father's debts, even to a common creditor; and Englishmen will yet pay their fathers' debt of faith to Ireland. The treaty of Limerick will yet be kept.

"Farewell, dear Edmund. Eva writes for herself. I try to make her happy; but she thinks—shall I say too often—of you and James, and of the degradation of her country, and I do not always succeed. The death of that brave man has given her a terrible shock; but she will tell you her own feelings. Farewell. A little Edmund Evelyn can already hear us talk about you, his namesake; there is also, dear Edmund, a little Esther, who, poor Eva thinks, is like—; and a little James who—but I have done, for I have a conscience. God bless you.

"ROBERT EVELYN."

THE END.









